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April 30, 1927

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Cover by Ruth Eastman

Here's WITWER again!

"The Horseshoe Nails"

A new novel of adventure, love, and doubled money

By GEORGE WESTON

APRIL 30 1927

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In the BATTLE *with the* ELEMENTS

THE STORM THAT COULD NOT DAMAGE A RUBEROID ROOF

"Sleet and rain with freezing temperature continued to form glaze. Some objects coated 1½ in. on exposed side. Wires heavily laden. Some measured over 1 in. in diameter. All forms of communication cut off. Poles and wires down. Impossible to send regular reports to New York office and no advices received. All forms of traffic tied up. Unusually high tide (reported 5 ft. above normal) added to damage. Local tracks undermined and covered with debris near Highland Guard. Road from Highland Beach to North Long Branch washed out in places and almost impassable,—covered with drift-wood, poles and wires across road. Cellars flooded all along coast. Several houses reported washed away. Barges reported ashore or in distress off central Jersey coast. Great damage to seawalls, jetties and bulkheads." —*Report of United States Weather Bureau at Sandy Hook, N. J., for February 20, 1927.*

A TERRIFIC "Northeaster", the record storm for 20 years past, brought wreck and ruin to the Atlantic Seaboard on February 19th and 20th.

At Sandy Hook and Seabright, New Jersey, famous as one of the windiest places on the Eastern Coast, wind, rain and tide surpassing in gravity anything before recorded, destroyed buildings, roads, seawalls, overhead wiring and shipping. Unparalleled scenes of devastation followed the wake of the storm.

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- ☐ Ruberoid Unit-shingles
  - ☐ Massive ☐ Standard ☐ Lock-down
- ☐ Ruberoid Roll-roofing
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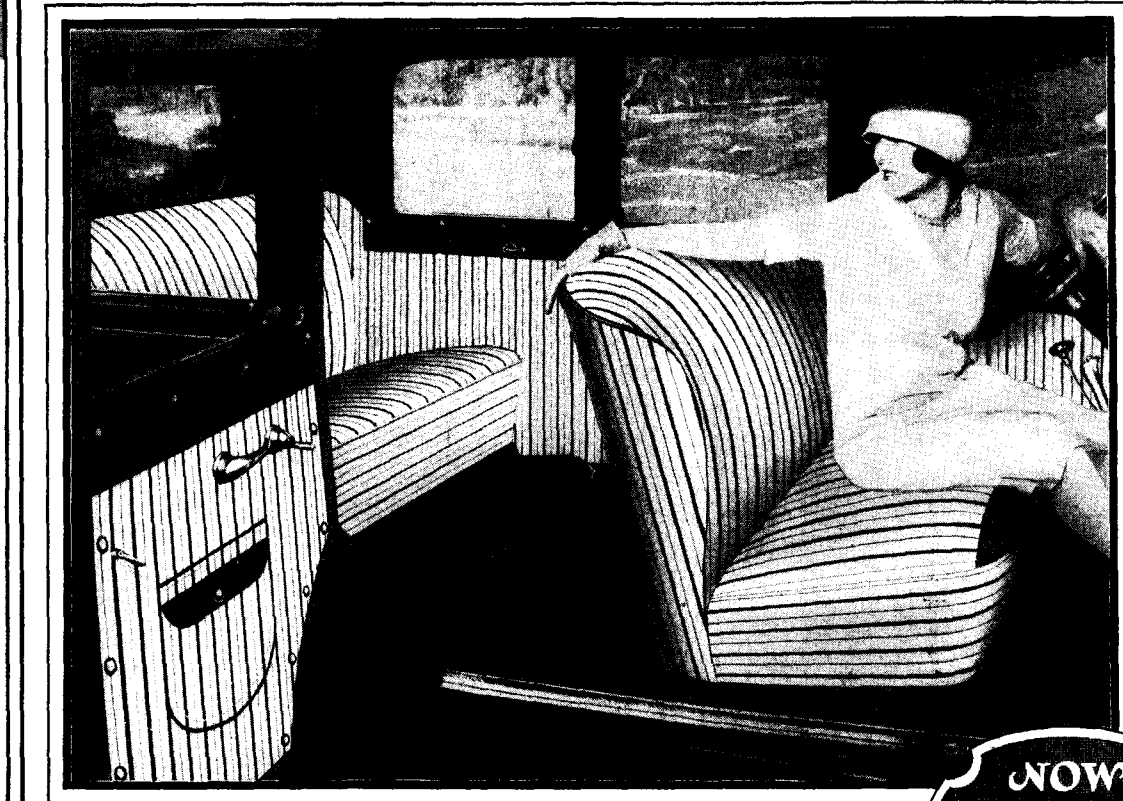

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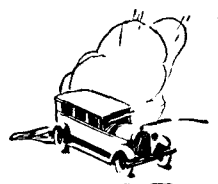

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The sets consist of covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests, and door covers with large pockets. The back part of the front seat cover reaches the floor, thus offering protection against the feet of the rear seat occupants in the car.

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☐ Light ☐ 4 Passenger ☐ Blue leatherette trim
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Look for that RCA mark! You'll find it on Radiotrons for every purpose.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
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You're not getting the most out of that storage battery set of yours. The *set* has a bigger distance reach . . . all it needs is a different tube in the detector socket. Put in the RCA super-detector—Radiotron UX-200-A. You'll get more stations—get the far-away ones more regularly and more easily! It's a small change, but it brings big results.

Bring your storage battery set up-to-date with
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a *power* RADIOTRON UX-120
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RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

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The Horseshoe Nails

Though you may not believe it great wealth can be acquired by system but romance just happens

A new novel by GEORGE WESTON

A SMALLER firm—a cheaper firm—might have had their Editorial and Statistical Department tucked away in any odd hole or corner. But, with one exception, there was nothing small about Trevelyn, Welles & Co., Investments; and, with that same exception, there was certainly nothing cheap.

They had two floors, for instance, overlooking Trinity churchyard, and although the Editorial and Statistical Department didn't exactly have the location of honor, nevertheless Val Willoughby could sit at his desk and watch the pigeons in the belfry of old Trinity whenever he felt that feathers would be a welcome change from finance, or—leaning over—he could look at the grass growing between the tombstones whenever he felt that growing grass (even in such a place) would be a happy change from the stuff of which statistics are made.

And that afternoon particularly he had felt in almost constant need of such a change.

FOR one thing it had been the first warm day of spring. During the lunch hour more than one straw hat had appeared on Broadway—white violets in a bosky dell—and crowds had gathered here and there to watch aërial gardeners paint the lilies—if you can imagine steeple jacks being gardeners and flagstaffs taking the place of flowers.

"Do you mind if I open the window?" said Val, turning to old Goggles, who sat facing him at the other side of the double desk.

". . . If it doesn't blow the papers," said Goggles, hastily placing paperweights where they would do the most good.

So Val opened the window, and a balmy breeze came stealing in—one of those deceptive breezes like the mild wines of which historians tell us—bland, sweet wines which were consumed in all innocence but soon had power to stir the memory to old dreams—dreams of money enough, so you never had to worry any more; dreams of victorious adventure and conflict; of bowered roads and whispering rivers; of the buzz of bees in apple-blossoms; of ships intent on foreign shores; of breakers creaming in the moonlight—dreams, if you like, with a dozen, a hundred stanzas, but after each verse always the same haunting chorus: breathless yet wistful lines expressing the thought:

"Oh, love, wherever you are, I'll soon be with you—"

Val, of course, was only vaguely conscious of his dreaming—hardly knew that he sighed when he heard the siren of the departing liner in the river; hardly knew that now and then he hummed Juanita to himself.

"Then you'll know who I am," said the voice. "I'm the girl who was in the taxi"

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"Isn't it a day!" he suddenly exclaimed, drinking new drafts of that deceptive air. "Imagine it out in the country!"

"You were born in the country, weren't you?" asked Goggles.

"Yes," said Val. "Born and raised there. Lived there too, till I left high school."

You mustn't think from this, though, that there was anything bucolic in his appearance—anything like a celluloid collar or a khaki shirt, for instance. Tall, slender, well-dressed—he might have been born on lower Fifth Avenue, except perhaps for a certain eagerness with which he still looked at the world, except perhaps for a certain warmth of color beneath his skin.

"Had a good job too," he continued, glancing at the clock on old Trinity. "It was only a small bank, but I was assistant to the cashier, and if I'd stayed there—" At that he made a quick gesture of impatience—a gesture which had been growing on him the last month. "But Westfield wasn't big enough for me," he added, his tone slightly mirthful and slightly bitter. "So the cashier gave me a letter to J. Ellison Trevelyn, who did quite a business with the bank, and old J. Ell gave me my 'footing in New York' as he called it, twenty-five dollars a week to start: advancement to depend upon myself—"

AT THAT he tried to laugh a little, but it wasn't altogether unmixed merriment.

"Me," he added—"I was going to be one of the Morgan partners in less than twelve months. And instead of that I've been here a year—just a year today—and do you know what I'm getting now? I'm getting exactly the same as when I first came here. Twenty-five dollars a week! Isn't that a wonderful advancement for an ambitious young financier who came to New York because the opportunities in the country weren't big enough?"

"How old are you?" asked old Goggles, blinking beneath his bushy gray eyebrows.

"Twenty-three," said Val.

"You're young yet."

"That's all right too. But I'm going to be old some day. And then what's going to happen to me if I'm still a clerk?"

"God knows," said Goggles in one of those deeply solemn voices. "I'm over fifty, and I've been here twenty years. I've got a boy just finishing high school and a girl who enters next year. And you know how much I'm getting, don't you? I'm getting thirty-five."

"A dirty shame too, if you ask me," said Val, glancing at the clock again. "Here we are—averaging thirty a week between us. And see that new building over there? The bricklayers are drawing down sixteen dollars a day—and the plasterers are getting sixty-five dollars for a five-day week. Why, the commonest, cheapest laborers are better paid than we are; and here we keep plugging along—hundreds of thousands of us—like an army of donkeys, except that we haven't spirit enough left to kick!"

Old Goggles listened to that with a slightly ruminative air, as though recognizing a tune which he had sometimes sung to himself in days gone by.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked then.

"I'm going to see J. Ellison at half past four," said Val with a note of defiance in his voice. "I wrote him last night asking for five minutes of his time. And I'm going to remind him of what he said about advancement."

Old Goggles goggled at that in right good earnest.

"You'll get the bounce," he said.

"All right," said Val. "Then I'll get the bounce. But before I'll spend the rest of my life like this—!"

He made another of his impatient gestures then—such a gesture as a prisoner might make in indicating the walls of his cell—and a few minutes later (the clock on old Trinity warning him that his hour had come) he arose from his desk and marched down the corridor which led to the front of the building. At the end of the hall he stopped at a door which was lettered "J. Ellison Trevelyn." This, he knew, was only the door of the outer defenses; and, knocking gently, he entered and found himself face to face with a serious-eyed secretary who listened to his story and then spoke softly into the telephone. . . .

"Mr. Trevelyn will see you," she murmured then. "Please knock and wait for an answer."

Frowning at himself for the feeling of nervousness which was rising within him, Val walked over to the inner door.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

There were a few moments of silence and then "Come!" said a dignified voice inside.

It was one of those quietly impressive rooms—this private office of Mr. Trevelyn's. There was a mantelpiece in it, for instance—an antique of sandstone in which one caught glimpses of cherubs' heads with wings instead of ears—a mantel surmounted by a painted portrait of a Revolutionary gentleman with one of those commanding noses which seem to grow longer and longer with age, until they are almost faintly reminiscent of pump handles. Looking at this portrait, and then at the dignified gentleman in the flesh who sat at the desk below it, you would probably have noticed a family resemblance—the same lofty brow, you might have thought; the same frosty glance, perhaps, and certainly the same commanding nose.

"Well?" said Mr. Trevelyn in a voice which matched his glance.

"I DON'T know whether you remember me," began Val, feeling like a fool for gulping, "but a year ago I brought you a letter of introduction from the cashier of the bank where I had worked, and you were good enough—that is, you gave me a job here—"

"Well?" said Trevelyn.

"Twenty-five dollars a week," continued Val, beginning to feel his nonimportance with sickening certainty, "that is, to start. Twenty-five to start—and advancement later."

"Yes?"

"I've been here a year today, and as I'm still getting twenty-five, I thought I'd drop in and speak to you—to remind you of the advancement. I know you are one of the busiest men in New York," he concluded, beginning to get his wind back, "but, as I think you will realize, the matter is not without importance to me."

Mr. Trevelyn nodded, ponderously and with dignity; and when he had finished nodding his nose seemed to nod once more, as though for good measure.

"Quite so," he said. "You have been here a year, you say?"

"Yes, sir," said Val, with a touch of eagerness. "A year today."

"Then you are familiar with the fact that all matters of employment and—er—salaries should be taken up with the office manager, Mr. Healy. Why have you come to me?"

"Because I came to you in the first place," said Val, not too eager. "And because—well, because of your promise of advancement. Mr. Healy might know nothing of that."

The girl suddenly seized her escort's stick and swung it down with all her might on the bandit's wrist

Again Mr. Trevelyn nodded—and again his nose seemed to nod once more.

"True," he said; and with a glance at the portrait over the mantel he added, "I do not pretend to remember the exact words which I used when I first saw you; but if the matter of advancement was broached, it was probably stated something like this: that your advancement depended upon yourself—"

"Yes, sir!" said Val, all eagerness again. "And I've worked like a horse, Mr. Trevelyn—a willing horse, you know. Twice a week I'm here till six o'clock, and sometimes half past six—"

"But hours have nothing to do with it," said Mr. Trevelyn, calmly interrupting. "As a general rule, those who work the shortest hours draw the largest pay. No, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Mr. Willoughby."

"Thank you. No, Mr. Willoughby. Hours have nothing whatever to do with the question. The amount of a man's salary depends upon his replacement value. Naturally. If I need your services, for instance, and cannot replace

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them for less than fifty dollars a week, then I will pay you fifty dollars a week. Gladly. Or a hundred. Or five hundred a week, even, if I cannot get necessary work done at lower cost. But Mr. Healy tells me that if you leave tonight he can get a dozen young men tomorrow any one of whom will be able to do your work and who will be willing to do it for twenty-five dollars a week."

"He thinks so—"

"And I think so. Regretfully. Nothing would please me better than to know that you had raised your replacement value to a hundred dollars a week; but if you have failed to do this, the fault—if any—is yours, and cannot be placed on any other—er—shoulders."

He picked up his pen then, and drew a number of letters toward him.

"Tell Miss Johnson I would like to see her. Immediately," he said. "I have given you all the time that I can spare."

VAL was walking back to his office at the other end of the corridor—walking slowly and mournfully too, if the truth be told, as though to the wordless measures of Mr. Mendelssohn's Funeral March, when a door suddenly opened and a brisk little man appeared—one of those capable, alert little men who never seem to grow older than forty, and who sometimes look as though they had been born with perfect creases in their trousers and pearl pins in their ties. This was Mr. Healy, the office manager, familiarly known as Spot among the clerks—partly perhaps because he was always there and partly, too, because in the quickness of his step he might have once reminded one of Trevelyn-Welles' young gentlemen of a sharp fox-terrier who was always looking for rats.

"Aha!" said he, stopping in front of Val as quickly as he did everything else. "You've seen Mr. Trevelyn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. He spoke to me about you. You're satisfied now?"

"At least I'm glad I've seen him," said Val—though his voice didn't fit his words.

"So am I," said Mr. Healy quickly. "But please don't bother him again. Another thing; I've noticed that when a man asks for a raise and doesn't get it, he sometimes lays down on his job—a circumstance which I always regard as equivalent to a resignation. I hope there'll be none of that in this case."

Even while Val was slightly frowning at this, he couldn't keep back a measure of grudging admiration for the efficiency of this busy little man whose business it was to keep everybody else busy—to keep all the galley slaves swinging in time to the rhythm which he played upon his wooden drum.

"Don't worry," said Val. "As long as I'm here, I shall do what I ought to do."

"A very wise decision," nodded Mr. Healy; and suddenly turning he whisked back into his office as quickly as he had emerged, and Val resumed his mournful march to the Editorial and Statistical Department at the other end of the corridor.

"Well?" asked Goggles as soon as Val had returned to his desk.

"Nothing doing," said Val in a voice which can only be described as sepulchral.

"You didn't get the bounce, though?"

"No—but I felt it teetering."

Evidently he didn't want to say more, so old Goggles left him alone; and presently Val arose and went to the mailing-room on the floor above where the current issue of The Week in Wall Street: Forecast and Review was being slipped into addressed envelopes by a line of bright-eyed girls, most of whose tongues could work as fast as their fingers. Every Wednesday evening nearly eight thousand of these Weeks in Wall Street were mailed, and it was one of Val's duties to see that none of the addresses were skipped by bright-eyed girls who wished to get away early and have an evening on Broadway instead. So with one thing and another, it was half past six before he finally left the office and started for his boarding house uptown.

HE DECIDED to take the elevated, and, perhaps because the subject of clerks had been in his mind so much that afternoon, he looked around at the other passengers to see what he could see.

They were all there that evening, the old familiar faces: the belated office boy frowning with concentration at the comic strip in the evening paper; the woman in dark-rimmed spectacles who must have been clever; the pudgy man who chewed his gum and read the sporting news as though neither pleased him; the traveler with the newly shined shoes who guarded them against all comers; the sociologists who made a study of domestic conditions as seen through upper windows; the sour man; the dour man; the woman with common-sense heels and common-sense features; the man with the shiny coat collar who needed a hair cut; the woman who showed her ears; the woman who didn't; the man in the polished serge which had grown too tight for him—

"Clerks, all right," Val told himself. "Getting on in years too, quite a few—getting almost too old for the galleys. Yes, sir, even the stenographers look old. . . . I suppose the young ones hold out for jobs where they leave early, but the old ones have to take what they can get. . . ."

Not particularly cheerful thinking, as you will see, and when he finally left the elevated at Fiftieth Street and made his way west to Mrs. Murcote's boarding house the street had never seemed so dirty, nor the children so noisy, nor the houses quite so shabby as they did that night.

"As long as you think you're only here temporarily," Val thought, "I guess you don't mind. But when you begin to wonder if you're here for the rest of your life—"

Dinner was nearly over when he entered the dining-room at Mrs. Murcote's and most of the boarders had already gone upstairs. There were a few left, though, and, by that perversity of circumstances which seems to haunt us all at times, the boarders who were still at the tables weren't exactly calculated to raise a despondent spirit. Old Mr. Moody, who had been in business for himself but now sold paint on commission whenever he could—he was there: a stout old boy with an irascible manner whose ears moved when he (*Continued on page 28*)

There was a shot, a sudden warm sting on Val's cheek, and the next moment the gun fell to the sidewalk, rattling under the cab

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

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The Holy Revolt

P. & A.

Pascual Diaz, refugee Mexican bishop

UP IN New York the Rev. Pascual Diaz (who is a Mexican Indian, the Bishop of Tabasco, a religious refugee from his native land, and the mouthpiece of the Catholics of Mexico) confidently asserts, "the Church will win."

From the National Palace down in the City of Mexico comes the stubborn answer of President Plutarco Elias Calles, "I will not yield," and in the meantime, according to the government's own carefully censored reports, while millions of black-shawled, patient women are praying in the abandoned churches, the federal troops are daily waging bloody battle in many parts of the far-flung republic against bands of armed natives on whose banners are emblazoned the portentous words, "Long Live Christ, Our King."

This is by no means a pleasant picture to contemplate. A religious war is repugnant, abhorrent, to the civilized mind. The sacred name of the Prince of Peace should not be written on the standards of an armed host of illiterates who know not what they do. And yet behind it all there may lie a meaning which is of more importance even than the controversy itself.

Ten million fairly intelligent, receptive, but illiterate people are suddenly waking up. Unfortunately this awakening is being mainly brought about by a quarrel between their civil and spiritual rulers.

But in the end, even though, as is highly probable, a revolution occurs, the results obtained are quite likely to prove beneficial to the masses of the Mexican people.

This present generation may have to pay a heavy price for the heritage it will leave to the coming one. Such is history.

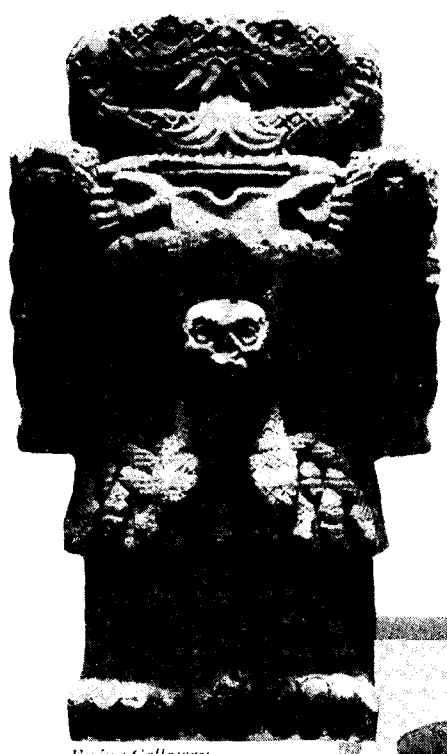
Let Mexico Alone

IF, HOWEVER, through his awakening of today, the Mexican peon of tomorrow comes into a realization of his power, and grasps the idea that he is not entirely subservient either to his church or to the will of an "intellectual minority" in the City of Mexico, there is no telling what the next twenty years will bring forth in that country.

Mexico's real problem, regardless of all the inspired oratory in regard to the protection of the American dollar abroad, regardless of all of the high-power editorial dicta on the subject of Bolshevism which have been recently squandered in this country, has all the appearance of being internal and not external.

Practically every informed person with whom I talked during my recent tour of the troubled republic told me that such was the case. Many officials, both American and Mexican, and some of them so exalted that they should know what they are talking about, assured me that Mexico is facing a serious crisis, and one actually expressed a definite opinion as to what the United States ought to do about it.

It was midnight. The American diplomat with whom I had been dining and I stood on the edge of the sidewalk in an interesting old Mexican city. A brilliant moon in a night-blue tropical sky cast the shadows from the twin towers of an ancient cathedral across the deserted plaza in front of us.



Ewing Galloway

The Aztec god of war, discovered in 1790

"It's a magnificent country, isn't it?" said the diplomat.

"It is," I replied.

"And yet," went on the official gentleman, "experience and observation lead me to believe that we have just one duty to perform in regard to it."

"And that is—?"

"Get out of it and give these people a chance. They are pulling at the leash right now, and we ought to get out, leave Mexico alone for five years at least, refuse to recognize any government whatever, let American capital take care of itself—it can do it all right, don't worry about that—quit meddling with its internal affairs and allow the country to work out its own salvation."

"In other words," I said—because from previous conversations I thought I knew the reasoning that lay behind this diplomat's unselfish conclusion —"you believe that we ought to wash our hands of this whole unclean, indecent mess, which represents, as you said a while ago, a wild scramble for the wealth of the country, and let the Mexican people, to whom the wealth belongs, protect themselves—if they are able to do so."

"Yes, but that's only part of it. The rest of it is that the natives have a quarrel on hand between their church and their government which sooner or later has to be settled and with which it is none of our business to interfere."

And although it is very hard to agree with the statement that we should abandon the country, and allow it, probably, to indulge in another revolution, the suggestion none the less brings up Mexico's greatest and most perplexing problem—the Mexican people: what will they do with their government and their religion?

Perhaps less than three years ago, ten million out of less than fifteen million Mexicans had never worn shoes, nor cared particularly whether they wore shoes or not, neither could they read nor write, and neither were they very deeply interested in plans for educating them and putting them to work.

But President Calles and his associates have done things to the country which, in a cumulative way, have to a greater or a lesser degree affected and interested every Mexican in Mexico. Briefly let us see what these things are.

First, President Calles accepted the support of and gave his encouragement to the Labor party, which, with Secretary Louis H. Morones at its head, functions somewhat after the manner of a loosely constructed and wobbly federation of labor and has TWO MILLION adherents. This is by far the strongest popular political organization Mexico has ever had.

Second comes President Calles' agrarian policy, through which the provisions of the Constitution, calling for the distribution of lands to the people, have been more rigidly carried out than ever before.

Naturally this interested the large owners, whose properties were confiscated, to such an extent that they are highly antagonistic to the government. While, on the other hand, although it was undoubtedly well intentioned and has affected a great number of people, it has aroused no industrial enthusiasm on the part of the natives and has actually brought about a decrease instead of an increase in the cultivated acreage.

To such an extent is this true that Mexico, a land which is easily capable of raising enough of nearly everything to feed this entire continent, has this year removed the import duty from wheat in order to secure enough of this cereal to supply its own people

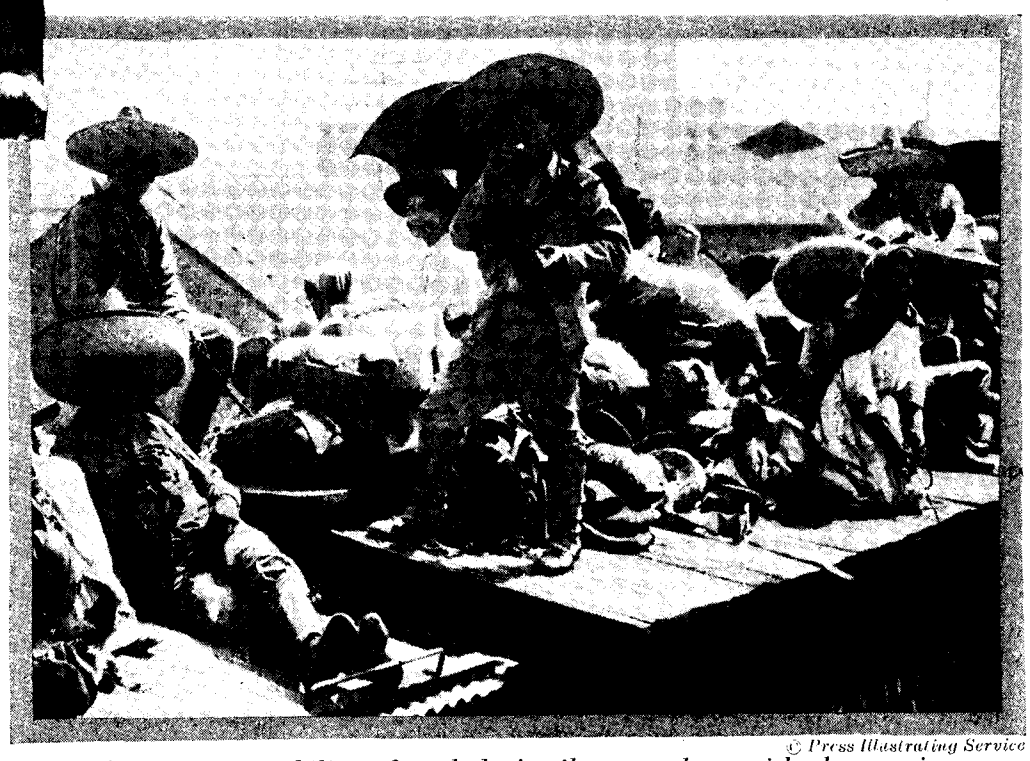
Third, the Department of Educatio has come directly in contact with the masses of the people through its actual endeavors (again well intentioned and again little appreciated) to provide the country with a system of good, free public schools.

Fourth—and as a cataclysmic stroke which went at once into almost every home in Mexico—came the edicts or decrees of last July in regard to the Catholic Church.

For or Against Calles

AND now, as the combined result of these four governmental measures, ALL the people of Mexico, regardless of their financial status, their barefoot condition or their degree of illiteracy, seem to be at last aware of the fact that their central government is a force with which they must reckon and which must reckon with them.

For the first time in the history of their country the Mexican people are beginning to understand the meaning of the word "organization." This is a novel situation—novel, because it is doubtful if in any single one of the glorious revolutions which have been staged in Mexico since 1910 there have



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When Mexico mobilizes the whole family goes along with the warriors

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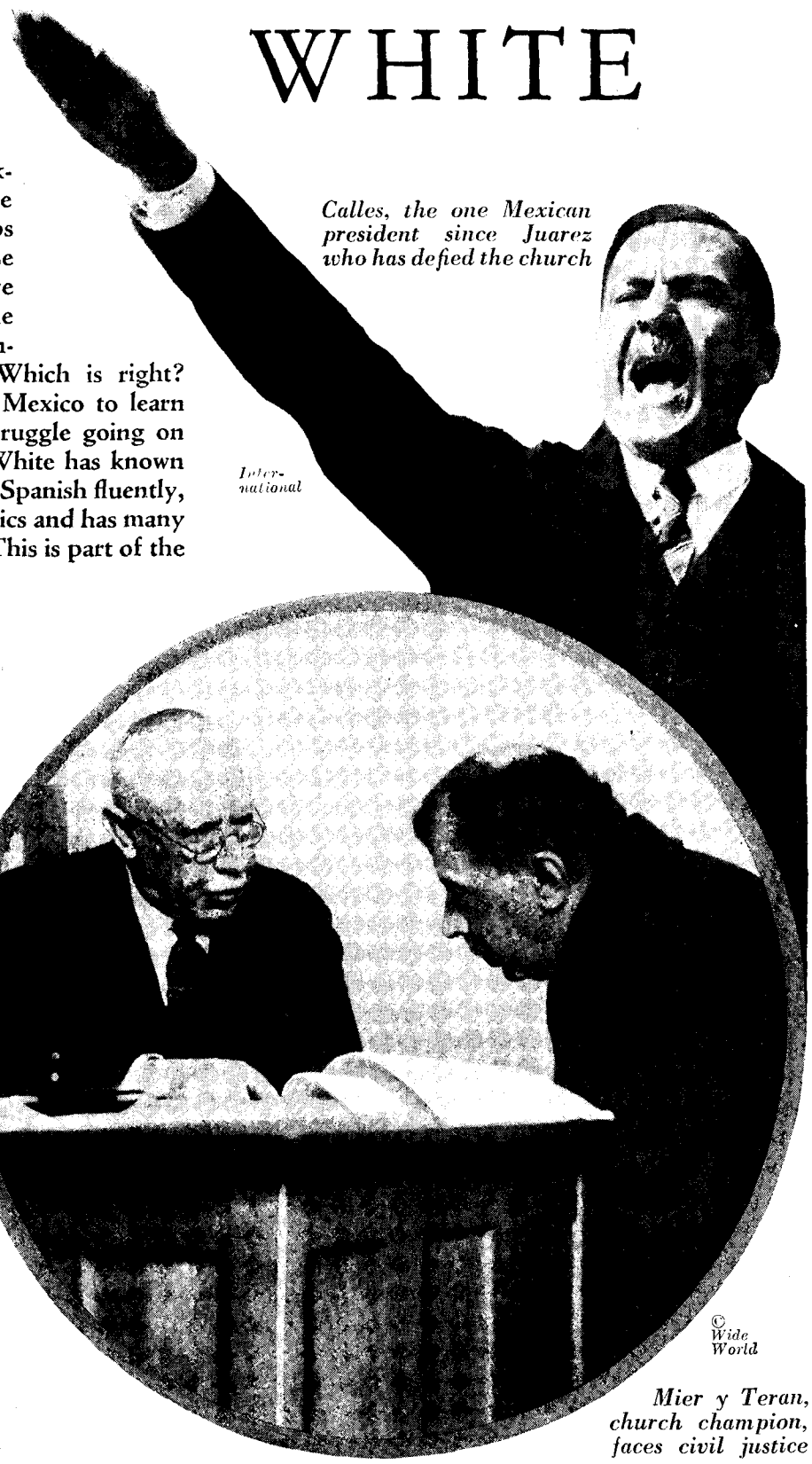
By OWEN P. WHITE

WHILE millions of black-shawled women pray in the priestless churches, federal troops battle armed bands of natives whose banners bear the words "Long Live Christ, Our King." Why are the church and the Mexican Government so unalterably opposed? Which is right? Collier's sent Owen P. White to Mexico to learn the truth about the portentous struggle going on there. For thirty-five years Mr. White has known Mexico and its people. He speaks Spanish fluently, understands Mexico's tangled politics and has many friends south of the Rio Grande. This is part of the fascinating story he brought back.



Calles, the one Mexican president since Juarez who has defied the church

International

Señor Owen P. White, in the course of his travels, mixes with a dusky human arsenal

© *Wide World*

Mier y Teran, church champion, faces civil justice

been as many as 100,000 men under arms at any one time.

All of Mexico's difficulties for the past fifteen years have thus been settled by a very small, almost negligible percentage of the people who called themselves "istas" of one sort or another. There have been Maderistas, Huertistas, Carranzistas, Zapatistas, Obregonistas, Callistas, and, last but not least, Villistas.

These last named "istas," who were the followers of a totally illiterate bandit—whose government in northern Mexico, however, enjoyed the practical recognition of the United States—are mentioned here merely to show to what lengths the average Mexican has heretofore been willing to go in his support of an individual, regardless of the morals, aspirations or abilities of the said individual.

But the present situation in Mexico seems to justify the conclusion that the natives will no longer behave in any such happy-go-lucky manner. All of them today seem to be standing on one side of a question or on the other. They are all either for or against the Calles Administration.

Through talking to dozens, yes, to hundreds, of people in Mexico within the last two months I find that the one thing that has aroused and interested the great mass of the people, the illiterate 80 per cent, has been the president's attitude toward the Catholic Church. Therefore, it is highly worth while, in an entirely impartial and unprejudiced manner, to discuss this church problem and also to examine the peon for the purpose of finding out whether his limitations, mental and otherwise, are such as prevent him from grasping the real meaning of his religion or understanding the real meaning of self-government.

The Peon as He Is

TAKE the peon, or Mexican Indian, first. To begin with, 70 per cent of Mexico's population is made up of different tribes of Indians who speak fifty-one distinct languages and sixty-nine dialects. Think of that for a moment — and the cheerful fact that only four short centuries ago this polyglot, ignorant mass of humanity was indulging in cannibalism and human sacrifice to an extent not even approached by any other race known to history—and you will begin to comprehend something of the difficulty that has since confronted not only each one of Mexico's successive governments but the Catholic Church as well.

International

Held by the police: These women are charged with spreading religious propaganda

Today, among other things, the Mexican Government accuses the Catholic Church of having failed in its mission in Mexico because it has failed to educate the Indians. The church retaliates by saying that it has been unable to succeed in this respect because it has never, not even under the old Spanish rule, received proper encouragement and support from the government.

But from neither party to the controversy (and either could very well advance it as an excuse) do we hear it stated that the Mexican Indian is what he is merely because his natural disinclination to exert his mind and his inherited barbarism would, under the conditions which existed for three and a half centuries, have rendered his education and civilization a task of almost insuperable difficulty.

In brief—and I state this as the result of thirty-five years of close association with the Mexican people—the fact that within the last fifty years 20 per cent of them have learned to read and write is due neither to the influence of the Catholic Church nor the paternal efforts of the Mexican Government.

The Mexican Indians are primitives, but they are by no means lacking in intelligence. Until fifty years ago they were sold back and forth with the land on which they lived. There was no incentive whatever for them to do anything except be as lazy as possible, follow the shade around the house from sunrise to sunset and raise as many children and as many dogs as they could.

Centuries of Native Art

MEXICO, a land where too many clothes are a burden to the flesh and where a man can pick his food from the trees which a beneficent Providence has planted in his dooryard, is conducive to just that kind of life. For three hundred and fifty years, therefore, the natives, unstimulated by any real desires and ambitions, had lived it.

But under Diaz the situation changed. The peons saw the foreigners wearing civilized clothes and shoes, living in well-built houses and enjoying the comforts of life. Seeing these things did for the small percentage of natives who came in contact with the foreigners what both their (*Continued on page 43*)

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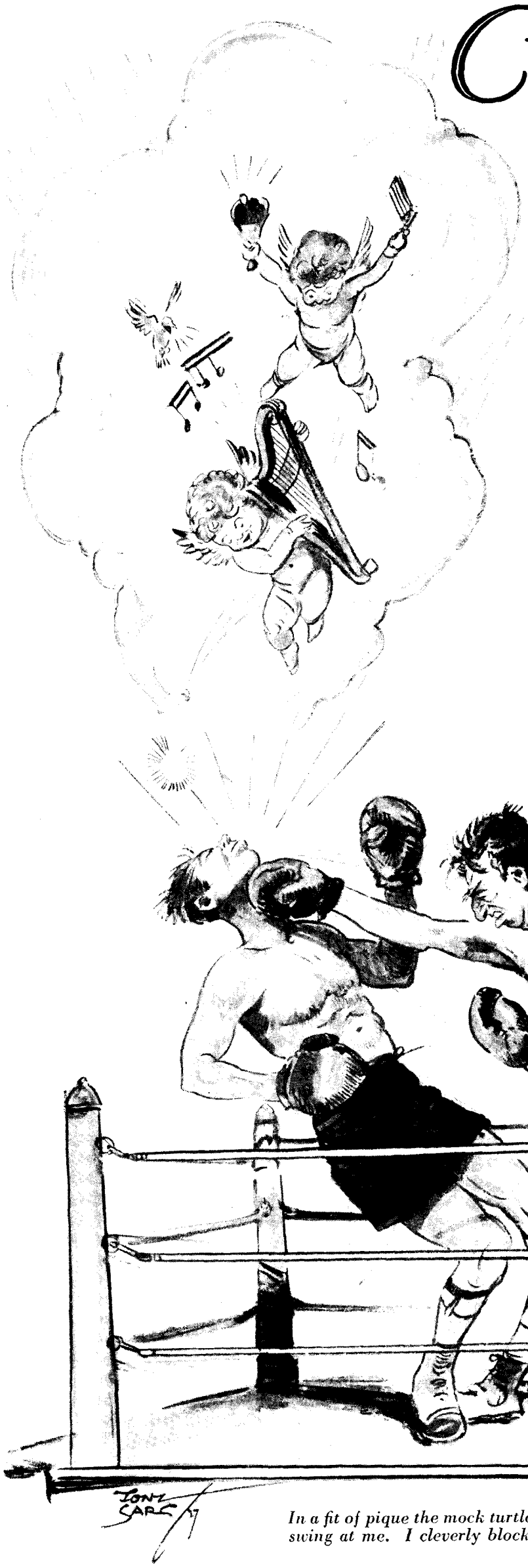
Classics in Slang



In a fit of pique the mock turtle Four-Jab took a murderous swing at me. I cleverly blocked the punch with my chin

HELLO, lads and lassies, is it cold enough for you? (Shouldst you live in South America, that don't go.) Well, speakin' of the preposition "cold," your hero's just back flush with victory and the spoils of war from slappin' Four-Jab Prostrate as frigid as a stepmother's embrace. I'll have you know I'm poison to palookas of that type, no spoofin'!

Really, people, I don't seem capable of losin' since I been appearin' under the managements of Ethel Kingsley, a better looker than Venus the Milo—and Ethel's arms ain't broke off at the elbows like that lady's is, nyther. They may be some amongst my listeners-in which at this critical point will exclaim, "Who the sheol are *you* and for that matter who the Dante's Inferno is Ethel Kingsley?" To them scoffers I can only say just the minute and I'll broadcast all.

To make the clean bosom of matters, I'm One-Punch McTague, viz, the greatest heavyweight since the heydays of Samson and no lady barber will ever make the monkey out of *me* like Delia did that mug eyther. On the other hand, Ethel Kingsley is my manageress, and in her time off from that exactin' billet she acts as caretaker to Ye Olde Booke Shoppe on Amsterdam's Avenue, left unto me by my thoroughly dead uncle, Angus McTague. Now that we got this nonsense out of the ways, leave us get some place with the anecdote itself, for of a truth I'm as anxious to get it over with as you are.

From some place unknown to me, Ethel got a hold of the novel idea that a touch of education wouldst greatly add to my manifold attractions. As I'm far too old to be amused with such toys as college, and correspondence schools runs into too many stamps, this charmin' damsel hit on the darin' scheme of havin' me read one of my own books each week and then write for her what I remember about it. By this unique fantasy, I'm gettin' all the benefits of a university course without the annoyance of crossin' a campus and if "Readin' maketh a full man," as some old master mind cracked, why, I'm intoxicated half the time!

The last conundrum Miss America gave me to scan was "Ivanhoe," ie, the latest poultice from the busy typewriter of Walt Scott, a boy which I'm satisfied will make the name for himself in the scenario racket if he don't clown when he hits Hollywood. I'll give you a order of "Ivanhoe" later—first, leave us consider my adventures, gentle readers, which if they ain't as raucous as Ivan's is at least more truer.

THE mornin' after I mastered the mysteries of Scotty's noted fable, I was bringin' my home work on it in to Ethel, when who do I stumble over outside Ye Olde Booke Shoppe but Jack Hootmon. This dizzy egg is the only inhabitant of the universe which ain't fond of me, I'm that likable. On top of that, he's as rich as chocolate puddin', bein' the sole breed of old Elihu Hootmon, the Trillionaire Thumb-Tack King and a incurable addict of Columbia's College.

For many moons young Hootmon has tried with might and main to sell himself to Ethel, usin' all the arts and wiles which wealthy college boys is known for the world over, and we're all aware that when a rich man begins showerin' attentions on a poor girl it only means one thing, namely, the girl is later throwed out in the snowstorm by her stern father. I've ofttimes thought, when viewin' them dramas on the screen, that if it wasn't snowin' the gal's dad wouldst prob'ly of overlooked her little peccadillo.

How the so ever, once upon a time this Hootmon tomato hadst made a bet with me, the gist of which was that shouldst he lose he wouldst stay away from Ethel forever and a day. The poltroon lost, and here I find him struttin' his stuff outside my loved one's bower. I hope to tell you I was overcome with choleric and mad enough to smash a precedent!

Like a pencil sharpener, I got right to the point, what I mean.

"I thought you was to stay out of my bailiwick, Senseless," I bellered, with a threatenin' wag of my shapely ears. "I got the good mind to knock you cold!"

"Keep your shirt on," he exclaims, though I trow I hadst scant intentions of takin' the nobby garment off, "I'm cold enough as it is, thank you!" and suitin' the action to the words he shivered in the icy winds. I was only wishin' I hadst pneumonia, or even *old*monia, so's I couldst of give it to this eyesore!

"If you believe in fair play, McTague," goes on this error, "you'll give me a chance to get even with you. I'd like to make you a wager on your coming bout with Four-Jab Prostrate. I think he's too clever for you."

"Leave him *be* clever," I says, stanchly, "I ain't goin' to exchange wise cracks with him; I'm goin' to trade smacks with him. What's your proposition?"

"The same as before," he comes back. "If you win, I stay away from Miss Kingsley, and if you lose you give me a clear field. What do you say?"

"I think *I* should have something to say about all this!" exclaims a delicious voice behind us, and we both whirl

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IVANHOE

by H. C. WITWER

One-Punch McTague gives us a simple understanding of Sir Walter Scott's great novel

around to gaze into the lovely pan of Ethel, which positively has "It" and I don't mean I reckon so! She don't seem much elated. "There is no necessity for you to make any wager involving me," she continues. "I'm not an article of merchandise. I'll see you both—whenever business demands it. Were you going to buy a book, Mr. Hootmon?"

"Why—er—yes, of course," he stutters, "I—"

"They's plenty book stores downtown, Funny-Lookin ," I cut him off, bein' very unpartial to customers which tries to promote my thrillin' saleslady. "Besides, we just hauled off and took a sacred oath not to sell less than forty thousand dollars' worth of reading material to any one client. Add *that* up!"

"Don't be silly!" says Ethel, but a smile got away from her. "Come in and look at our new fiction, Mr. Hootmon. Mr. McTague loves to joke."

"And how his parents must have loved children!" remarks this proper ape, lookin' me up and down with the leer. That was a foul, and he practically leaped inside the store when I took a tigerish step toward him.

"I WANT to get a good book for a gift," he tells Ethel, "and I don't want to go over a couple of dollars. What would you recommend?"

"I'd recommend tryin' another book shop!" I butt in, executin' a sneer. "Two-dollar sales thrills us like it thrills a jockey to watch a merry-go-round!"

"Be still!" cries Ethel, stampin' her little footsie. "We haven't made expenses this week, and we need all the sales we can make!"

I'll state I don't care what I make, if I can eventually make Ethel.

"Well, what are your lowest terms for college students?" inquires Mr. Hootmon.

"Lounge lizards and garter snakes!" I says promptly.

"Are you tryin' to insult me?" demands my hated rival, lookin' as vicious as a enraged field mouse.

"If the shoe fits you, buy the pair," I purrs.

Just then they's a interruption in the shape of Lucifer (Red) Higgins, viz, my nee manager, which went to work and sold me to Ethel for a hundred bucks when Rabbit-Punch Weird laid me like a rug. Later, Red seen me flatten Weasel-Faced Jibby, and that deed made him thoughtful.

"Greetin's!" cackles this mug, beamin' on one and all. "Long time no see. McTague, how'd you like to come back under my wings again?"

"Don't make me laugh!" I says, in a welter of disdain. "You and me is as far apart as A and Z. I got a real manager now!"

"You got a good-lookin' one, anyways," admits Red, with a smirk at Ethel. "But I got a chance to toss you in a ring with Tunney—what d'ye think of *them* grapefruit, Big Boy?"

"Tunney's got to show me more than a mere win over Dempsey," I tell him. "I can't be annoyed workin' out with them powder-puff hitters, I crave bigger and better heavies. Gene's far too careful and cautious."

"In your case, he'd probably hurl caution to the winds," says Red, with a sarcastical grimace, "because he knows you dote on action. I wouldn't be surprised if he knocked you stiff with the first punch, rather than take any chances with you in a long fight."

"Mr. McTague's contract is not for sale!" Ethel exclaims with no little firmness and four icicles on each word. "I paid you a hundred dollars for it and—"

"And that ends the subject!" I finish for her.

"Blah!" snorts Lady Rowena and sticks her pretty tongue out at him

Illustrated by TONY SARG

"Listen, Stupid!" snarls Red at me. "*You* got nothin' to do with this a-tall! Speak when you're spoke to and not out of turn. You're meanin'less—plenty nothin', get me?" Then he wheels around on Ethel again. "Beautiful," he says, "I'm willin' to let you click off some gravy for yourself on the deal. I'll put out a hundred and *five* bucks for this dry-tank diver's contract. Grab this offer whilst I'm still crazy!"

"I'll give you just exactly five minutes to shove off, you burglar!" I bawls at him, fit to be tied. "And I hereby declare four and a half of them five minutes is up. Haul hips!"

With that I made a ferocious rush at him, and with a panic-stricken yelp Red galloped out the door. Then I grabbed the grinnin' Monsieur Jack Hootmon by the lapels of his valuable overcoat. "Are you goin' to purchase?" I ask him wickedly.

"Why—I—you—see—" he stammers, greatly alarmed.

"Outside!" I snaps and shoves him sprawlin' out the door without further ado. They's no quibblin' with me, good people, once I get under way, what I mean!

Dustin' off my gigantic hands, I looked at pretty Ethel, which is regardin' me kind of half mad and the other half entertained.

"That wasn't very gentlemanly," says this traffic stopper.

"They's times when bein' a gentleman is quite a handicap," I answers demurely. "Them two clowns got me redheaded, Ethel! One of 'em trying to build you up and the other one tryin' to buy and sell me like I'm Uncle Tom or the like. From now on the nonsense is out. Mark you this—I'm goin' to be champion and likewise your spouse, and anybody which tries to stop me from eyther of them feats is in for a two-handed pastin'!"

"Oh, very well," smiles Ethel, with a killin' blush.

So that was all settled.

WELL, patrons, my next imitation was to go in trainin' for my battle of the epoch with Four-Jab Prostrate, one of the greatest scrappers which ever buried a smeller in the rosin. Mr. Prostrate hadst few superiors and no equals as a catcher and once fought a draw with a punchin' bag, though eyewitnesses claims the bag was robbed of the decision. Be that as it may, I was takin' no chances with this mock turtle, and I got a hold of the best sparrin' partners the market offered. But I was soon forced to leave one guy go on the account he was too dumb. The big gilaygo socked me for a loop the second day he was on the job. Can you imagine that?

How the so ever, the big night fin'ly dawned, and me and Ethel taxied over to the Canvas Kissers' A. C. in the country of Brooklyn, where the attempted murder was to take place. Like per usual, Jack Hootmon and Lucifer (Red) Higgins has ringside seats, and they sneered at me brutally when I floundered through the ropes and sit down in my corner, shiverin' with confidence. The crowd, which wouldst of packed the joint to the roof shouldst they of all showed up, greeted me with admirin' silence and then Four-Jab Prostrate heaved himself into the ring. My adversus was taller than me by at least a quarter inch and hadst the priceless advantage of a good half pound in weight, what I mean.

The sounds of the bell is still on the air when I dashed into Four-Jab's corner and hit him in the lug with a right I started from the basement of the club. His knees bent under him and he seemed somewhat aghast, but when I stuck a left in his eye, puttin' a mouse under it, he grew extremely peeved. Makin' a horrible face at me, he plunged into a clinch and beat on my tummy like it was a drum. I soon sickened of this horseplay and tore myself loose, skippin' gayly backward around the ring with Four-Jab runnin' after me madly. The house went into a frenzy, and I couldst not keep from laughin' out loud at Four-Jab's clumsy and frantic attempts to catch me. It was quite droll, as we say on Tenth Avenue.

The referee (*Continued on page 32*)

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The Reign of Error

"I've been tryin' a month to get some bathroom repairs but the plumber is still answerin' a questionnaire"

Uncle Henry

"Figurin' on the number of times he uses the same piece of waste"

"WHY did George Washington cross the Delaware?" demanded Uncle Henry. "Why did Paul Revere leave his comfortable bed, jump on a horse an' gallop off into the night? Why did Benedict Arnold offer to sell his country, announcin' that he would accept any sort of bid? Why did Francis Marion live in such fashion as to be called the Swamp Fox? I'll tell you, 'Lonzo. *They were tryin' to get away from questionnaires.*"

"What is a questionnaire?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Good Lord!" gasped Uncle Henry. "Do you mean to say you've never *got* one? Write to your senator at once, my poor neglected friend. Demand an instant investigation. Put Cal Coolidge an' every Washington bureau head on the stand, an' make 'em tell why it is that you, a free-born American citizen, are set apart, discriminated against an' put in the light of bein' despised.

"Questionnaires, 'Lonzo, constitute official Washington's favorite indoor sport. The game is played with four or five hundred stenographers, roll-top desks, swivel chairs an' the city directories of the United States. It's somethin' like cricket in that it's a game that goes on for ever an' ever, never stoppin' except for tea, naps an' week-ends.

Pertinent, Also Impertinent

"DO YOU remember that old joke, 'What is it that stands on one leg an' barks like a dog?' Stork was the answer, the bit about the dog havin' been put in to make it hard. Well, that's the principle of the questionnaire. If any of the questions have any sense to 'em, the guilty clerk is kicked out of his soft government job an' made to go to work.

"The thing's got to be a regular reign of error. Questionnaires flood the country. Instead of tryin' to avoid the deadly hazards, golfers actually seek 'em, for when he's down in the bottom of a sand trap or ravine, a man has some chance of escapin' the mail carrier. False whiskers are goin' at a premium, an' speculators are reapin' a rich harvest sellin' tickets of admission to storm cellars.

"Watchin' whole days . . . What do they get out of it?"

"Secretary Hoover has figured that it costs business an' professional men fully $50,000,000 a year to prepare answers to the steady stream of questionnaires that Washington sends out. I can well believe it, 'Lonzo. Consider the cost to a country doctor to answer a questionnaire like this:

Take any fiscal year ending on a Tuesday and give approximate mileage made by each of the following complaints: (a) Creeping palsy, (b) Walking typhoid, (c) Galloping consumption.

Do you confine your practice to the treatment of sick people, or are you a specialist?

Who was the Sick Man of Europe?

What is the percentage of mortality in your district compared with the illiteracy rate of Abyssinia?

Is the Department of Agriculture, in your opinion, making a mistake in not attempting to make use of hives? Should the Forestry Division be called as consultant in a case of shingles?

"An' how is a member of the Doughnut Molders' Union to meet the expense in a questionnaire that wants to know if he molds around the hole or waits until the completion of the ring before insertin' the hole, an' what's the per capita doughnut consumption of the United States for 1776 to 1927? An' how is a street cleaner to cope with a thing like this:

How do the street-cleaning systems of the United States compare in size and in efficiency with those of (a) Arkansas, (b) Scandinavia, (c) Los Angeles, (d) Mittel Europa, (e) Asia?

"It's almost impossible to get anything done any more, everybody is so busy answerin' questionnaires. I've been tryin' a whole month to get some repairs in the bathroom, but the plumber is still figurin' on the number of times he uses the same piece of waste, the life of a monkey wrench an' the ductile strength of Pittsburgh steel as compared to German steel. I want to give my wife an old colonial dresser for her birthday, but the antique dealer is still busy with a questionnaire that runs like this:

In the preparation of genuine Heppelwhite chairs, which give the best results: (a) Worms, (b) Boring beetles, (c) Woodpeckers?

In making Sheraton for the Oklahoma trade, have you ever tried the San José scale?

Figuring on your own output, and letting x stand for the number of antique dealers in the United States, how many pieces of genuine colonial furniture can be turned out in a day by (a) A skilled workman, (b) An interior decorator?

Why is a morris chair?

"The other day I received a questionnaire addressed to a prune picker. An' what do you think they wanted to know? Whether the prune was more influenced by heredity or by environment, an' could I give four reasons, not more than three bein' the same?

"I don't say that the principle of the thing is wrong, 'Lonzo. It's the operation that I quarrel with. Why waste time on lady boiler makers, sausage grinders, zither players, bankers, floor waxers, lawyers, doctors, etc., when there's so much more important information that the world stands in need of? For instance, what a boon it would be to have the followin' questionnaire answered by the people who've asked you to spend a week-end:

How many bathrooms are there in your home?

Are guests expected to get up for breakfast?

Does any member of your family recite?

Is there a family album?

Are guests expected to accompany the host on visits of inspection to (a) Gardens, (b) Stables, (c) Greenhouses?

Is it your idea that visitors should be "entertained"?

Do you go in for parlor games? Can you furnish conclusive evidence that no member of the family, on both sides of the house, and as far back as you can remember, ever played (a) Charades, (b) Forfeits, (c) Riddles?

Are children allowed to come to the table?

"Now that home is a place where people go only when everything else is closed, what more important than to get all possible information about restaurants? Think what it would mean to have these questions answered by a waiter:

How long does it take to get toast chilled enough to serve?

How do you manage to keep from looking at a patron when he is trying to attract your attention? Is it a gift or can you acquire it?

Do your feet hurt because you are a waiter, or are you a waiter because your feet hurt?

When a patron asks for a napkin or a knife, where do you spend the hour that elapses before your return?

Something on the Lip

"FOR another thing, 'Lonzo, I would like to have questionnaires sent to those people who spend whole days watchin' workmen dig a hole in the ground or tearin' down a buildin'. They *must* get somethin' out of it. An' how about puttin' these questions up to a traffic cop?

Which form of address is judged to be most effective in forcing respect for the law?

(a) Who the hell do you think you *are?*

(b) Hey, *you!* Where the hell do you think you're goin'?

How many words is a driver permitted to use before the rules require you to say, "Gimme any more lip an' I'll take you down to the station"?

Do all faces displease you?

Why is your invariable retort, "Don't make me laugh"? Why this fear of innocent mirth? . . .

"Those fellows in Washington make me sick," said Mr. Stubbs. "Jes' a lot of time killers."

"That's the trouble," declared Uncle Henry. "They *don't* kill it. The poor thing is kept lingerin'."

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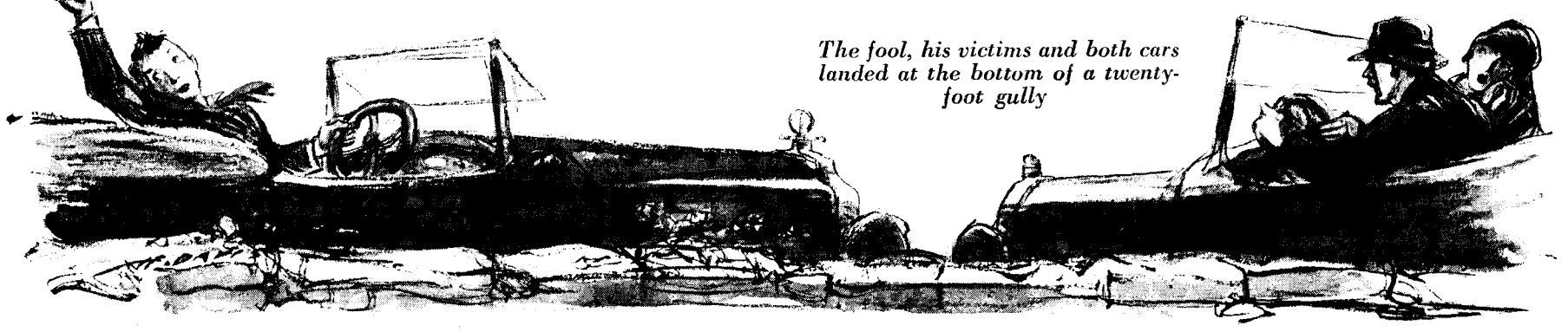
The Head behind the Wheel



The fool, his victims and both cars landed at the bottom of a twenty-foot gully

Most automobile wrecks could be avoided if the drivers used their heads, says this garage man, who has untangled scores of them

By W. F. CURRINGTON

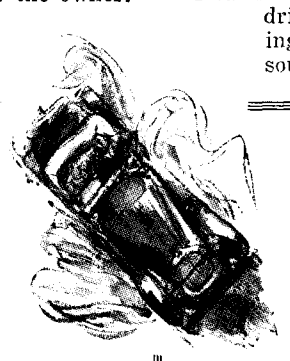
A MAN drove into the garage this morning in a heavy sedan. His wife and three children were with him, and the running boards were weighted with luggage.

"I get a bad squeak when I get up around forty-five or fifty," he said. "Can you eliminate it right away?"

One of the mechanics was put on the job. As he was backing the car around to put it on the elevator, it slid up against the wall, although he had depressed the foot-brake pedal as far as it would go.

"You haven't any brakes on your car," he called across the floor to the owner.

"I know it," replied the man irritably, "but I haven't time for that now. Take that squeak out: that's all I ordered."



Ray, the mechanic, has no patience with careless drivers.

"What do you do when you want to stop her?" he called as he rolled the car on to the lift. "Drag your feet on the ground?"

Needless to say, the brakes had been adjusted before the car was brought back downstairs. It only took a few minutes longer.

Now, here was a man, evidently in a great hurry, for he had been driving 45 to 50 miles an hour, and he begrudged the time necessary to fix his brakes. The squeak annoyed him, and so he didn't mind waiting while it was eliminated. But he was willing to risk his life roaring over the highways with his wife and children in a car the brakes of which were useless. It's such carelessness, such criminal negligence, as this that is responsible for the great number of serious accidents, of fatal accidents, on the highways.

Although running a garage tends to make one a bit pessimistic as to the number of loose-wits at the wheels of motor vehicles, I believe that most drivers are careful or try to be. The great trouble is that too many motorists think their responsibility ends if they signal stops and turns and use some sense as to speed and steering. They do not realize the importance of perfect brakes nor the need of tracing every strange noise to its source and making repairs if needed. Unhappily, too, good drivers and cars in splendid condition are often endangered by less careful pilots and broken-down cars on the highway.

Here is an instance of the importance of "queer" noises. When I cite such cases I don't want to seem to stress the carelessness of all drivers so much as to show by examples the necessity for checking up now and then.

The other day a small sedan with four young women in it rolled in. The driver jumped out.

"We've got a flat tire," she said. "We've driven more than ten miles on it, and I know it's ruined. Will you please put on a new one right away?"

I looked at the tires. They were all fully inflated.

"That's mighty funny," said the driver. "We've all been hearing a noise right along that sounded just like a flat."

Examination showed that the front universal joint of their car was ready to fall to pieces.

It was lucky for those girls that it still held; had it ripped apart while they were traveling 35 or 40 miles an hour the front end of the propeller shaft would have started whipping around wildly. Had the free end crashed through the floor board, the two girls in the front seat would certainly have been badly injured. But more likely it would have dropped to the ground, stubbing the front of the car and probably overturning it. And hundreds of motorists have been killed when their cars overturned.

"It Didn't Work" (Fortunately)

OF COURSE you could not have blamed the driver of this car if the universal joint, without warning, had broken and dropped to the road with resultant injuries and damage to the car. But in driving ten miles with a very unusual noise in the machine and without making any effort whatever to ascertain its cause, she certainly exhibited gross carelessness.

Often we get a hearty laugh out of the stupidity of some drivers, when accidents have been avoided not through any fault of theirs but because chance examination in the shop revealed conditions which might have caused disasters. A fellow came in recently on the end of a rope. He had one of those rickety sedans which junk dealers eye longingly. Another motorist had picked him up some twenty miles out from town and towed him in.

Before the lad with the sedan gave us any instructions he finished an argument with the Samaritan. He objected to the "exorbitant" charge of $5 for the towing, arguing that inasmuch as his fellow motorist was coming into town anyway he shouldn't charge him anything. Having finally paid up, however, he told us that his motor had stalled and that he had exhausted his stock of mechanical knowledge without being able to start it.

Luggage was crammed into every available inch of running boards. The man's wife, baby and three other children, of whom the oldest was about six, were wedged in among more baggage in the tonneau.

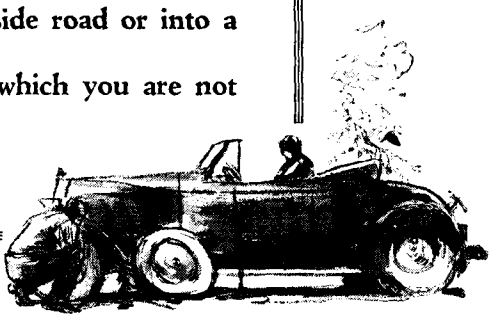
Johnny, one of the floor men, was put on the job. Upon opening the hood he found that the carburetor was all smoked up. A thick coating of soot clung to it and extended up the intake manifold, while in the pan underneath was a small pile of ashes. The mechanic pointed to this and looked inquiringly at the driver.

"Oh, that," he said. "Well, you see, someone told me once that if you heated the carburetor it would make the car easier to start, and so I took a greasy rag and a match and tried to warm it up—but it didn't work."

Can you imagine what would have happened if it had "worked"? The wife and children were almost buried in the car under a pile of blankets, dishes, cooking utensils and what not. In the blaze that, by all the laws of common sense, should have resulted from this stupid tinkering, they couldn't have jumped from the car. Rather than spend a dollar or two for mechanical aid, the husband and father had taken the awful chance of burning them alive.

Incidentally, Johnny found a bare spot on a wire, which had short-circuited the ignition current through the motor block. He pulled the wire away, taped it and the motor started.

Another piece of foolishness: a fellow was driving along at a pretty good clip here last Sunday when his hat flew off. Of course he grabbed for it. It sailed away, but he didn't stop grabbing until he found himself and the people with whom he collided lying at the bottom of a twenty-foot gully. Fortunately the descent was sloping, and both machines rolled over without serious injury to their occupants. Miracle! Of course the cars were badly smashed.



Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

When your hat flies off while you're driving, ignore it until you can bring your car to a stop and then go back and recover it. That's what this driver should have done. Instead he risked his own life and that of others for a five- or six-dollar chapeau.

One look at the shop any Monday morning sets a fellow to wondering whether most motorists set out for Sunday driving with no higher ambition than to swell the business of local junkmen. Our stock of wrecked cars every Monday runs from three to eight. We had four this morning. The first one brought in was a heavy coupé. There was no doubt that the driver had been sober, but he (*Continued on page*

FROM years of observing careless drivers and the results of their stupidity the author of this article offers these suggestions for safe driving:

Never drive unless your brakes are working perfectly. When you need them you NEED them.

A little unidentified noise may foreshadow disaster. Stop and ascertain its cause.

If your hat blows off—don't grab for it. Pull up slowly and run back after it. Don't drive while you're sleepy or nervous. Think of the other fellow too. Slow down for highway intersections.

Don't make repairs or tire changes at the side of a much-traveled highway. Turn down a quiet side road or into a farmer's driveway.

Don't travel overfast on roads with which you are not familiar—especially at night. Be sure you're right before you go ahead.

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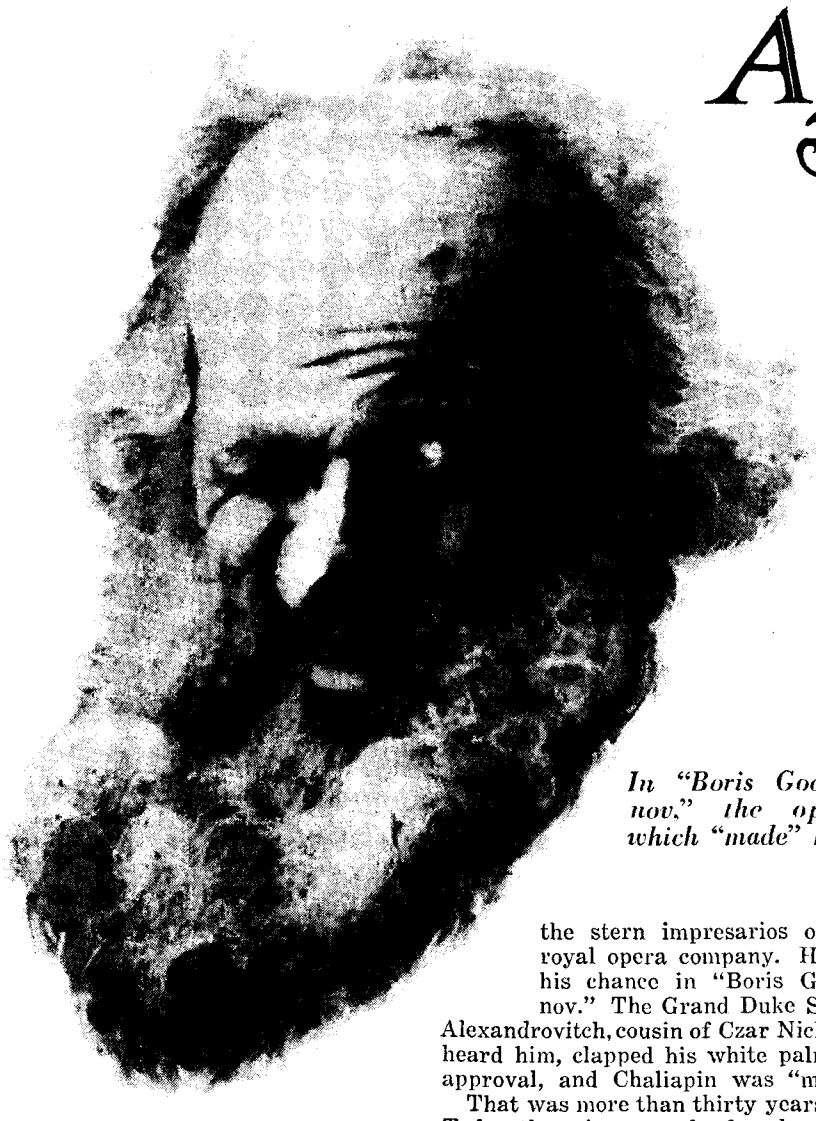
Against the Wind

With a vagabond troupe in Russia Feodor Chaliapin sang in the open, often pitting his great voice against the gales—and all his life he has battled against the winds of fortune



In "Boris Godounov," the opera which "made" him

An Interview with

FEODOR CHALIAPIN

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

ON THE frozen steppes that bound the ancient Tatar capital of Kazan in East Russia, the elder son of a peasant family pursued the traditional program of a first-born muzhik. Before reaching his teens he followed the plow behind oxen, preparing the fields his family did not own and could never own, to raise grain for the black bread on which the hordes of the Little Father's subjects were fed.

He sang in the choir of the yellow-domed Orthodox church with its spiked cross. He slaved as a porter with a fervent memory for missed meals, joined a vagabond troupe and within five years St. Petersburg thrilled to the wonder of a native prodigy, the most celebrated of modern bassos.

Our Curiosity is Overwhelming

FEODOR CHALIAPIN (it's pronounced Shal-ya'-pin) made himself. Hunger, not the mere overnight missing of meals, but continuous need of food, shelter and clothing, marked his apprenticeship to the company of strolling players that traveled the Ural plains, its sole equipment a battered harmonium tied to a donkey's back. Without schooling, without formal vocal training, he labored up to a hearing before the stern impresarios of the royal opera company. He got his chance in "Boris Godounov." The Grand Duke Serge-Alexandrovitch, cousin of Czar Nicholas, heard him, clapped his white palms in approval, and Chaliapin was "made."

That was more than thirty years ago. Today there is no mark of early struggles in his keen, fresh face. A tall, powerfully built man, erect as a rod, with a blond head like a well-kempt lion, a flat, youthful underchin and the flexible mouth and wide nostrils of the born singer, he has worn well through both adversity and prosperity. He speaks fluently French, Italian and German besides his native Russian, and his vest-pocket vocabulary of English is discriminatingly used.

As he talks there is no hint of the compelling robustness of his singing. His laugh is the only clue to vocal richness.

"The American people," he told me, "are generous in their recognition and overwhelming in their curiosity. They want to know the why and wherefore of every name that becomes a part of their lives, in art, science, politics and industry. Europeans care little for the record of a man's early career. If he succeeds, he is accepted as a fixture; if he fails, nobody knows how and nobody cares to know why."

The hardship of his early life was not without compensations. Singing in the open air against the winds that sweep undying across the vast plains of East Russia, Chaliapin developed a sturdiness of volume which the hot-house ateliers of the culturists could never have given him.

"No singer was anybody until he had sung at the Imperial Theatre in Moscow or St. Petersburg, and to obtain an audition the beginner had to have indomitable will and self-confidence if he went unintroduced by the great or near-great.

"As a trouper I had mastered most of the barytone and basso rôles of famous operas, Russian, German, Italian and French. Lingual versatility is an essential equipment for the lowliest musical troupers in Russia, who, in the old days, traveled the land like gypsies, as they do even now, though motion pictures are beginning to penetrate the hinterland.

"The moment I emerged from the ruck of beginners, life brightened," he said. "I learned to see and hear all things, but to say little and never, under any circumstances, to discuss politics, not even in my own household."

This caution bore fruit. He was even permitted by the Soviet commissars to retain direction of the Imperial Theatre in Moscow.

The Russians, who like their singers in large sizes (like their wrestlers), made Chaliapin the rage. It happens that physically he resembles the celebrated Georges Hackenschmidt in length, chest breadth and profile, plus an inch or more of forehead. They met in a gym.

"Come on the mat and play with me," Hackenschmidt said.

"If you'll go to the opera and sing for me," Chaliapin retorted.

"Rasputin was in power as a member of the Czar's household at about that time," he recalls. "He heard me sing and sent for me to see him at the Imperial Palace. I knew his vast influence with the Imperial family through the apparently almost miraculous cure he wrought on the Czar's son, Czarevitch Alexis. To ignore an invitation from the monk who dominated the Czarina was to court destruction. To accept it was to identify oneself with him.

© Mishkin

Chaliapin in a domestic rôle with his daughter Marina

"I refused his invitation. Then, after a performance of Faust which the Czar attended, the Czar commanded me to appear at the Winter Palace. I sang for him and his court—Rasputin was not present.

"The Czar was a sad man, with a pale, melancholy countenance, at heart a very simple man bewildered by the perplexing drama of government life. He took me aside after dinner that day in the palace and asked me why I had refused to come at Rasputin's call. I told him that royal recognition was prized by me only when it came from royalty.

"Then, as we walked about the grounds, he gave me a glance at his unhappy state of mind. He felt some grave danger impending, but even then did not realize that he was the tool of an oligarchy. I made bold then to tell the Czar what I thought: that he permitted the majesty of his office as head of a great empire to intimidate him; that he failed as a showman.

"He thanked me for this opinion, but shrugged his shoulders as we parted—a fatalistic gesture—and he said: 'To be a showman one should have something to say about the quality of the show. I have not!'

Tolstoy is Sentimental at Heart

"I'M confident that this walk with the Czar prevented Rasputin from attempting to punish me for declining to meet him. That man was a savage, one of the wierdest characters that ever lived in a country of dark heroes. Some day some Russian will make an opera about the startling romance of Rasputin's life. And I hope to sing the rôle."

Rachmaninoff, the famed pianist, and Chaliapin had forged to the front at about the same time. They were friends and comrades. Together they went one Easter morning at Tolstoy's invitation, which had more value than a royal command to the young and ambitious.

It was the Russian custom then, on Easter mornings, for acquaintances to greet one another with the salutation: "Christ is risen!" to which the response was made, "He is risen indeed."

Rachmaninoff and Chaliapin, aware of Tolstoy's cynical attitude toward all religion, debated whether or not they should greet him in the traditional way. Custom won the debate. They met the old count on his porch.

"Christ is risen!" Chaliapin declared.

Tolstoy paused, then turned and brooded over the gaunt, funereal city of Moscow. "I see no sign of Christ," he said.

Afterward he sat in his living-room while Rachmaninoff played and Chaliapin sang. They rendered various arias, and Chaliapin concluded with his unexcelled singing of the Volga boatman's song.

"You are young men and you will learn that there are more important matters in life than music."

"Thereupon," says Chaliapin, "we plunged into The Old Corporal's Song. As I finished the song I observed that Count Tolstoy rubbed furtive tears from his eyes. Someone else in that company saw them—his wife.

"'Let it pass,' she whispered to me. 'Tolstoy has a feeling heart, but a hard head. He pretends to despise sentiment, but he himself is sentimental!'"

When Chaliapin came to America nearly twenty years ago there was nothing of the surliness he had sometimes met in Europe. (*Continued on page 43*)

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"There was a morning we woke at daybreak and went out to the rocks to watch the sun come up"

The Partition

By MAY STANLEY

The story of an idyllic love affair that was almost wrecked on the Maine rocks

"THERE! Guess nobody can't say this place ain't clean." Confident pride shone in the face of Hannah Anne Parse as she glanced about the swept and garnished living-room.

There was no one to challenge the statement. Out on the porch in a long deck chair Eve Hamilton lay staring toward the sea, but the cottage was empty save for Hannah Anne's vigorous presence.

"It'll shine like a new pin," she told herself, "once I've finished off the dustin'."

Turning to a small desk, the first piece of furniture at hand, she briskly flicked away imaginary dust to a steady accompaniment of comments on the writing equipment. From a far corner she pulled forth a rosewood box inset with gleaming flowers of iridescent pearl and began to wipe the cover.

"You're kind of good-lookin', I must say," she told it. "Dunno as I ever see—" The box slid from her hand to the floor, scattering its contents far and wide.

"Hannah Anne," Mrs. Hamilton called fretfully, "what on earth are you doing?"

"'Tain't nothing broke," Hannah Anne assured her: "Just a box fell down—kind of."

Picking them up carefully, she examined the articles with avid interest. Once she paused, took a step toward the porch, then seemed to decide against some contemplated action.

"Guess I'd better mind my own business," she said aloud, putting the box back into place, "although it does go agin the grain sometimes."

Sighing regretfully, Hannah Anne glanced again toward the porch and resumed her unfinished dusting.

TIRED by her novel and bored by the unending splish! splash! of the waves, Eve Hamilton got up, flung her book to a chair and went down the porch steps.

The cottage stood on a cliff which dropped steeply to the gray-green Atlantic, swirling a hundred feet below. Eve followed a narrow path along the edge of the cliff, a path which wound down into a hollow, that in autumn would blaze ruby-red with sumac and maple, then rose to a point of rocks where a few wind-beaten spruce trees huddled together, low-spread and defiant. Near the trees was a small, bleak building which had once been a fisherman's dwelling and still looked the part, although for the past six summers Wynne Hamilton had used it as a studio.

His wife stared at the building with obvious disapproval. Wind and sea had long since stripped it of any vestiges of paint, and it leaned forward like a frail old man pitting his strength against a gale. The door sagged deplorably toward a rickety step. Eve's eyes took in each detail relentlessly—the shabby walls, the forlorn door, an old piece of trawl on the window ledge, the untidy heap of lobster traps lying near the step. Why on earth wouldn't Wynne listen to reason? She could make the old place look quite interesting with just a few minor repairs, clear out that horrible mess of fishing gear, bring over some bits of brass and pewter, an old chair or two, perhaps a settle. But as it was now—horrible!

"Nearly through work, Wynne?" she called from the step.

"Almost." The man at the easel did not turn. "I'll be with you in just a few minutes."

"Oh, there's no hurry," his wife said wearily. "I thought you might have finished, that's all."

She dropped down to the doorstep and sat, her chin cupped in her hands, staring moodily at the long reaches of the bay. Great rollers were sweeping shoreward, bringing to the indifferent land their gifts of shining foam. They rose and broke, rose and broke, endlessly. Above them sea gulls hovered or beat up against the sky with flashing wings. A little wind stole in from across the water, tangled itself among the spruce branches and was still.

Wynne Hamilton left the easel and came toward the door, stretching his arms in a long sigh of content.

"Lord, I'm tired!" he said. "Wonder if Hannah Anne has lunch ready?"

"It isn't time for lunch just yet." Eve glanced through the open door back of him and shuddered visibly. "Wynne, I do wish you'd let me do something to

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this place, make just a few repairs. It's terrible!"

"It suits me as it is—perfectly," her husband said firmly. "You can make the cottage as arty as you please, but this shack is mine and I won't have it changed."

Eve made a gesture of annoyance.

"You talk as though I'd suggested tearing it down around your ears," she said impatiently. "I really only want to make it habitable."

Hamilton grinned down at her cheerfully.

"Yes, I know what that means: dress me up with pine furniture and early American glass, put rattail hinges on this door"—he patted it lovingly—"and then ask all the time wasters around here to come in for tea."

BECAUSE this was exactly what she had in mind her husband's words irritated Eve.

"Other artists manage to work in decent surroundings," she said coldly, "and even survive meeting a few people occasionally."

"Well, I don't and I won't. And for the life of me I can't see what difference it makes to you *where* I work. I've told you before that I've got to have a bare room and quiet. I can't have a lot of junk around me, and I won't listen to a lot of gibbering idiots—"

"Of course, being *my* friends, they're gibbering idiots!" Eve cut in swiftly.

"Now, what's the sense in saying that? I don't care whose friends they are! My heavens, Eve, must we fight this out every day? We're only down here four months of the year, and in that time I intend to work. In the winter it's different. You can give teas then until everything's blue. I don't mind."

"And when I do," his wife said bitterly, "you deliberately stay away."

"What of it? You ought to know by this time that I can't make gestures. I paint pictures, and once a year I show what I've done. If people like 'em, they buy. If they don't, they don't. That's all there is to it."

"That's the way you look at it," Eve said darkly, "but you'd sell ever so many more—"

Hamilton closed the door with a crash that drowned the rest of the sentence.

"Are you satisfied with the life I give you," he demanded hotly, "or aren't you? If you are, what's this row all about?"

Eve stared at him with angry eyes, as though seeking some vulnerable spot in an enemy's armor.

"It's about the way we live," she said: "the fact that I've nothing to do, this eternal seclusion on which you insist. Each year you do exactly the same thing—come down here in June, shut yourself in this *hovel* and stay here until it's time to go back to town. The fact that I'm bored to death makes no difference. You don't *care!*"

"I've told you," her husband burst out angrily, "I've told you again and again to go ahead and have a good time with the people you like. Do what you please. You've the cottage to play with. Ask your friends there whenever you wish."

"While you work down here and never put in an appearance. Wonderful plan! And even if I were to do that and some of my friends should happen to *look* in this direction you'd probably throw rocks or shoot at them!"

"Go ahead!" Wynne laughed harshly. "This all helps when a man's trying to work. Why not come down every morning and start a row? Or hadn't that little plan occurred to you?"

Eve's anger faded before the mockery in his voice.

"Please, Wynne," she said appealingly, "don't talk to me like that. I'm not trying to start a row. It's just that—that—"

"Just that you're determined to arrange our lives to suit your pleasure, no matter what the result. For six years I've been telling you that I must have certain working conditions or I can't do anything. Either you can't see it or you deliberately shut your eyes."

The momentary softness vanished from Eve's face.

"I can see plainly enough that you want to insult me," she gasped. "Just because I want to help you, make this place attractive, interest influential people in your work! You know perfectly well that I'm thinking only of your good and of how to—"

"Here!" he swept up a handful of pebbles and held them toward her. "Try these—other orators have found them helpful."

"You're a beast, and I'll not stand your insults another moment! I'll—"

"Ho-o! Hoo!" came Hannah Anne's shrill call. With a tremendous crackling of dry shrubs she came down the narrow path talking steadily:

"Dinner's all ready and waitin'. I got them new peas cooked just right, and they'll spile if they ain't et right away. I made hot biscuits too, for you didn't neither one of you eat enough breakfast to keep a cat spittin'. You'll feel the good of a hearty dinner."

"Lunch, not dinner, Hannah Anne," Eve said mechanically.

"Well, whatever you've a mind to call it, it's ready," Hannah Anne returned serenely. "Mr. Hamilton, I got my work all did up this mornin'. I can set for you the rest of the day if you want."

"All right, Hannah Anne. We'll work this afternoon."

"I'll be down, then, soon as I finish off the dishes," Hannah Anne said, adding, "Land, sometimes it don't seem right nor Christian to take money from you for just settin' and restin' my feet. Still and all, I can't do it less'n you come and eat so's I can git the dishes redd up."

Hannah Anne turned and led the way toward the cottage.

AFTER a luncheon eaten in moody silence Wynne Hamilton went back to the studio. Eve rose from the table and began to prowl restlessly about the pretty living-room which she had made gay with wicker furniture and bright-hued chintz. She picked up a magazine, ruffled the leaves and flung it down, went to a window and stood staring across the bay toward the bleak, gray pile of rocks that was Fiddler's Island.

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

"I legged it down to the berry patch. 'Go home,' I told 'Lizabeth, 'you're wanted'"

At one end of the island a gray house was outlined sharply against sea and sky, battered but enduring.

"Heavens, what a frightful place to live!" Eve mused aloud. "I should think the people would go mad."

"You mean over yan to Fiddler's?" Hannah Anne looked up from clearing off the luncheon dishes. "That's where Dan and 'Lizabeth Haines lives—her that brung us the fresh raspberries yiste'day. Oh, they like it over there first rate." She added, by way of explanation, "You see, it's their home."

"Is it?" Eve dropped down into a chaise longue and began listlessly heaping pillows back of her.

"Yes," Hannah Anne returned, eying with disfavor a plate she had picked up, "but I don't see as it does much good for her to fetch berries and green garden truck over here when nobody don't eat nothing. This blueberry pie I made ain't more'n tasted—if it is that. Oh, well, I s'pose it can be et for supper, dinner I mean." She turned to Eve. "You ain't meanin' to stay home a nice day like this one, I should hope."

"I don't know. There's nothing else to do."

"Thought some of you folks was meetin' at Mis' Cumnor's to plan fixin's for that fancy dance you're aimin' to give?"

"Yes, I'd forgotten." Eve brightened for a moment, then sighed. "What's the use? I don't suppose Mr. Hamilton will go to the dance."

"S'posin' he don't? There's loads of other dancin' folks," Hannah Anne said cheerily. She picked up a tray of dishes, put it down again. "That makes me think of something my grammy used to say. Terrible lot of sense about some things Grammy Richards had, and she allus held that married folks had ought to act once in a while like they was *two* instead of allus bein' just *one*. Mebbe she was right. I dunno. Mercy!"—with a glance toward the clock—"look at what time it is! I'll have to git goin' if I'm to set for any pitchers today."

BRUSHING her sleek brown hair until it shone like satin and slipping into a slim green frock, Eve Hamilton left the cottage and turned into the road leading toward the Cumnor place. It was a half-mile walk through the woods, under a fragrant growth of spruce and slender white birches. A little brook ran beside the road and babbled secrets in a hushed voice to the trees bending above it to listen. But Eve's eyes saw nothing of the vivid summer world around her. She was reliving the brief span of her married life, wondering why it had grown so easy of late to quarrel with Wynne.

They hadn't quarreled at first. It had seemed impossible that such a thing could ever happen. She sighed watching the pictures that memory flashed before her mental gaze—one long sunwashed day on a white beach, illimitable blue of sea and sky, Wynne's voice . . . an evening on the porch above the water when they sat hand in hand watching a young moon hover shyly above her lover, the sea . . . a daybreak when they had wakened and stolen out across the gray rocks to see the miracle of sunrise.

But now—Eve's face hardened. Wynne hadn't meant the things he said to her in those first dazzling, breathless months. He hadn't ever really loved her. Why, look at that first quarrel—over going to a party! Just a silly little party someone wanted to give them when they got back to town after their first summer here. Wynne would not go. Refused flatly, just because of some work he insisted had to be done that evening. They had quarreled about it and Eve had cried.

The next quarrel was just as senseless as the first—because of that green-and-gold evening gown. Wynne had sold a picture for a hundred dollars more than he had expected—just the price of the gown. But he had raved about it, simply raved, and talked of senseless extravagance! Acting as though she'd committed some sort of crime! Of course they'd (*Continued on page 46*)

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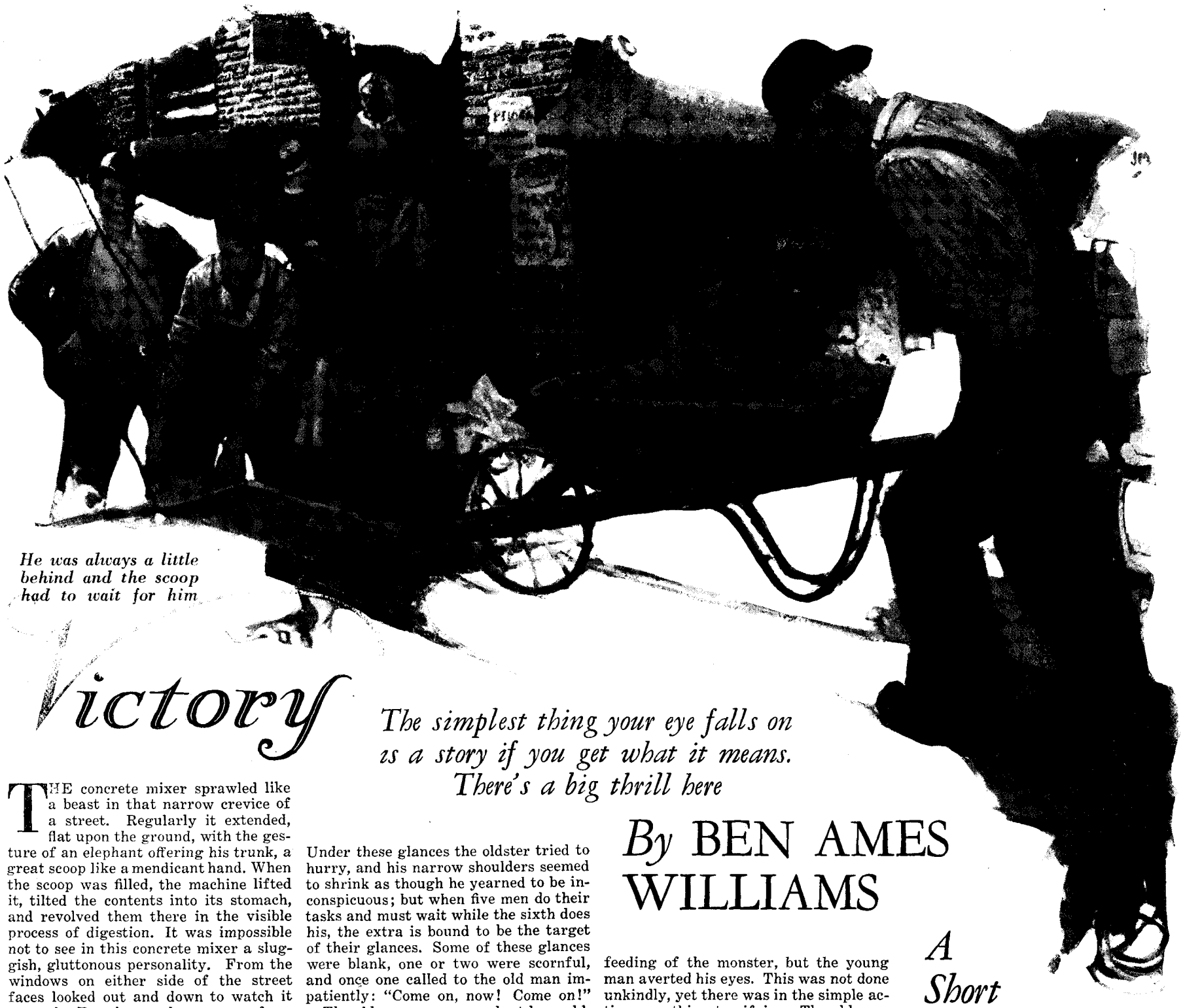

He was always a little behind and the scoop had to wait for him

Victory

The simplest thing your eye falls on is a story if you get what it means. There's a big thrill here

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

A Short Short Story

THE concrete mixer sprawled like a beast in that narrow crevice of a street. Regularly it extended, flat upon the ground, with the gesture of an elephant offering his trunk, a great scoop like a mendicant hand. When the scoop was filled, the machine lifted it, tilted the contents into its stomach, and revolved them there in the visible process of digestion. It was impossible not to see in this concrete mixer a sluggish, gluttonous personality. From the windows on either side of the street faces looked out and down to watch it at work. Ten thousand years ago, from safe vantage in the cliffs, men and women watched some similar monster browsing lazily along the valley below.

Fourteen men worked to feed this beast. Six shoveled crushed stone into three wheelbarrows, and three wheeled these barrows to the scoop; two shoveled sand into other barrows, which two others wheeled, and one youth stood beside the scoop, watching each load to be sure the beast's diet was properly balanced, pouring into each mouthful a bag of cement, as a cook adds salt to food.

The oldest man in the feeding crew was one whose task it was to wheel a barrow filled with sand. He was a small, old man, his clothes were too large for him, and he had trouble keeping up with the younger men.

The pile of sand from which he had to wheel his barrow was some distance from the scoop. His way lay along a zigzag of narrow planks. He negotiated the angles with slow care, but there was no time for slow care in his task. Until the scoop held its fit and proper proportions of stone and sand and cement it could not be emptied. Therefore each must do his part or the whole operation lagged.

This old man was always a little behind and the scoop had to wait for him. Now and then the boss, in a derby hat, observing the delay, looked that way. Under these glances the oldster tried to hurry, and his narrow shoulders seemed to shrink as though he yearned to be inconspicuous; but when five men do their tasks and must wait while the sixth does his, the extra is bound to be the target of their glances. Some of these glances were blank, one or two were scornful, and once one called to the old man impatiently: "Come on, now! Come on!"

The old man came on as best he could. He was too thin to perspire, but his efforts deserved that relief. He was behind, and he fell farther behind, and always grew more weary. His arms pulled at his shoulders, his hands ached, the skin on the inside of his fingers dragged and burned. To flirt the handles of the barrow upward when he dumped the sand was an effort enormous and frightful, and his back and thighs quivered under the ordeal. When the barrow was empty the relief was so grateful that on the return trip his strength returned and he had a blessed moment of rest while the shovelers filled the barrow.

But this rest was tormented by the knowledge that the others were already dumping their loads, that the hungry machine waited for his coming.

BY AND BY chance gave him some relief. A truck dumped fresh sand nearer the concrete mixer, and this shortened his journey and enabled him for a while to hold his own. But presently he began once more to fall behind. After all, he was too old. His best efforts were not so good as the steady pace of the younger men. Along the sides of his nose deep lines graved themselves. His lips drew apart, and his breath was inhaled with a whistling sound. Once he volunteered a grin at the young man who presided over the feeding of the monster, but the young man averted his eyes. This was not done unkindly, yet there was in the simple action something terrifying. The old man bent to his task again.

There were three men wheeling barrows of crushed stone. One of these—broad-shouldered, heavy-hipped, with a touch of red in his hair—had a kindly humor in his eyes. He had watched with increasing admiration the oldster's efforts to keep pace with the younger men, and, whether by plan or chance, he now did something which helped the old man. He left his barrow, and without explanation or permission walked away, so that when next the hungry scoop came down, only two loads of rock awaited it, and after the old man had contributed his sand the scoop had still to be held till more stone could be added.

This alteration in the rhythm of the feeding persisted until he who had departed returned, puffing a fresh pipe, and took up his work again. But the effect of the change was that the old man, instead of being last in the line was now the third. Those behind him kept close upon his heels, but they could not pass him, so that he held his own, and he worked now with fresh zeal.

After a little another chance helped him. The boss called one of the shovelers to drive stakes. This threw double duty on the other shovelers, slowed down the loading of the barrows.

The old man perceived the opportunity. Instead of being far behind the second barrow, he was now close upon the heels of him who pushed it. He redoubled his efforts, and after three or four trips beat the other to the plank runway and went into second place. The others no longer paid any heed to him. Since he was not delaying the work, there was nothing to attract their attention; and the old man, thus secure from observation, stole a march on them. He took a shovel to help fill his barrow, and gained a little time that way, and on the second essay gained a little more, and on the third at last reached triumphantly his goal. When he came to the scoop with his load of sand he was the first one to arrive. The young man who controlled the scoop bade him wait for rock to be first thrown in, and the old man released the handles of his barrow and stood erect and wiped his brow with his hand, elate with victory.

That wheeler of stone who had once shouted to urge him to greater haste was now the last in line, and the old man saw this, and he called to him derisively:

"Come on, you! Come on!"

No one paid any attention, but the old man grinned at the young man by the scoop, and the young man this time grinned back at him.

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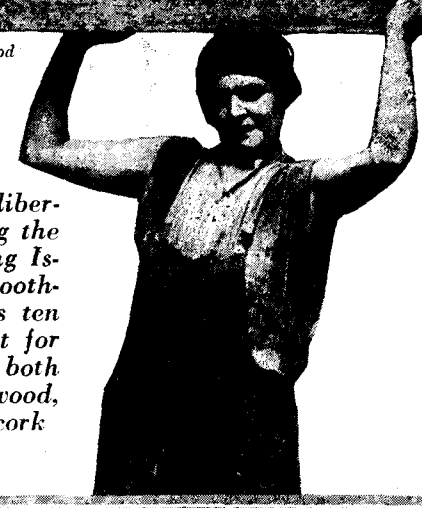
A Job's a Job

"Any old job is better than mine." But is it? Some of the jobs on these pages, for instance, might be all right for an hour or a day but they'd probably get a bit tiresome after the first week. However, you're welcome to apply for them—they're a bit out of the ordinary at any rate.

Underwood & Underwood

Elsie the lumber-juggler deliberately elected to work among the beams and planks in a Long Island yard. One of the toothpicks she's holding aloft is ten feet long. But shudder not for Elsie Ten Eyck's frame: both the beams are of balsa wood, many times lighter than cork



Below: George F. Mitchell is a tea taster for the U. S. Chemistry Bureau. First he inhales fumes from sample leaves, then he swallows some tea made from them and next he compares this with the flavor of a cup of standard tea. Then, after all his trouble, there remain some of us ingrates who can't tell Ceylon from Orange Pekoe—and prefer coffee, anyway

Herbert Photos

© P. & A.

Delilah with a reverse twist. This German lassie's uninspiring task is the accurate establishing of hairs firmly in the heads of wax models

Below: "Muffins and crumpets, wot 'o, wot 'o!" Or something like that. With dusk and its attendant lamplighters, the muffin-man still comes to brighten London's tea-hour. Only nowadays muffin-girls are taking his place in some quarters. But the reports that they're carrying sidelines of succulent periwinkles is, of course, ridiculous

Herbert Photos

U. & U.

At the right: Your Chinese tailor goes a step further than the efficient American needle-knight who moves upstairs and cuts overhead and prices. This lad does all his work on the municipality's curbstones and his fees are positively silly

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for a' that!

Herbert

New York has a group of professional pickers-up. (Tush, Carlotta, nobody mentioned motor-mashers.) Most of their finds are made by poking at the bottom of subway or sidewalk gratings. Some make as much as $35 daily

Below: The original bottle and leg man of Benares. Clap your hands and up rushes Little Nemo with five gallons. And if the water's as sweet as his face no wonder we Colonials stick to gin

© Pub. Photo Service

Herbert

Someone once suggested the post of waker in an all-night movie house as one not too arduous. But from now on we're out for this man's job. He's official goldfish measurer for the British Sea Anglers' Society and works only during that organization's brief annual session. He used to weigh them, too, but, my goodness, you can drive a man too hard

You could wax awfully philosophical about this. You know: marriage is a lottery and we're all just puppets. But dear me, here we are well into the spring and you know what spring always does to us. So: this lad's life is devoted to putting gay final touches on figures of miniature brides and grooms before sending them out as cake favors.

Pub. Photo Service

Herbert

His melancholy duty is the daily drinking of samples of London's water. A teetotaler and non-smoker, he eats apples to take away the taste of water. His stripped-down collar cuts resistance and makes for gulping speed. He drinks the Thames twice each season

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The Decent Thing to Do

In a predicament like Arthur Craig's a heart would be a better guide than a conscience

There at his desk was a girl. She looked up startled as he stepped into the room

Illustrated by JOHN HAELEN

PENNIMAN had known Arthur Craig for years and, while his knowledge of the Sebastien girl was slight in comparison, he was, naturally enough, intensely interested in their feverish and widely exploited affair.

Penniman and Craig had adjoining apartments in the grimy apartment house which remains tucked in among the loft buildings west of Washington Square, and Penniman recalled distinctly the night that Arthur Craig had come into his rooms with the news that he had met the daughter of that wealthy and powerful clan, the Sebastiens.

He even remembered Craig's words, as he stood there, sipping moodily the highball he had demanded.

"If I were twenty years younger," Craig said, "I'd go after that girl—and marry her."

"Why not go after her now?" Penniman asked, a little scoffingly. "Do you really admit you're too old?"

"No, I'm not too old. At least, it isn't my age that's the stumbling-block."

"What is it then?"

"I'm too spotted," said Craig.

One of the man's good points—and there's no denying he had a few—was his frankness about his own vices. He was no hypocrite. And he had his own code of honor. When Craig had been named corespondent in the notorious Lawrence divorce case, he had gallantly enough done all he could to protect the lady. And Penniman knew it was Vera Lawrence who, later, had refused to marry Craig. What did she care? Through scandal and intrigue, through mud and flame, she had clung to the millions her father had left her, and after the divorce she had set sail for Paris as if embarking for further victories abroad to follow her many dubious triumphs at home.

Penniman used to wonder if Arthur Craig regretted that he had let the golden Vera escape him. Perhaps not. He seemed in no way depressed when the lost and lovely lady had kicked the dust of New York from her vivacious slippers.

Yet the man's need of money was always so desperate, his means of obtaining it always so precarious.

He had come to New York penniless and, despite his constant association with those people who give New York whatever social flavor it may have, he remained penniless.

The way he had got in with people remains inscrutable. His charm, his good looks, his extraordinary skill at dancing, at bridge, at tennis—these explain something, but not everything. Penniman himself, whose family was what is known as "good," could not understand it. Arthur Craig's father, it was well known, had been a small shopkeeper in a small town of the Middle West. But of actual relatives even Penniman had seen none except for a brother who blew boisterously into New York every other year or so and who, although he quite evidently despised Arthur and his social connections, used him as a guide in seeing the town. This brother, however, was passable—a blond giant, bubbling over with good humor. He was a ranch owner in Wyoming and, judging from the indifference with which he spilled money around New York, a most successful ranch owner.

THE two brothers, you'll note, were entirely unlike—one, as we weigh such things so carelessly, almost everything a man should be; the other almost everything a man shouldn't be. Not that it worried Arthur Craig. That is, it worried him not at all until he met the Sebastien girl.

And when they met Craig was forty-two and the Sebastien kid twenty-two.

At first Penniman had no idea that the affair was to be serious. Craig himself had admitted scruples about pursuing the girl, and, although the scruples were strange in him, they were apparently genuine. In fact, Penniman had an idea that, because of his scruples, Craig would make it a point to avoid the girl. But it was not long before men who knew Penniman, and knew he knew Craig, would say to him, "I see that chap Craig is running around quite a bit with the Sebastien youngster."

Indeed, Penniman himself came across the two of them. It was in a little restaurant south of the Square. Not the sort of place where you'd expect to find the Sebastien girl; for that matter not altogether the sort of place where you'd expect to find Craig. Penniman in his quiet way had gone to dine alone at Moretti's. And he was no sooner seated than he noticed the very pretty girl at a table in a far corner—a young girl with dark hair and eyes shadowed by one of those large hats that were occasionally permitted to women that season. The staid Penniman was a bit dazzled by the girl. It was not until a few minutes later that he realized that the man who was seated opposite the girl, and whose tapering back confronted Penniman, was Arthur Craig.

Penniman was a little embarrassed. In that far corner the pair had the effect of being in hiding and he in somewhat the position of a spy from that world which was discussing them so eagerly and in some ways so maliciously. But he need not have worried. They paid him no attention. They paid no one any attention. They were, it was obvious, utterly absorbed in each other. . . .

Seeing the Sebastien girl had somewhat intensified Penniman's interest in the affair. But he had, of course, no intention of playing any other sort of rôle than that of a bystander when suddenly, to his amazement and not a little to his indignation, he was drawn into it. Drawn? Plunged! Head on!

It happened this way. One day at his club Simon Sebastien, whom he knew slightly and who was first cousin to Margery, came up to him and, after a few hesitating conventionalities, dropped into a chair beside Penniman.

"Say, Penniman," he said, leaning forward and lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "I've a most awkward thing to do. It's about my cousin Margery and that Craig fellow. I was up at my aunt's the other night, and they were talkin' about Marge and Craig—talkin' about them! They talk of nothing else!—and my aunt asked me to get hold of you."

"Me? What for?"

"Well, I told them you knew Craig intimately—"

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A Love Story

By OSCAR GRAEVE

"What are you doing here?" he demanded

After conversing desultorily for a while Craig threw the tip of his cigarette into the fireplace with a vicious gesture. He turned to Penniman and asked abruptly, "How much gossip have you heard?"

It wasn't necessary for Penniman to ask what Craig meant. "They're talking!" he admitted.

Craig lowered his gaze. "Is there anything nasty in the gossip?"

"Well—"

"Oh, don't bother answering, old man. I know there is. And I suppose the mildest thing they say is that I'm after her money."

Penniman had heard that said a number of times. He didn't find it necessary, however, to confirm it.

After a silence Craig burst forth with, "I wish I were after her money. I wish it was just that."

Penniman, accustomed as he was to Craig's frankness, was utterly surprised. "You wish you were after her money?" he echoed.

"Yes! It would make it so much simpler. I'd be on familiar ground at least. Now, let me tell you, I'm on very unfamiliar ground. I—don't know what's happened to me."

"Do you still feel the same way about Miss Sebastien and yourself as you did the first night you met her?"

"You mean that I'd like to marry her?"

"Yes."

Craig drew a long breath, **"Oh, I'd** like to marry her all right, but—"

"But what?"

"I still remember the spots."

"And that's why you can't marry her?"

"No, I can't, Penniman. That's the worst of it! Whenever I'm with her I'm conscious of the spots. For the first time I wish—oh, well, I haven't become quite so senile as to wish I could live my life over again, but, how I do wish I'd met Margery twenty years ago!"

"Let's see—she was two years old twenty years ago, wasn't she?"

"Yes, that's so. It just shows how soft my brain is becoming."

Suddenly he swung around, laid his arms on the mantel, his head on his arms. Very distinctly Penniman heard him groan. When he looked at Penniman again his eyes almost seemed to plead with him. "If I told you that—I'm frightfully hard hit—that for the first time in my life I'm really in love, just how ridiculous would it seem to you?" he asked.

Penniman was confused. In his placid life it wasn't customary for him to have a question like that thrown at him in such a tone and with such passion. He didn't altogether approve of Craig's lack of reserve. It wasn't quite—nice. Nevertheless, when he answered he said, "Whatever else it may seem, Craig, it doesn't seem ridiculous."

A few days later Penniman was drawn more closely into the tangle. The Sebastiens, it seemed, had more than one way of securing what they wanted. When Penniman was invited to dine with his old friends, the Brockers, he accepted readily enough and without a thought of the Sebastiens. But when he arrived at the Brockers' for dinner on the appointed night he discovered that there was only one other guest besides himself. That other guest was Mrs. Cornelia Sebastien.

AND, amazing as it may seem, Penniman could not be as angry at the trick that had been played upon him as he had every right to be. At least, he couldn't remain angry long. Mrs. Sebastien was a remarkable woman. She was slim, with mocking eyes and an enchanting smile. The daughter was lovely; if anything, the mother was lovelier.

In her black velvet, with a rope of pearls twisted around her throat, she sat there letting her eyes dwell upon Penniman with a certain challenging camaraderie. Her gaze seemed to say, "It was rather a dirty trick; nevertheless, you and I can understand each other."

And she laughed when she said, "As you know, Mr. Penniman, I wanted to see you. These things can always be arranged in one way or another. I just want you to tell me what sort of man Craig is."

"Don't you know?"

"Oh, I've heard things. Everybody has. But I can't believe he's as bad as he's blackened."

"Haven't you ever seen him?"

"Yes, indeed! I think he's astonishingly good-looking. But I want you to tell me what's behind the good looks."

"I like him."

"Of course! That's why I wanted to question you. I've heard enough from people who dislike him."

"Well, the best thing I can say about him is that he admits his own weaknesses."

"That's rather nice of him. So few people are honest in their dishonesty." Mrs. Sebastien was thoughtful for a moment; then she asked, "How honest is he in his feelings toward my daughter?"

"I have no doubt that he's in love with your daughter."

Mrs. Sebastien leaned forward intently. "Answer me this, will you? Do you think he can be bought off?"

"Bought off!"

"Yes; is there any sum, any very generous sum, that will persuade him to leave New York at once, stay away for a year or more, and promise not to let Margery know where he is or communicate with her in any way?"

Penniman answered emphatically, "No; I don't think there is any such sum. On the contrary, if you made any such offer I'm sure it would help to drive Craig and your daughter into each other's arms."

Mrs. Sebastien nodded. "I don't know why I believe you, but I do." Then with an outflung gesture of her hands she said, "Oh, Mr. Penniman, what am I to do? Do you understand my point of view? I like to think I'm a modern and (*Continued on page 48*)

"Not so intimately."

"You know him as well as any man does."

"Perhaps that's true."

"Well, my aunt is trying to get a line on him. Marge, it seems, has gone clean off her chump about him. And while we know the chap's history—who doesn't?—my aunt wondered if you could give her a bit of advice on how best to handle the matter."

Penniman assumed his coldest legal manner. "I'd rather keep out of it if you don't mind."

"Yes, but you might lend a hand. Think of it, Penniman! The kid's only twenty-two and Craig is—well, his age doesn't matter. It's the man himself."

Penniman recalled Craig's own words. Spotted! Yes, he was spotted. But it was no business of Penniman's whether Craig was spotted or not. Let the Sebastiens look after their own rebellious youngster.

He gave voice to his thoughts. "I can't see that it's any of my business, Sebastien."

"But can't you see that it's outrageous that such a fellow's turning Margery's head?"

"She's twenty-two. It's a sophisticated age nowadays."

"Oh, Marge is a fool! She'll get over it like"—he eyed Penniman speculatively as if wondering just how far he could go with this friend of Craig's—"like Vera Lawrence. What we're fightin' for is time. We want your advice. I might almost say we want your legal advice. It might be paid for, old man."

That sent a flush over Penniman. He told himself it was ridiculous to be so angry. But angry he was. He fought for self-control as he said, "Let's drop the subject! I refuse absolutely to be drawn into it."

Sebastien rose. He was angry himself. He acted as if it were unprecedented for a Sebastien to be rebuffed. "All right," he said, "I'll tell my aunt. It does seem, however, as if you might be a little more courteous to a request from a lady."

But Penniman remained adamant even to this appeal to his chivalry.

Curiously enough, that same night Arthur Craig came into his room. It was some three weeks since Penniman had seen Craig. At least it was three weeks since he had talked to him. He had glimpsed him that night in the restaurant. Face to face with Craig, Penniman was a little startled at the change in him.

Craig looked decidedly older. He looked troubled. As he leaned with his customary grace against the mantel, Penniman noticed that his fine eyes, which had always looked as if they knew so well and so relentlessly just what they wanted, were now shadowed with doubt.

EVEN so, as Penniman appraised him anew, he could well understand the Sebastien girl's infatuation. At an age when most men are running either to flesh or to desiccation, Craig had managed to retain all his slim and springing vitality. And to his appearance of youthfulness, as Penniman well knew, he added the suavity and the knowledge of a peculiarly well-informed maturity.

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The Ninety-ninth Thread

Angus proves himself a detective who won't take "Guilty" for an answer

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE Hon. George Angus, pleased with the world, happy at the freedom from sartorial restraint indulged in at this his favorite annual holiday, strolled along the lawn at Goodwood toward the grand stand, his card in his hand, waiting for the numbers to go up for the next race. At the corner of Tattersall's inclosure he came face to face with Charles Hunley, the famous King's Counsel, a fellow member of his club, but a man with whom he had only the slightest acquaintance. Rather to his surprise the barrister stopped him. The usual casual greetings were exchanged, and afterward Hunley took his companion by the arm and led him back along the lawn.

"I wonder, Angus," he asked, "whether you remember the Coulson case, about four years ago?"

Angus shook his head.

"Can't say that I do," he confessed. "What sort of case was it?"

"I suppose it was before you entered upon your peculiar line of activities," the K. C. mused. "The case was The Crown *versus* Coulson, and I was for Coulson."

"And the charge?"

"Murder! We got it reduced, during the hearing, to manslaughter, and the jury, if they could have done so, would have let the man off altogether. Would it bore you if I just run over the case for a minute? I'll tell you why afterward."

"Of course not," Angus replied. "The numbers won't be up for another quarter of an hour. Have a cigarette."

He passed his case. The two men sat down upon an unoccupied seat, and Hunley looked thoughtfully for a moment out across the richly wooded country toward the Solent.

"Coulson was an accountant's clerk," he began, "married to an actress—dead wrong 'un, I should say the lady was. He came back one night and found her *in flagrante delicto!* Coulson was a small man, but as brave as a lion. He went there and then for his wife's lover, and they had a devil of a time. The other fellow was twice his size, but just as Coulson was passing out he snatched at a heavy copper ornament on the sideboard, fetched his opponent one just at a particular spot at the back of his head, and, in short, killed him. Coulson himself was in a hospital for five weeks before he could be tried, and if the judge and jury could have had their way I don't believe he'd have gone to prison for a day. As it was he was charged as soon as he could stand up, and got the lightest possible sentence—three years, with a strong recommendation to mercy. That was about two years and six months ago."

ANGUS nodded. "With good-behavior remittance," he remarked, "he'll be out directly."

"He's out now," Hunley announced. "I've just seen him."

"Where? On the course?"

The barrister nodded.

"I went up to bet with Sammy Martin in Tattersall's ring," he confided, "and I noticed that he had a new clerk. I didn't recognize him at first. He's a pale, undersized, shrunken little fellow. Then he looked up, and I knew him. He knew me too."

"Rather a comedown for him, isn't it?" Angus suggested. "I should have thought if his case had excited so much sympathy one of his pals could have found him a better job."

HUNLEY looked for a moment idly into the faces of the passers-by. "I'm afraid it's one he chose himself, Angus. You see, I kept my mouth shut, of course, for I wasn't going to do anything to aggravate the case against him, but it fell to my lot to tell him at the hospital that the man was dead and that he'd be charged with murder."

"Nasty job that!"

"Yes, but not in the way you'd have thought," Hunley continued, taking out his glasses for a moment and looking at the numbers which had just gone up. "1, 3, 5, 8, 11. If you want to be off, I'll finish presently."

Angus glanced at his card.

"Nothing doing," he decided. "There's only one horse in it and no place betting. I shall have a rest. Besides, I'm interested in what you are telling me."

"Well," Hunley proceeded, putting his glasses away, "I rather funked telling him, but he simply raised himself a little in bed and smiled. 'That's good news,' he said. 'I was afraid I hadn't the strength left.' 'You know what it means?' I warned him. He looked at me for a moment as though he didn't understand. 'You think I mind being tried for murder?' he asked. 'Tell me,' he went on, 'do you think they'll hang me?' 'Not a chance of it,' I assured him. 'The charge will probably be reduced to manslaughter, and on the judge's summing up I should say that you'll get a light sentence.'

"He smiled again. It wasn't a smile, Angus. It made me curious at once to know what was at the back of his mind. And then I asked him point-blank. He hesitated only for a moment. 'The first luxury I shall enjoy when I am free,' he confided, 'will be to kill Ada. I hadn't the strength that night.' . . . The man's character came out in the evidence. He was a mild little inoffensive accountant's clerk, saving money every week, wonderful at his job, thought the world of by his employers—they paid for his defense, by the bye—a man whom all his neighbors liked, although the men called him rather a milksop, and he lay there, just come back from the borderland between life and death, and in perfect sincerity he told me that the only regret he had was that he hadn't been able to kill the woman with whom he'd been living for eleven years!"

"He has probably changed his mind after all this time in prison," Angus observed.

Hunley shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe," he admitted, "but I fancy not. I spoke to him just now. He pretended not to recognize me, but I tell you, Angus, there was exactly the same look in his face when I talked to him that day in the hospital and when I said good-by to him before he went down to the cells."

"What has become of the woman?" Angus asked.

"That is where the drama of the thing comes in. She is here, on the course, and I am perfectly convinced that Coulson has only accepted this job with a bookmaker because he knows that sooner or later he'll come across her. Racing—it came out at the trial—was her downfall. She could never refuse an invitation to a race meeting. It was there she met the man whom he killed, and I'm very much afraid, from the look

"He went there and then for his wife's lover and they had a time of it"

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of things, that she's found another protector of the same kind."

"Have you ever spoken to her?" Angus asked. "She ought to be warned."

The other nodded.

"I shall do that," he said. "I thought I'd tell you this, Angus, because one or two of your little exploits have come my way, and I felt that this was the sort of affair which might interest you. Knowing the man, I'm afraid there's nothing we could do, unless we could keep them apart, and I honestly tell you that I don't believe that's possible. I have the feeling that if she were to change her name and bury herself in San Francisco or New York, or find her way to the Falkland Islands or the steppes of Tatary, he'd find her. He's that patient, dogged sort. He'd come quietly along one day, and before she knew he'd be there with that queer smile of his. I'd do anything to prevent trouble, because I rather like the little fellow. He's been treated leniently once, but if he kills the woman he'll swing for it."

"Where is the woman?" Angus inquired curiously.

The K. C. rose to his feet and brushed some cigarette ashes from the waistcoat of his neat gray tweed suit.

"She's in the third automobile from the entrance in the front row," he confided, "dressed in rose color—you can't mistake her—with a black hat. Go and have a look at her, and then make a little bet with Martin. You can mention my name. By the bye, are you staying down here?"

"I'm over near Chichester, with some friends," Angus replied.

"We shall meet again then," were Hunley's parting words. "I'm coming every day, and I suppose you will."

The two men separated. Angus strolled from the lawn into the Royal Automobile Club inclosure, and loitered by the third car—an ostentatious-looking limousine, painted red, with brass lamps and showy carriage work. There was no mistaking the woman—a slightly faded type, with masses of fair hair, of which she made a brave display; large eyes, artificially beringed; features which might once have been good but which showed signs now of coarsening. She was standing by the door of the car, her card in her hand, talking eagerly to a man who looked like an overgrown jockey in a consumption—a man with a keen, hard face, thin lips and narrow eyes, but with a pasty, almost green complexion. He was watching the horses go by, and the very way he glanced at them seemed to indicate knowledge. The woman hung upon his scant words.

They seemed to be without any other companions, but a large luncheon basket stood open, and there were two or three empty champagne bottles scattered around. . . . Presently there broke the hoarse murmur of voices which, with the accompanying bugle, denoted the start of the race. The woman thrust her hand into her bag and took out a small handful of notes. She passed them over to the chauffeur, who hurried off toward the bookmakers, who were crowded around the rails. Then she climbed to the back seat of the limousine, and stood there, the glasses glued to her eyes.

GOODWOOD was at its best that day. The sun was warm, but not oppressive; the south breeze which stole over the open country brought with it a flavor of the sea. The long rows of tents set among the cool of the trees were more than ever inviting. Royalty was present, and the boxes were filled with women in graceful summer costumes. The long season had come to an end, and the world was on holiday. Angus, from the rails in front of the lawn, watched the finish of an unexciting race, joined his friends for a time in their box, and afterward strolled once more to Tattersall's.

Mr. Sammy Martin greeted him cheerfully, and accepted his modest bet with enthusiasm. Angus, while he asked for some other prices, glanced at the little man busy entering his name in a book. For a moment he had almost a shock. He had somehow gathered from Hunley's description that the central figure in this sordid drama was barely more than middle-aged. The man's hair, however, was iron-gray, his face almost phenomenal. He was like the tragical lay figure of some ventriloquist—the perfect human automaton. One could scarcely believe that he really heard or that the words which passed from his lips were not mechanically contrived. Angus made another and a foolish bet for the sake of lingering.

AS HE turned away he ran once more into Hunley. "Well, I've seen both figures in your little drama," Angus confided as they moved off together to have a drink. "They are in their way interesting. Is there anything to be done?"

"Nothing. I daresay the whole thing will fizzle out. I've been talking to Coulson."

"What did he say?"

"I asked him why he was doing such work when I happened to know that his old firm would have taken him back. His only reply was that he could never bear the life back in his old office. He was perfectly satisfied. Martin told me that he was the best clerk he'd ever had."

"You think he's only taken the job to watch the race courses?" Angus asked.

"I'm sure of it," was the terse reply.

So was Angus sure of it on the following morning before the first race. There was no mistaking the stiff little figure in plain dark clothes and derby of whom he caught sight within five minutes of his arrival. In an unostentatious way he kept him in view for the best part of an hour. He saw him walk slowly past the seats on the lawn, pausing to examine every car, watched him make a circuit of the tents where refreshments were already being dispensed, waited for him half an hour while he made a tour of the grand stand and boxes, and finally, on the other side of the railings, walked in line with him as he made his way slowly toward the front of the R. A. C. inclosure.

Suddenly the red car appeared—open too, as Angus noticed with a little sense of disquietude. The man and woman were there, still alone, the woman in blue with a large picture hat, under which, notwithstanding the brilliant coloring of her lips, her features seemed more pinched and her eyes deeper set even than on the day before. They drove into their place. The man lit a cigar and stood about with his hands in his pockets watching the luncheon basket unstrapped from the back. The woman sat for a moment or two looking into a small mirror and arranging her slightly disordered hair. As soon as she was satisfied, she too stepped to the turf.

And then, up the broad walk between the lines of cars, came the little bookmaker's clerk. . . .

If Angus had expected anything in the nature of a dramatic rencounter, he was doomed to disappointment. The man and the woman stood side by side studying their cards—the man sallower and more unprepossessing in appearance than ever as he puffed stolidly at his cigar without removing it from his lips, his head almost touching his companion's. At first it seemed as though the sinister searcher would have passed them without recognition.

Angus, a little in the background, watched his slow approach, took note of the set immobility of his face. He was looking from side to side without obvious curiosity, yet with an air of patient expectancy. He reached the car. He was in the act of passing when, by some chance, the woman looked up and glanced over toward the number board. She saw nothing of the insignificant little person a few yards away—but he saw her.

Not a muscle of his face moved, not a gleam of satisfaction shone even in his eyes. He slackened his speed, however, drew a pencil and notebook from his pocket and made a note of the number of the car. The man and woman were again busy with their cards, but the chauffeur stood almost in Coulson's way. The latter addressed him, and Angus, by moving a step forward, heard his question.

"Isn't your master's name Pallett," he inquired—"Andrew Pallett, of Sydenham?"

The chauffeur shook his head.

"We live out at Hampstead," he answered—"Carnsforth Buildings. That's the governor there. Merridew, his name is."

"Thank you very much," Coulson said. "A remarkable resemblance."

HE WALKED on. His search was ended. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. Yet, as he passed within a few inches of Angus, there was not a single sign of satisfaction in his face. He had found out what he had become a bookmaker's clerk to discover, but, so far as outward appearances were concerned, his success had left him indifferent.

He was looking just the same when, before every race, drawn there by some attraction which he failed to analyze, Angus went up to make some small bet. Down in the automobile inclosure, after luncheon, the woman's peaked face became flushed, she exulted loudly over a win, she sat arm in arm with her companion, smoked a cigarette or two, and promenaded the lawn, still gripping his arm, but back in Tattersall's inclosure the little clerk's pencil moved swiftly and always with deadly accuracy. Once more he had become the automaton.

So he remained until the end of the meeting, and Angus' final glimpse of him was as he followed his principal out of the inclosure some time after the last race, a soiled blue mackintosh buttoned up to his chin for shelter against the sudden squall of rain, his satchel under his arm, his eyes fixed upon his employer's broad back. Angus watched the two climb into a car together, and start off Londonward. A few minutes later Angus, driving his own coupé, had to draw up while the stream of automobiles crawled by on their way to the main road. Among them was the red car, also turned Londonward.

Peter Bragg, alias Pudgy Pete, Angus' partner, had absented himself in Monte Carlo for two months during the winter season, so Angus, after Goodwood, found himself with a prolonged vacation on his hands. Yet when he strolled into his office, bronzed and cheerful on the first day of his return to London, he found, seated in his clients' chair, the little man whom he had never altogether forgotten.

"This gentleman is waiting to see you," Peter Bragg explained after he had shaken hands. "He wouldn't confide his business (*Continued on page 40*)

Angus was attracted by the letter chute just outside the door

Illustrated by
T. D. SKIDMORE

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The Parade of the Elephants

After waiting thirteen years Mahout Connie Mack hopes to lead his white pachyderms out of the jungle

By GRANTLAND RICE

Melancholy Mack brightens: he meets his great slow-baller Rommel

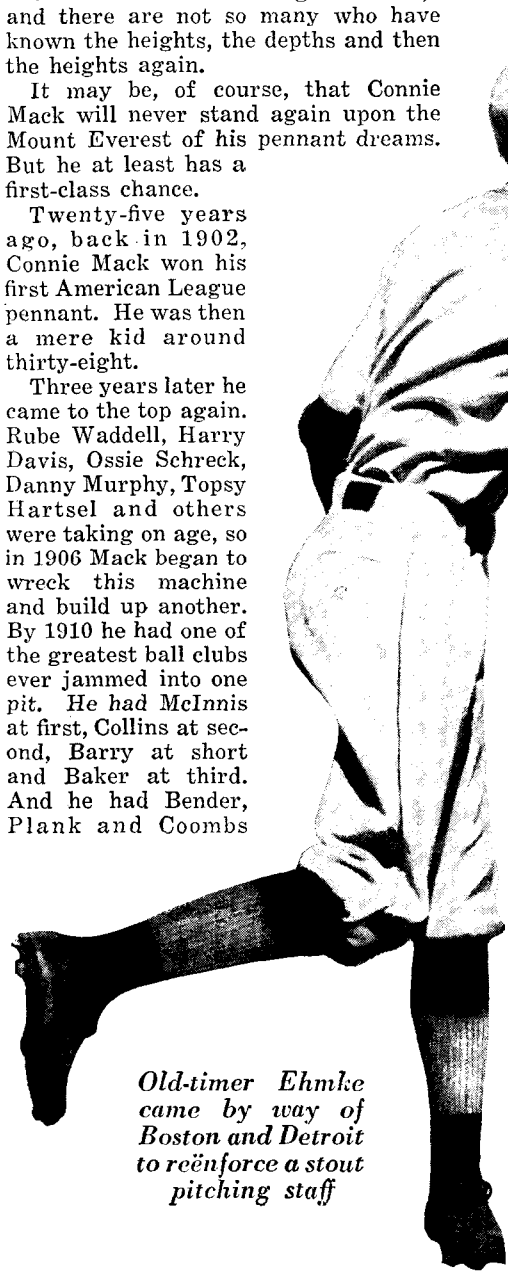
SUPPOSE Manager William Hohenzollern of the German Eagles were on the verge of breaking through again with another almost-conquering line-up? The moment would be considered fairly dramatic, with a certain touch of excitement. Yet today the same general idea is being paralleled by the possible romance in a tall, thin, willowy, angular, melancholy-looking American citizen of more than sixty years known as Cornelius McGillicuddy, or Connie Mack, the leader of Philadelphia's White Elephant Athletics.

There is always the basis of a good dramatic idea in the line of march that leads "from rags to riches." But the story of Connie Mack has a wider range. It runs "from riches to rags to riches," and there are not so many who have known the heights, the depths and then the heights again.

It may be, of course, that Connie Mack will never stand again upon the Mount Everest of his pennant dreams. But he at least has a first-class chance.

Twenty-five years ago, back in 1902, Connie Mack won his first American League pennant. He was then a mere kid around thirty-eight.

Three years later he came to the top again. Rube Waddell, Harry Davis, Ossie Schreck, Danny Murphy, Topsy Hartsel and others were taking on age, so in 1906 Mack began to wreck this machine and build up another. By 1910 he had one of the greatest ball clubs ever jammed into one pit. He had McInnis at first, Collins at second, Barry at short and Baker at third. And he had Bender, Plank and Coombs in the box. That was enough.



Old-timer Ehmke came by way of Boston and Detroit to reënforce a stout pitching staff

Between 1910 and 1914, inclusive, the angular Mr. Mack won four pennants and three world championships. He was the king of all baseball kings. He had beaten Chance and his Cubs, and he had beaten McGraw and his Giants twice. But in the five years he had made little money because his club was too good and too machine-like in its play. So after his Athletics collapsed against the Boston Braves in 1914, losing four straight, Mack decided to scatter his club again and rebuild once more. He had done it twice, and it looked simple enough.

The lost tribes of Israel were in a huddle compared to the scattering that followed. In the course of time, Plank, Bender, Coombs, Collins, Barry, Baker, McInnis, Shawkey, Schang, Bush and others were sent to Boston, New York, Chicago and St. Louis. Mack, as a team builder, faced a new thrill in rebuilding.

But this time it didn't work. He had taken the watch apart once too often to find what made it tick. Now he couldn't put it together. He tried out more than 600 ball players, year after year, but the 600 couldn't lift his gaunt frame out of the hole.

The king had moved from the pinnacle to the cellar. The man who had dominated baseball a big part of the time from 1902 to 1914 began losing more than 100 games a year as his teams finished last.

In 1914 the Athletics won 99 games and lost 53 for an average of 651. In 1916 the Athletics won 36 games and lost 117 for an average of .235. In 1920, six years after the break, the Athletics won 48 games and lost 106 for an average of .312.

This shows how little headway the crafty wizard of baseball of the past had made in six seasons.

It was not until 1922 that the Athletics finally crawled from the swamplands and the mire of last place into seventh position, managing to beat out the Boston Red Sox when the owner of that club had sold most of his talent to the New York Yankees.

In those eight years Connie Mack had lost more than 800 ball games, the greatest number ever dropped by any one club in big-league history.

He kept McInnis, Strunk and Schang through 1916, and even these were finally cut adrift.

All this time Mack plodded along silently and somberly. He had no squawks or alibis to offer.

In 1924, just ten years after he had broken up his old club, Mack thought he had the ingredients at last. He had a flock of good pitchers in Rommel, Gray, Harris and others, a good infield and a good outfield. He had picked up such men as Simmons, Galloway, Dykes, Lamar and Perkins, and they started off as the old bunch had started ten or fifteen years before.

But the ingredients were not right yet. When it came to the day of pressure against the hustling, veteran Washington club the Athletics once more collapsed. Washington took over the plateau in 1924 and 1925, and a year later the revivified New York Yankees suddenly bounded in the wake of Babe Ruth's big bat from the second division to the top rung as the Athletics fell away to third place.

The Stage of Desperation

THIRTEEN years had passed, and Connie Mack was still some distance from the main goal. Between 1924 and 1926 he had lost ground in place of making new headway. So when the Chicago White Sox put Eddie Collins on the market, Mack was waiting with the bank roll. The ball player who had come to him in 1907 under the name of Sullivan as a raw recruit now returned twenty years later as one of the main cogs in his machine.

Edward Trowbridge Collins, once of Columbia, had been the shining star in his old machine. Now after an absence of a dozen years he was to return again to help carry out the policies that prevailed from 1910 to 1914 when the Mackmen beat such pitchers as Christy Mathewson, Miner Brown and Rube Marquard.

That was only a start. When Zach Wheat, the Brooklyn veteran, was made a free agent, it was Connie Mack who kept upon his trail until he had him. And for Ty Cobb he dug up something like $60,000 for a ball player facing his twenty-second campaign.

For Connie Mack at this point had reached the stage of desperation. He was going to win another pennant or pull down the sky, and he was no longer willing to gamble on locating young phenoms in the bush as he had done around 1908 and 1909. Cobb was one of the hardest fighters who around 1909 led more than one rabid assault against Mack's young club. Now he is helping Mack to build where eighteen years before he had been one of the main thorns rankling in Mr. Mack's sparse allotment of flesh.

Connie Mack believes that at last he has led his White Elephants out of the jungle into the plains, that he has discovered the right blend of youth and age, of speed and experience.

He has a great young catcher in Gordon Stanley Cochrane, only 24 years old. He has a stout pitching staff headed by Rommel, Grove and Ehmke. His infield and his outfield are ably balanced with speed and experience, and he has in Cobb and Collins two of the smartest marshals that any leader ever sent into action. And there are Simmons, French and others. But he'll meet heavy opposition from New York, Cleveland and possibly Washington and Detroit.

High Hope for the Seventh

CONNIE MACK has been one of the main owners of his club for twenty-five years, but he has never had the financial luck of many of the newcomers. He made less than 3 per cent on his investment from 1910 to 1914, when he had world beaters. For the next eight or nine years there were no dividends. He had his first good season in 1924. He should do much better this year.

There were no million-dollar world series when Mack was winning pennants. And the owners collected little in 1914: that series ended in four games. But he has high hopes of winning his seventh pennant before another frost.

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Flat, center-traction Tread
-quick-grip, quick-release-
4-point contact-
NO SLIPPING, SKIDDING OR SHIMMYING

THE same engineers and chemists who produced the Dayton Thorobred Cord—*the pioneer low air pressure tire*—have developed another outstanding advancement—The Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon. It marks a revolutionary forward step in tire construction and design.

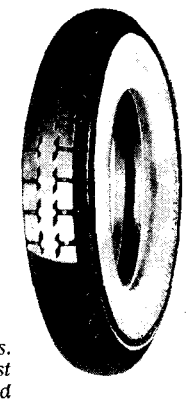
Stabilized construction absorbs road shocks and distributes wear evenly. Flat, center-traction tread has complete four-point road contact. No singing, no rumbling. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away" and perfect safety at all speeds. Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw the center of tread parallel to center of rim, thus preventing "shimmying." The rubber is especially compounded and tempered—by an *exclusive* Dayton process. It is strong and durable—and will outlast extra thousand of miles of toughest driving.

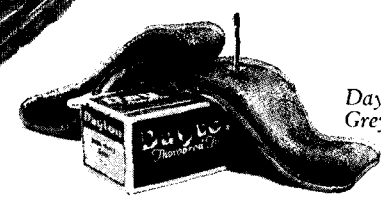
Every one who has ever used Dayton Stabilized Balloons will tell you of a new tire experience that will amaze you. Why not go to the Dayton dealer and personally examine this incomparable tire?

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO., Dayton, Ohio

Dayton STABILIZED BALLOONS

ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that smash all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is *the pioneer low air pressure tire*—the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.





Dayton Thorobred Extra-Heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They will hold air.

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Caste

By COSMO HAMILTON

Jean, with the courage of a brave soldier, faces the most difficult situation of her young life

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

Farquhar could see a picture of Jean, staggered, struck down, crumpled

The Story Thus Far:

ERSKINE FARQUHAR, a wealthy New Yorker, has left his villa in Italy and Lillian Shepreth, the woman he loves, to go back to his home in New York.

His young daughter, Jean, has broken her engagement to Anthony Northrup, the boy of whom her parents approved, and has skipped to an aunt in England alone to "try out her wings."

Helen and Erskine, who have not lived together since the very first years of their marriage, are now somewhat reunited in their mutual thought of Jean.

Jean falls in love with Max Lorbenstein, a musical genius, a Jew, and goes to another aunt in Paris to be near him.

Helen and Erskine follow, bent on breaking up the engagement, but they soon find themselves sympathizing with Jean, though Max's family is wild.

After a few days back in New York Jean succeeds in winning Max's father over. But Max's sister tells him with some heat that it is not fair to Jean or to himself to go through with this marriage.

Then along comes an anonymous letter from a cousin of Jean's, urging him to look ahead and to set Jean free before it is too late.

He rushes outdoors to walk off steam and is picked up by his sister and taken on to a party of his own people. There he drinks more than is good for him and is driven almost hysterical by the noise and gayety. One of his dearest friends, a fellow artist harangues him about marrying Jean and finally he stumbles upstairs and falls in a heap in a dark little coat closet, insensible.

He wakes late in the afternoon convinced that it is his duty to give Jean up.

He goes home and, realizing that everybody must be worried about him, tells Denham, the butler, to let them know of his return. He then falls face down on his bed, again asleep.

DENHAM admired Max as a pianist beyond even his capacity of description. Below stairs he had laid it down frequently as one who knew and loved music—he had conducted a regimental orchestra of mouth organs behind the trenches which had added considerably to the fame and glory of the East Surreys—that he had never 'eard nothing like it in all his blinkin' days.

Having sacrificed several hours of his much-needed sleep night after night in order to crouch outside the door of the music-room he had given it out as his definite opinion that "that boy's *got* it. It's the real stuff. I know the work of most of the 'ot ones of my time, but that young feller knocks spots off the 'ole bilin' lot. He knows something and does something that puts you out of trouble. He *'as* imagination and 'e *is* imagination, and 'e just takes you up to the gate and leads you in."

And as for Max as a man he was equally emotional and enthusiastic.

"'E's kind, if you know what I mean, and precious few do. Animals 'ud go to 'im if they was 'urt—which is the final test, to my mind. Even a thrush 'ud feed out of 'is 'and, or a swan with a couple of cygnets. You trust 'im because 'e trusts you and understands. 'E's got no blinkin' bile about anybody, never mind 'oo they are. And 'e's merry and can laugh like a child, and I put that down to the fact that 'e's one of the very few genuine 'appy fellers that's knockin' about on earth. Some people might laugh and others might be inclined to be shocked if I summed 'is character up by saying there's a bit of Christ about 'im. In other words, 'e's a gentleman, which is pretty much the same."

Conceive his excitement and delight, therefore, when he dashed to the telephone, though under his emotion there was a deep concern at the physical appearance of his hero.

He asked for Mr. Farquhar.

"That you, Denham?"

"Yes, sir."

Farquhar was somewhat breathless. He had taken the stairs at a rush. Hating the telephone and its impertinent interference—he held that this instrument had broken down the portcullis of every man's castle—he had insisted, when his house was built, on isolating it to a special room in the hall. It was all against his wishes that Helen had prevailed upon the electrician to connect it to her room.

"Any—anything to report?" he asked.

"Mr. Max 'as turned up, sir. About a minute ago."

"What! . . . By George, that's good. By George, it is."

"Yes, by gum! It is, sir."

There was something a little unsteady in both those voices—or was it the fault of the telephone?

"Where has he been—did he say? But I won't stop to ask any questions. They're in a panic upstairs."

"Just this, sir. He didn't give any information, but, between you and me, sir, private, he looks—well, awful. All crushed like and white. My theory is, hasty, that if 'e 'asn't been under a steam roller, it's prohibition."

"All right, Denham. Thanks."

He found Helen, Jean and Mr. Lorbenstein on their feet. All of them, and especially the old gentleman, looked worn and draggled. After the interview with the stalwart and gruff policeman—in itself, because of its suggestion, a thing of horror—they had killed time, with dreadful impotence, waiting, waiting—for what?

In that city, as in every other, and in these times, more, it would seem, than in any that had gone, because of sensational front pages and hysteria, not a day was without its tragedies. There were brutal holdups, murder, attempted assassination, derailment of trains, incendiarism, death under the wheels of traffic, communistic outbreaks, political insanities. Under which of these and numerous other everyday headings was Max to find a place?

"He's just come home," said Farquhar. "By George, that's good. By George, it is."

Mr. Lorbenstein, who had held up remarkably well, collapsed into a chair. Helen heaved a sigh, opened her little bag, took out a powder box and went all over her face. Jean went quietly to one of the windows, turned her face away from the others and, for the first time in her life, deliberately gave thanks unto God.

"There was no time," said Farquhar cheerfully, "to ask Denham for details. But I gathered that Max is perfectly all right. Perfectly. Jean put her finger on it, hours ago, when she said that he was wool-gathering, in my opinion. One of his musical friends either called for him last night or rang him up, and, forgetting all about time, he's been playing ever since. It seems to me that there must be something so refreshing about music. . . ."

On he went—talking, talking—to swing things back to normal, so that Jean and the old gentleman might become convalescent after that anxious strain before they faced the new worry of finding Max "all crushed like and white," as Denham had said.

But nobody paid the least attention to him. They let him babble and pursued their thoughts. Finally, Mr. Lorbenstein got up, went to Helen and held out his hand.

"Thank you," he said, "thank you. I am grateful. Your kindness and sympathy will be among my best memories. If you will excuse me, I will go home to my son."

Helen smiled and said the appropriate thing. She always had the appropriate thing on tap. But she was tired, for once. She felt the need of a hot bath, tinctured with delicious salts, and then to sit very still, with her eyes shut and her dynamic engine switched off, while her maid moved soft fingers across her forehead and behind her ears.

Mr. Lorbenstein went to Farquhar. "Thank *you*," he said. "I understand better now why Paris remained in the hands of the French. The police shall be informed."

JEAN was waiting for him at the door. "I'm coming with you," she said. "Mumsie, don't wait for me—I shall have dinner with Max."

She kissed her hand first to Helen and then to her father and ran it through Mr. Lorbenstein's arm. She felt as though she had just crashed on the brakes at a crossing within a few feet of an express train in the dark.

Farquhar, in silence, filled his pipe, but before he was ready to light it he heard the door of a car click and the crunch of tires. (*Continued on page 36*)

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"Foolishly . . I thought it never could help me"

Everywhere tired, nervous, despondent people have found thrilling health again . . . *easily, naturally*

"My PAINTING *makes it necessary for me to do a great deal of travelling. I may have a commission for a portrait in New York and then one in California.*

"This constant travelling, in connection with the continued strain entailed by my work itself, resulted, a short time ago, in my feeling always tired, run down, nervous.

"While in this plight I was advised by some friends to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I had long known of yeast, of course, but somehow had not thought it would do me *any good. Nevertheless, I decided to try it, and I started at once to eat it regularly every day.*

"The result, I am happy to state, passed all my expectations. My tired feeling disappeared, my nerves grew strong, and today I begin each day's work with a zest that I had not known for many years."

LATTANZIO DI FIRMIAN, New York City

HOW simple and easy it proved to be! —for him, as for the thousands more who have found perfect health through this amazing fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast does two things. It keeps the system internally *clean*. And it helps to keep it healthily *active*.

A corrective food—that is what yeast is. A living plant. Unlike medicines, which stimulate the system to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast is the easy, *natural* way to banish constipation. It purifies the digestive tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous poisons by the body. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become normal, your sleeplessness will disappear, your skin will resume its rightful freshness—soon you will look and feel your old self again!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-41, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

COUNT LATTANZIO FIRMIAN, *Italian painter, at work on a sketch of a beautiful Chinese girl in one of California's famous gardens.*

BELOW MISS LEONA ERRICO of St. Louis sends us the snap-shot below, taken on her recent Round-the-World Cruise. Miss Errico writes that for several years she suffered from stomach trouble. "I was unable to eat any highly seasoned foods," she says, "without being troubled by indigestion. This condition lasted until a friend suggested the use of Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating two or three cakes every day. Within a very short time all traces of indigestion disappeared, and I can truthfully say that this simple remedy has toned up my entire system. I have now been eating Yeast for many months and I have recommended it highly to many of my friends."

LEONA ERRICO, St. Louis, Mo.

"I BECAME a regular hermit: I was so ashamed of the pimples on my face that I gave up dancing and sports. I used practically every known article to try to cure myself but instead of getting better my face got worse. One day I happened to glance at an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast. I sent for a booklet and read it through and through. Four months have passed now and my face is entirely free of boils and pimples. But I am still taking Yeast, and always will. I eat it plain, one cake before every meal. It has the same effect as candy on a child —I always want it."

DAVID H. SAFER, Jacksonville, Fla.

Do this—to regain the joy of radiant health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"I WAS actually afraid I should have to stay out of high school, I felt so wretched. After trying all kinds of remedies I almost despaired of ever finding anything that would rid me of my constipation. I was practically a nervous wreck . . . And then, on the advice of my cousin, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel fine. My friends all notice the remarkable change in me. I am strong and full of energy—no longer always tired and nervous. I feel like a different person. Fleischmann's Yeast has helped me back to splendid health. I gladly recommend it to others who may be suffering as I did."

DORIS WHITE, San Jose, Calif.

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THE HORSESHOE NAILS

Continued from page 7

chewed. And Miss Potter—she was there: Little Soupy, as the Stags called her, at whose dry cough the other boarders were beginning to look at each other with oblique glances. And Mr. Schuremann, who would have been all right, perhaps, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Schuremann—*he* was there. And Miss Finn, whose fiancé had suddenly disappeared ten years before—a disappearing fiancé for whom she had never stopped looking—*she* was there. But the table in the corner near the window where Val sat—the Stags' Table, as they called it at Mrs. Murcote's—that was empty, and it only needed a glance at the empty cloth to see that the three other Stags had eaten their fill . . . and wandered off o'er dale or hill. . . . Indeed, Leila was carrying away Fritz's dishes when Val entered.

"They got away early tonight," he said, looking at Leila without his usual smile.

"Yessuh," said Leila. "Mist' McGuinness said something about a show, and Mr. Zahn and Mr. Mandelbaum they went off together too."

AT FIRST this added to Val's dejection—that his friends hadn't waited for him. "But I guess it's just as well," he presently told himself; "the way I've got the blues tonight, I'm not fit for human company—"

He ate slowly, thoughtfully—as a mutinous soldier might eat in the guardhouse while trying to plan his escape. And indeed there was something prisonlike in Mrs. Murcote's basement dining-room with its bars at the windows and low ceiling—an impression which was hardly mitigated by the fireplace, which never held a fire, or the corner sideboard with its bowl of artificial fruit.

"There must be at least a thousand ways of making money in New York," Val told himself once, "and I have to think of only one—"

"I'll walk up Fifth Avenue first," he told himself. "I may get an idea there."

"If I had money enough to start a store on Fifth Avenue," he thought, "I wouldn't need money. I'd be rich already."

So he tried the next side street, turning west toward Broadway—young, tall, eager, and desperately trying to solve a problem which is probably nearly as old as the human race.

"Furs," he thought, looking at the first shop. "What do I know about furs? Dresses. . . . Jewelry. . . . Furniture. . . . A fat lot I know about furniture, yes, and a fat lot I know about anything, when I come right down to it," he added with a touch of returning bitterness. " . . . Books. . . . Bathtubs. . . . Dresses again. . . ."

Beginning to despair of inspiration in the windows, he turned his attention to the people he passed, as though he would wrest from them the hidden answer to his problem. A young couple hurried by, probably late for the theatre.

"Oh, George!" said the girl, looking at the plumbing display and speaking in a coquettish voice, "won't you buy me a bathtub?"

It was a brief interlude, but at least it was long enough to make Val smile.

"Darn 'em!" he thought, which you must construe for yourself. " . . . Maybe if I had a girl . . ."

But he soon pushed that behind him, as he had often pushed it before. When a young man is getting only twenty-five dollars a week—of which fifteen goes for board, car fare and laundry—

"There's plenty of time," he hurriedly told himself. "And I've enough on my mind right now, without getting into anything like that."

Two men passed him, their derbies almost resting on their ears—two men who talked earnestly to each other with many an eloquent gesture of their palms.

"I'll bet they know how to do it," Val told himself with a sigh of envy.

But the next one probably didn't—a queer old man still in his winter's overcoat and looking up at the sky with a gaping mouth as though in search of the moon. If Val had been older, he might have seen in this some reflection of his own particular quest—might even have seen, if only dimly, a parable which might be told of mankind.

"Poor old nut!" he thought instead. "I hope I never get like that."

And still inspiration eluded him—no matter how hard he stared at the shops, no matter how closely he looked at the passers-by. And even when he reached Broadway and found himself caught in the mob which was milling up and down beneath that miraculous mile of lights, no matter how hard he tried to solve his problem, he found himself no nearer to the answer than before.

"Of course if I had money enough to build a movie theatre—" he thought.

An electric sign of a girl dropping her dress around her feet caught his eye, while beneath her the title flashed, "The Milliner Upstairs."

"—or could write a smutty play—" he added.

A sign along the next side street flashed into view, announced the name of a club in the basement, and flashed into darkness again.

"—or started bootlegging. . . ."

Again, as on the elevated, it wasn't long before he was watching those around him, and again he found that all were there, the old familiar faces. The chromatic girls under shovel-shaped hats, the men with double chins, the girls who didn't know they were showing their knees, the men who blew smoke through their nostrils, the girls with mouths like cherries, the gentlemen who clutched their ladies by the muscle of their arms, the girls with cheeks like lilacs, the young men with glossy hair, the girls who showed their ears, the girls who didn't show their ears . . .

"That's funny. . . ." Val caught himself thinking. "Yes, sir; this is just about the same crowd that I see downtown every noon hour. Clerks. Not all, of course, but most of them. . . . And this is one of the ways they keep them satisfied . . . letting them come out nights and sun themselves beneath the electric lights—as the old Romans used to keep the people satisfied by putting on shows and chariot races at the Coliseum. . . ."

The thought amused him—interested him—seemed to widen the sense of the drama in which he had vaguely seen himself walking more than once that evening. Probably in every age there had been something like this: a great majority pleased by trifles and taking no thought beyond the pleasures of the day, but here and there a questioning figure who was not to be satisfied so easily, a questioning figure who walked alone and tried to figure things out for himself.

"I'll try Riverside Drive," he suddenly told himself. "Perhaps up there where it's quiet . . ."

Yet neither trees nor river seemed to bring him nearer to the solution of his problem. Of course if he could patent something, he impatiently told himself. But what? Or if he could think of some new way of amusing that restless crowd downtown . . . But, again, what new way? On the drive above him he could hear the busses rumbling. Of course there was money in busses, but how could he make any of it. . . ? Busses. . . . Banks. . . . There was a business for you! Banks. . . . Bonds. . . . Books. . . . Bathtubs. . . .

Yes, a hard, hard nut and no mistake—an old nut, an antique nut—and one which had grown no softer with age. It was after eleven when Val finally started back to Mrs. Murcote's—starting back with that gesture of impatience which had lately been growing upon him.

"Tomorrow night," he thought, "I'll go to the library and see if they have a trade directory. I might find something in that."

At Fifty-seventh Street he walked east to Park Avenue, stopping from time to time to glance in the windows of the specialty shops. Perfumery. . . . Bags. . . . Beads. . . . Jewelry. . . . Dresses. . . .

HE WAS walking down Park Avenue—rather tired, if the truth be told—when he came to a row of old houses in course of demolition. To pass these, pedestrians had to climb four wooden steps, walk along a low-ceilinged passage, and then step down to the sidewalk again. Val was in this passageway, walking slowly and wondering how the wrecking of old houses might possibly be turned to account, when he noticed that a taxi was stopping in front of the next building.

"I wish I could afford it," he thought. "I'd take that taxi home. I didn't know I was so tired."

He was still watching the taxi, unconsciously curious to see who would come out, when he saw two men emerge from the shadows of the wooden boarding and quickly walk over to the cab.

"Perhaps they called it," he thought.

And indeed one of the men seemed to be speaking to the driver—his foot on the step and leaning over as though he didn't wish his directions to be overheard. The other man meanwhile had briskly opened the door, and he too had his foot on the running board, but was leaning inside.

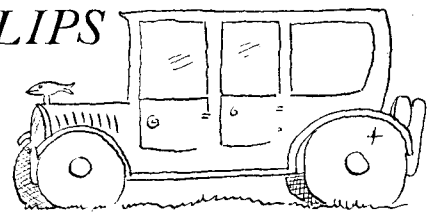
"You'd almost think it was a hold-up," Val told himself, breathlessly watching from the shadows of the passageway. "I'm sure the man in front

(*Continued on page 30*)

McGoofey's FIRST *Reader*

(Illustrated by the author)

By *H. I. PHILLIPS*



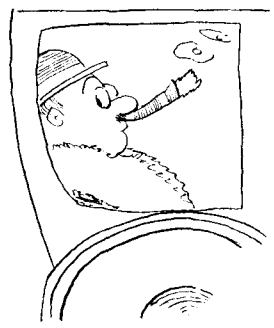
THIS is an automobile.

It is a very swell automobile.

It cost $1,800 if it cost a nickel.

Eleven more payments and the man inside will own it.

It has velour upholstery, two vases for flowers, a cigar lighter, silk shades and everything.



Lesson II

This is a close-up of the man inside.

Does he own the automobile? *Yes, he and the financing corporation.*

Is he a bank president? *No.*

Is he a bootlegger? *No.*

Is he a movie magnate? *Nix.*

Then who is he? *He is a kalsominer.*

Where is he going? *He is going to work.*

Lesson III

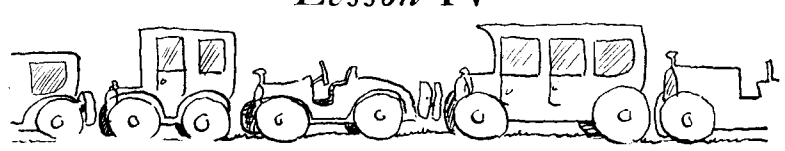
This is a house.

What kind of a house? *An uncompleted house. It is two stories high, has six rooms, was rushed up in seven weeks and will make some family of goats a good home unless there is a good windstorm or something.*

How much is the house worth? *About $4,200.*

What is the builder asking for it? *Just $22,800, with only $15,000 cash.*

Lesson IV



What is this? *This is a long line of cars in the street in front of the new house.*

To whom do they belong? *To the carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, roofers, painters and other associate workmen of the kalsominer.*

Don't any workmen walk to work any more? *No. Who gave you that silly idea?*

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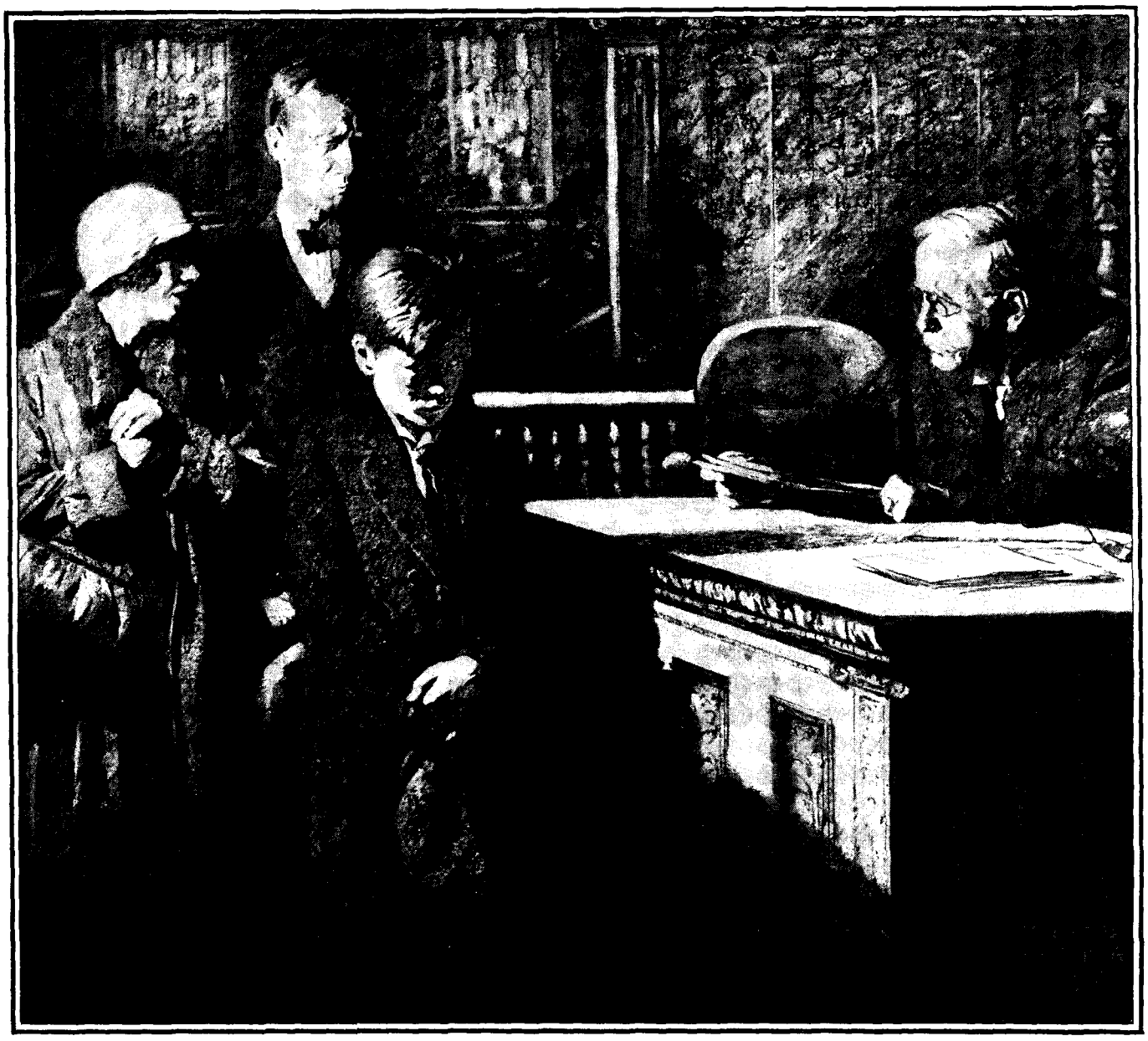
When Parents Fail



© 1927 M. L. I. Co.

THIS is a clumsy world for children. They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts for punishment or wisely tempered mercy. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of training or proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

Warm-hearted men and women in all parts of the country are doing splendid work in helping to salvage these bits of human driftwood. Organizations have been formed which send volunteer representatives to the Juvenile Courts to take boys and girls on probation and so save them from slipping into lives of crime. The kindly folk who do this work are "friends at court" to these youngsters.

Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

May Day—Children's Day

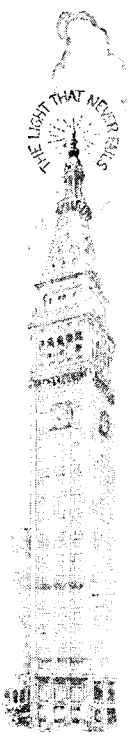
May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop half-way? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

More especially will you want to do this if you have ever spent a few hours in a Juvenile Court where you will have learned that the young offender, in nearly every instance, lands in court because of bad companions or want of proper home training.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.



Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences. As Judge Arnold of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, says, "The first job of a parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally."

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Utopia: a place where the police department is under the protection of the local gunmen.

~Says Tom Masson

Too many of our big cities depend upon their slum totals.

The only trouble with so many trial marriages is that the trial ends in the court room.

No press agent is a hero to his boss. Unless he has married her.

It has been pointed out that Harry Sinclair was not convicted as a criminal but only for contempt of the Senate. Sh! Not so loud.

If you have more than you need, then you need more than you have.

A statistician tells us it takes 333 silk worms to make a pair of flappers' hose. Well, they can't complain that their work doesn't show.

The main problem with many of us is to keep the wolf from the garage.

The fact that Anne Nichols has set aside $30,000 for Edward Payson Weston shows that there is hope in this country even for pedestrians.

A new educational suggestion: more home work for senators.

There are 887,000 bachelors in New York, representing the unmined raw material for gold diggers.

Epitaph on the chief of our local fire department: He had a long and extinguishing career.

A feature story: telling some girls they have ideal faces.

It is so hot in Azzizia, North Africa, that the inhabitants live underground. When a man doesn't like his mother-in-law, he makes her walk around the block.

You can buy cars now in so many different shades that it is comparatively easy to match your ties.

The only varieties of corkscrew curls left are synthetic and denatured.

A Canadian editor has been convicted of blasphemy. Still, there is hope for him. He can set up in this country as a writer of best sellers.

The Horseshoe Nails

Continued from page 28

is keeping the driver quiet—and the other who's leaning inside the cab—"

He was interrupted by the scream of a girl—a moment of clear-cut shrillness—a scream which undoubtedly came from the taxi, and was stopped almost as soon as it started. It lasted long enough, though, to break Val's hesitation, and, instinct possibly helping him, he glanced around for a weapon.

Under the railing near the chute through which the wrecked material had been slid into trucks, Val caught sight of a broken piece of building stone—a fragment of a windowsill as large as a loaf of bread. Picking this up, he ran to the edge of the platform, and, raising the stone with both hands, stood there for a moment, wondering which would be the best target. The hold-up man who had been covering the driver suddenly settled this difficulty. Evidently he had seen Val through the windshield, and he stepped back on the sidewalk just in time to stop the flight of the stone with the side of his head. The next moment he had fallen upon the sidewalk; and Val, strong with victory, was rushing down the steps of the passageway and grappling with the second hold-up man—a burly bandit with a thick neck who was soon breathing loudly through his nose.

As they struggled, vague glimpses of the occupants of the taxi could be seen: a slightly built man in evening dress, who was opening the door on the far side of the cab—a girl, pale but certainly beautiful, with eyes like the reflection of stars in dark pools, an embroidered shawl around her shoulders. . . .

Val's attention, however, soon became completely absorbed in his struggle with the bandit—the latter striving to free his right arm, and the younger man desperately trying to prevent him from doing so, already having seen the gun in the other's right hand.

"If he once pulls loose!" he thought, and pantingly wondered why the man in the taxi didn't come around to help him. The driver had slipped out from under the steering wheel and disappeared. "Gone for a cop," Val guessed with a touch of bitterness. "He doesn't mean to be shot."

IN THE confusion of the struggle, two things happened then which were not without their effect on future history. The hold-up man shifted his gun to his left hand and was bringing it up against Val's neck when the girl suddenly seized her escort's stick and swung it down with all her might on the bandit's wrist.

There was a shot, a sudden warm sting on Val's cheek, and the next moment the gun fell to the sidewalk, rattling under the cab. Thus shorn of his advantage, the gunman drew upon that strength which panic brings and, breaking loose, made for the nearest corner as though Old Ned were after him. Val followed as soon as he realized the other's flight. Indeed, he kept up the pursuit to Lexington Avenue, but when he turned the corner Thick-Neck had vanished.

Val returned to the taxi and reached it as the chauffeur appeared with a policeman. The man who had stopped the stone was still on the sidewalk, trying to feel his head but evidently uncertain whether it was still there or somewhere further down the Avenue.

"Who put this one out of business?" asked the cop, briskly swinging his night-stick.

"I did," said Val.

"Beaned him with a rock," nodded the chauffeur approvingly.

"They were trying to stick you up?" asked the cop.

"No, no, Chief," said the chauffeur. "They were after my fares, and this guy was up on the platform and came in on the party."

"Fares?" demanded the cop. "What fares?"

They all turned then to look and stare, but turn where they would, and stare where they would, both the late passengers in the taxi had disappeared. . . .

You can imagine the stir it made at Mrs. Murcote's next morning as soon as the boarders had time to read the papers. "Daring Hold-Up Foiled" . . . "Modern Saul Captures Bandit" . . .

The captured bandit, it seemed, not only had a black record but in places it was possibly splotched with crimson. The story itself was interesting enough—but when it began to dawn on Mrs. Murcote's that the hero—"V. J. Willoughby, a clerk in a downtown banking office"—was having his breakfast with them—sitting at the Stags' Table with a strip of court plaster on his cheek . . .

VAL had come down for breakfast early—not having slept particularly well—but he had not yet finished his orange when Tony McGuinness appeared. Tony was the heavyweight among the Stags. He had been a sergeant in a recent historic affair and, although he was now peaceably working as clerk in a sporting goods store downtown, in appearance he was very stern, very strong and very imposing to the eye. His chin had been slightly remodeled by a piece of shrapnel, and unless he kept a sharp watch on himself he limped a little when he had been on his feet too long.

"You'll have to look out," he warned Val in his husky voice. "The rest of that Jasper's gang will be after you now. Darn fool thing, if you ask me—putting your name in the papers."

"Yes," said Val. "But you'll notice they didn't put the address in. I suppose that's why they left it out."

Fritz came in next—Fritz Zahn, the second Stag—and you may picture him better when you hear that although he was a clerk in an uptown real-estate office he was hopeful that some day he would be known as the American Bernard Shaw. He wrote cynical articles for the clever magazines—none of which had yet been printed—but when he was in the humor he could play Beethoven with a touch which even the great Ludwig himself might well have been pleased to hear. . . .

They began talking about the hold-up—the rest of the dining-room listening while Val told how it happened—and they were still at it when Abe Mandelbaum came down and took his seat by Fritz's side—Little Abe, as he was sometimes called by his friends: the fourth Stag and the last—a shrewd-eyed young student of life who had once lived two days in a shell hole with Sergeant McGuinness and had probably saved the latter from premature burial, first by temporarily patching his punctures and then by getting him into an ambulance.

Abe worked as clerk in his uncle's pawnshop on Sixth Avenue, but some day he hoped to be a theatrical magnate with theatres named after him and a skyscraper on Broadway and Forty-second Street for all the world to see.

"What I can't understand," said Val, while Abe was reading the story, "is why the two passengers disappeared."

"I know what I think of the bird in the silk hat, who sneaked off over the hill and didn't help," frowned the sergeant.

Fritz raised his clever eyebrows.

"Some men *are* like that," he said. "Minor discords. But when they're written that way on the score, what are they going to do about it?"

Abe was suggesting that the pair had probably beat it because they themselves could not afford publicity, when Mrs. Murcote hurried down into the dining-room—a stout old matron with a fighting face who sometimes complained that all through life she had had to be the man and woman, too. It being morning, she was wearing a towel around her head, but this in no way diminished her natural dignity.

"Oh, Mr. Willoughby," she said, "there's a lady wishes to speak to you upon the telephone."

"To me?" said Val, to whom this was an unaccustomed attention.

Mrs. Murcote was evidently more than a little excited, and her voice slightly trembled as she answered.

"I must tell you how funny she called up," she said. "The telephone rang and a lady's voice said, 'Is this 56 West Forty-eighth Street?' Not 'Is this Mrs. Murcote's?'—mind you, but 'Is this 56 West Forty-eighth Street?' And when I said 'Yes,' she says 'Does Mr. V. J. Willoughby live there?' And when I said 'Yes, he does,' she says, 'Do you know if he has a cut on his face this morning?' And when I said, 'Yes, I think he has,' she says, 'Will you ask him to come to the telephone, please? I'd like to speak to him very much.'"

Still wondering who it could be, Val arose and started for the hall upstairs.

"Be careful," said the sergeant in a warning voice. "It may be the gang trying to locate you."

"But how could they get his telephone number?" asked Fritz. "I understand that none of the papers gave his address."

Abe answered that, reflectively drawing from his knowledge of city life.

"Whoever she is," he said, "if she's calling up about the hold-up, she probably got his street address from the city directory. And then she called up the telephone company and asked if there was a phone at this address—"

The sergeant, who had been growing more and more uneasy, now went to the hallway which led upstairs and stood there for a few moments anxiously listening.

"It's the girl in the taxi, all right," he said, returning to the table in the corner. "I can tell from the way he's talking to her. . . ."

The telephone at Mrs. Murcote's was located near the head of the stairs, in a dark jog in the wall close to the door which led to the landlady's room—a room which had been the back parlor in the days when the house was a private residence. Above the instrument was a sign, dimly discernible in the darkness, "For Incoming Calls Only. For Outgoing Calls, Use Public Pay Stations"—a sign which had been there since a decamping boarder had run up charges of $36.40, clandestine calls to Chicago, and had left Mrs. Murcote to suffer and pay the bill. For further discouragement against too much use of the telephone, although the set had been placed low upon the wall, no chair was allowed near it, so that whenever one wished to speak into the transmitter it was necessary to bend over at such an angle that the general effect was that of a camel tied to the wall.

IN SHORT, it would be hard to imagine a less likely setting for thrills and the deathless fire of romance. But Val hadn't been bent there half a minute when he felt a warm glow beginning to steal over him—a warm glow and a growing sense of breathless adventure which threatened to play tricks with his voice.

"Hello—" This was how it had started, Val speaking into the transmitter, throwing his voice into unknown space with that crisp delivery which is generally reserved for such occasions.

"Hello," said a gentle, almost tremulous voice in return. "Is this—is this Mr. Willoughby?"

"Yes," said Val, not quite so crisp this time, and unconsciously bending over a little further.

"The Mr. Willoughby—whose name was in the papers this morning?"

For just one moment Val remembered the warning of his friends, but they, you see, were not listening to this gentle voice with its tremulous touch of excitement. They weren't. . . . And Val was. . . .

"Yes," he said, "I—I think I'm the one you mean."

"Then you'll know who I am," said the voice in his ear, falling to a lower key

(*Continued on page 32*)

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P. A. means a lot to me

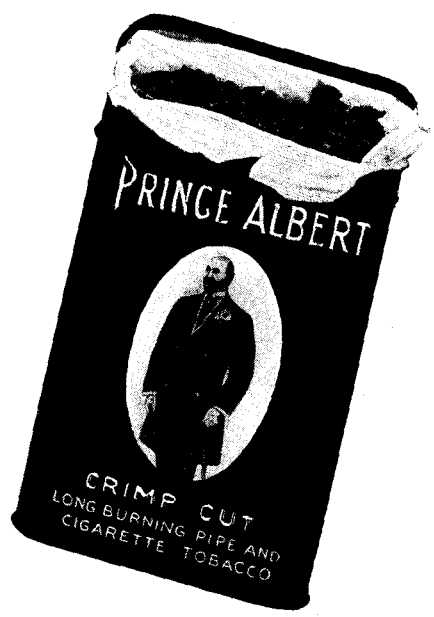
I LOOK upon P. A. as something more than merely a wonderful pipe-tobacco. To me, Prince Albert is a friend in a very real sense. From the physical side, it is friendly to my tongue and throat. I can hit it up from morning to midnight with never a regret.

It is the companionship of P. A. that I had particularly in mind. When I'm tempted to fly off the handle, P. A. seems to say: "Steady, old boy; ten years from now it won't matter." And I cool off. When things are riding pretty, P. A. is there to cheer *with* me.

I tell you, Men, if you don't know Prince Albert as a daily companion, you don't know how much comfort and joy your pipe is prepared to bring you. Buy a tidy red tin today on my recommendation. Throw back the hinged lid and revel in that rare P. A. aroma.

Then pack a load in your pipe and light up. You'll find it cool and consoling. You'll be amazed that any tobacco can be so mild and, at the same time, so completely satisfying. I'd like to bet that you'll be a P. A. fan after that first marvelous pipe-load.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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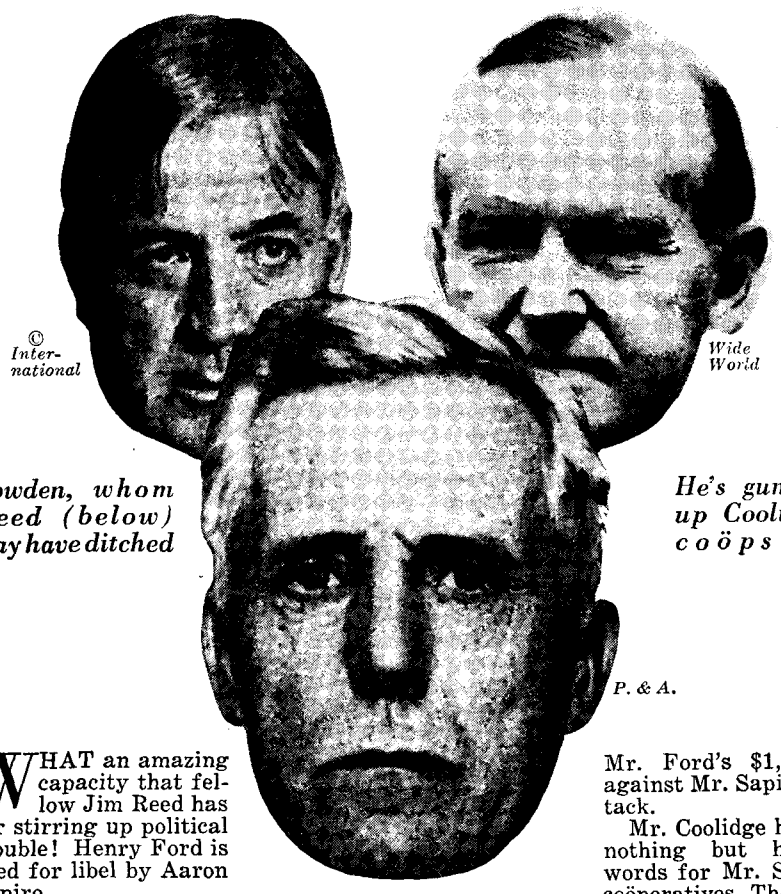
Low-downs on the High-ups



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Lowden, whom Reed (below) may have ditched — *He's gummed up Coolidge's coöps too*

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WHAT an amazing capacity that fellow Jim Reed has for stirring up political trouble! Henry Ford is sued for libel by Aaron Sapiro.

Mr. Ford loves lawing just as he does collecting historic sap buckets. Senator Couzens once told him he took himself so seriously that, if asked, he would render an ex cathedra opinion on twin beds *vs.* double beds, and think he had solved the great moral problem of all the ages.

Well, Henry Ford is full of opinions and consequently the subject and object of lawsuits. This was just another lawsuit—a good story, of course, because any attempt to separate Mr. Ford from one of his thousand or so millions is always a good story— But still just another until Jim Reed turned up as Mr. Ford's counsel, and then it became a political event of importance comparable only to the passage and veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. On it may conceivably hang the next Presidential election—not Jim Reed's election, for by the irony of politics you don't get elected President by producing political explosions.

If one did, who could beat Jim Reed with his record of the prohibition explosion, the campaign-funds explosion, and now the farmers'-friend explosion?

Wonder Who's Got Which

DOWN here in Washington Mr. Coolidge's friends read the story, brought out by Reed, of how Mr. Sapiro was to get $1,000,000 in fees for befriending the farmer. Another million from Mr. Ford would double it. Really, now, he was moving up rapidly toward Mr. Ford's class.

As to the first million Mr. Coolidge's friends chuckle and say, "Poor old Lowden! Why, this is as bad as that little affair of the campaign funds with those two Missouri boys that made the Republicans reluctantly decide that Lowden wouldn't do for President in 1920."

And that was a bad affair. I recall how in the Harding campaign Jake Hamon made the sad mistake of trying to seat the representatives of the press at the same table with one of those Missouri campaign-fund grabbers. They declined to drink anything from Jake's two-quart jug of liquor!

But Mr. Lowden's friends ask what comfort can Mr. Coolidge get from having the coöperative movement all gummed up by Jim Reed's defending Mr. Ford's $1,000,000 against Mr. Sapiro's attack.

Mr. Coolidge has had nothing but honeyed words for Mr. Sapiro's coöperatives. There has been a long struggle between Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Lowden for the political utility that there was in the cooperatives, and Mr. Lowden was forced to add the McNary-Haugen Bill to his political stock in trade.

All of the Coolidge plans for aiding the farmers consisted in lending government money to the coöperatives.

Organization was the word, a blessed word—organization through Mr. Sapiro's coöperatives. The next administration farm bill was to provide for funds for the coöperatives.

So Mr. Lowden's friends say, perhaps not cheerfully, "We have the McNary-Haugen Bill. Let Mr. Coolidge have the coöperatives if he wants them after Jim Reed gets through with them."

And Mr. Coolidge's friends get in the last word: "Anyway, Lowden has Mr. Sapiro. He can't get away from him and that $1,000,000 fee."

Well, it is too soon to say who's got which. But coming after the failure of the Grain Corporation, another philanthropic movement—this one to make the farmer the owner of the grain elevators, out of which incidentally some persons were to get rich—the farmer may suspect that there was more politics and hope of gain in the coöperative movement than sound economics.

There never was anything that was seized upon by the politicians like the coöperative movement. At least two Presidential ambitions were tied up in it, to say nothing of two or three dangling hundred million dollars.

What the truth about it is nobody knows, and Jim Reed defending Mr. Ford from libel won't make it any clearer.

And if that is so, why, then, Mr. Coolidge is left without any alternative to the McNary-Haugen Bill. And the rumor is in Washington that some big Republicans at once rushed off to New York to see if Wall Street couldn't do something for the prairies.

Some reports say that this latest news of the game the politicians play with them has been received by the farmers with the same jubilation with which they greeted the news that the McNary-Haugen Bill was a fake and had been vetoed by the good Mr. Coolidge. And some reports say that it hasn't. The farmer, as he is known in Washington, is entirely a creature of the political imagination.

The Horseshoe Nails

Continued from page 30

—one might almost guess, so she wouldn't be overheard. "I—I'm the girl who was in the taxi."

"Oh, how do you do!" he exclaimed—and would have kicked himself for making such a fool remark. "I mean—how are you this morning?" he hurriedly added.

"I'm all right," she said, "but you—you must think I'm terrible."

"Indeed, I don't," said Val.

"I mean for running off last night and not thanking you for possibly saving my life. But when I tell you how it was . . . Look," she said, suddenly breaking off. "I can't speak to you very long over the telephone, but where can I meet you today—so I can thank you as I'd like to thank you—"

"THAT'S all right," it was on the point of Val's tongue to say. "I didn't do it for thanks, you know." But for at least two reasons he didn't say it. For one thing, it would have sounded ungracious. And, for another, he remembered the picture she had made as she sat in the cab—pale, yes, but starry-eyed and beautiful—a picture which certainly would not be difficult to gaze upon again.

"Could we have lunch together?" she asked—speaking always in that gently vibrant voice, but now adding an exciting little note of eagerness to it.

"Saturday today," thought Val, his heart playing staccato. "The only day I could make it." And aloud he hesitated—camel-like in the gloom, "I don't get off till one."

"Look, then," she said, her note of eagerness growing. "I'll meet you in the lobby of the Langham at half past one—"

It was then that Val definitely began to feel the warm glow of adventure come over him. The Langham—mind you—New York's most fashionable hotel! To lunch at the Langham with a starry-eyed girl who seemed to think that one had possibly saved her life—

"Good thing I'm paid today," he rapidly thought. "With twenty-five dollars and my new blue serge—" And then into the transmitter, his voice as keen as her own: "Half past one at the Langham—that's fine."

"Lovely," she breathed. "But listen: Do you think you'll know me?"

"You bet I'll know you!" exclaimed Val in what the novelists call "no uncertain tones."

"Oh . . . good-by. . . ." she breathed.

Val went back to his breakfast then; and although at first he tried to pretend that he didn't notice how Tony and Abe and Fritz were staring at him and waiting for his story he relented at last and told them of the appointment which he had just made with the girl who had been in the taxi.

"If she *is* the girl," said the sergeant, frowning.

"Of course she's the girl," protested Val. "Who else could she be?"

"She might be anyone else. She might be someone belonging to that man you beaned last night, for instance," the sergeant thoughtfully answered. "But whoever she is, I'm going to be at the Langham myself at half past one today; and if any Jasper's watching you and starts following—well, there may be a surprise party as well as a lunch—and a pleasant time enjoyed by one and all. . . ."

(*To be continued next week*)

Classics in Slang

Continued from page 11

fin'ly entered the race, and when he caught up with me, about the fifteenth time around, he pants thusly:

"Quit that runnin' and start somethin', you blank cartridge, or I'll disqualify you!"

"He's yellah!" announces Four-Jab Prostrate, addin' as a idle afterthought, "the big tramp!"

That burnt me up.

"I didn't come here to get insulted!" I says with ire, droppin' my hands. "And if you guys can't act like gents, I'll leave!"

In a fit of pique Four-Jab brushed the referee to one side and took a murderous swing at me. I cleverly blocked the punch with my chin and immediately sit down on the canvas to map out a plan of battle. The customers rose in their seats and howled like the very mischief whilst the referee begin countin' me out, but when he ejaculated "nine" I jumped up briskly and waved a comfortin' glove to Ethel which looked pale and careworn. Jack Hootmon and Red Higgins was laughin' themselves ill.

Four-Jab rushed in to polish me off, and I met this umpchay with a straight left to the whiskers which like to tore his ugly head off. I struck him again and he struck a attitude and then begin to back-pedal around the ring, but I was on top of him like a wig, what I mean! Left-right—left-right—left-right, with every buffet landin' on some tender portion of Four-Jab's miserable carcass. One or even two wouldst think that nobody couldst stand up under the fearful punishment I was dealin' out, but then you want to remember I wasn't fightin' *nobody*, I was fightin' Four-Jab Prostrate.

The mob was pleadin' with me to knock this banana dead, and such indeed, good folk, was my intentions, but as Four-Jab hadst the same idea with regards to me, why, the thing become very diffeycult. If you don't think this baby couldst sock you're out of your mind. First one of us wouldst hit the boards and then the other, and once we was both on the floor at the same time, with the dumfounded referee viewin' us with alarm.

Precisely twelve seconds before the gong which wouldst of brung the first round of this massacre to a welcome close, I released a torrid uppercut which in any other fight wouldst of spelled defeat for my adversus. It spelled defeat in *this* fight too, for Four-Jab Prostrate forgot to duck and crashed to the mat like the victim of a stroke. He never fluttered a eyelid till the referee says "ten." Hoopla!

Well, with *that* all out of the way, snatch a eyeful of "Ivanhoe," subscribers; it's a screech!

IVANHOE

By

Sir Walter Scott & One-Punch McTague

TALKIN' of horse-radish, Cedric the Saxon, which many will remember as the inventor of the Saxophone and just as many won't, sit down to dinner in a drum called Rotherwood, as mad as a damp hen. The Normans (Not Mr. Hapgood) hadst kidnapped his pet clown Wamba and Gurth, the governess of his pigs. Cedric was busy swearin' revengeance for this pushin' around, when a horn suddenly tooted outside.

"To the gate, knaves!" bellers Cedric, "and see what them jobbies in that flivver wants!"

One of his yes-men dashed outside, and soon tripped back with the startlin' information that Prior Aymer of Jorvank and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the well-known Knight Templar, wished board and room for the night and likewise for the knights with 'em.

Now these birds was all hated Normans, but Cedric was known the world over for bein' a right guy, so becomin'

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ungruff he O. K.'s matters and the gang browses in and parks at the table with him. No sooner was everybody seated when in flounces Lady Rowena, to wit, Cedric's ward and a eye tonic of the first and second water. One look and Mr. Brian de Bois-Guilbert was satisfied he was a sucker for bein' a bachelor when panics like Rowena was at large. This lad looked at her so long and famishedly that Rowena felt just like she was bein' kissed, and covered her beautiful pan with her veil. The gal was embarrassed, what I mean.

"Leave us have a little drink to the strong in arms, boys," says Cedric, which enjoyed a snifter now and again, "no matter what their race or language is!"

"Hey, hey!" Brian grins, reachin' for the gin. "Then we drink to the Normans!"

"Be your age!" sneers Rowena, slightly steamed. "What's the matter with the English when it comes to gameness?"

"Not a thing, kid!" Brian hurries to tell her, seein' he's made a fumble. "They're only second to us!"

"They're second to *nobody*, you big sap!" howls a strange voice, and there stands a full-blooded Pilgrim. "You're all out of shape!" he yells at the astonished Brian. "I seen King Richard and five of his knights knock off three boys apiece one day, and seven of their prey was Normans!"

Brian de Bois-Guilbert choked on his rickey, and if looks couldst slay the Pilgrim wouldst of fell deceased at his feet, what I mean. Cedric was tickled silly to hear of them English victories, and he made the Pilgrim sit down and give him a punch by punch account of the brawls, the names of the winners and other memorandum in season. The Pilgrim remembered all but one knight, and for the life of him he couldst not think of that gil's name.

"I'll tell you who he was!" butts in Brian, with a defiant toss of his head. "He was Ivanhoe, and I was one of the scrappers he grabbed a decision over. Ivan's a good, tough boy, but I wouldst of took him if the referee hadn't give him all the breaks. I only wish he was here now. I'd smack him over just for a laugh!"

"You made a match, young-feller-me-lad!" says the Pilgrim. "Ivanhoe will soon be back in dear old England, and the minute he minces down the gangplank he'll slap your ears off and make you like it. Here's his appearance forfeit—put yours on the line or keep your mouth shut!"

With that the Pilgrim hurls a relic on the table, and mutterin' under his breath Brian quickly matches it with a genuine gold chain.

"I don't even know who this Ivanhoe person is," murmurs Lady Rowena to Brian, "but I'm willing to bet all the cheese in Switzerland that he stops you!"

"Have a care, my proud beauty!" Brian growls. "You're talkin' in a varicose vein. Don't forget what happened to Joe Beckett, Bombardier Wells and the rest of them English heavies when they choosed foreigners!"

"Blah!" snorts Lady Rowena and sticks her pretty tongue out at him with Old World grace. Bein' a Saxon, this comely damsel hadst plenty of sax appeal, so Brian refrained from slappin' her in the face. He was a gent at heart.

WELL, a few weeks later Prince John, the Tex Rickard of his day, puts on a big fight tournament with Englishmen versus Normans, and Brian stands out like a rose in a bed of cabbages. The kid was never better and reached the finals by runnin' three burly opponents with the greatest ease. Prince John was just goin' to pronounce him world's champion, when a new mauler flits down the aisle and climbs into the ring. This bozo was masked and positively refused to give out his name, pleadin' a toothache and callin' himself merely "The Disinherited Knight." At the bell Brian looked him over with a wolfish smile, and the next second the masked marvel nailed Brian with a right to the profile which wound up the entertainment for the evenin'. This wowed the crowd, which roared loud applause when Prince John held up the Disinherited Knight's glove and awarded him the coveted title. Lady Rowena couldst scarcely contain herself, she was that delighted with affairs.

The next day the tourney wound up with a battle royal, the Disinherited Knight leadin' one batch of sluggers and Brian de Bois-Guilbert the other. The fun waxed fast and furious till fin'ly the bulk of the Disinherited Knight's boy friends was tuned out and he found himself all alone, facin' Brian and a couple other Norman sockers, Athlestane and Front-de-Bœuf. Alas, ah me and alackaday, the mysterious stranger was takin' a fearful lacin' when all of a sudden a husky Ethiopian, known only as the Black Knight, came to the rescue and between 'em they put Brian and his two pals to sleep.

THE punch-drunk and Disinherited Knight then staggered over to where Lady Rowena was takin' things all in with her eyes as big as saucers—or even plates. With a swift flirt of his hand the Knight removed his mask, and Rowena let forth a shrill shriek of dumfoundment. Cedric like to fainted away in a swoon, for the Disinherited Knight was nothin' less than his own son, missin' for months and months and months! Likewise he was the world-famous Ivanhoe. A pay-off, what? You can imagine the scene this sensational tablow created. They wasn't a dry eye in the house, what I mean!

"I'm simply maniacal with joy at seein' you again, Pop!" exclaims Ivanhoe.

"So's your old man!" grins his father. Cedric couldst not resist this chance to ease in a nifty.

Well, Brian de Bois-Guilbert was licked, but by no means discouraged, and besides Sir Walter Scott hadst not finished his tome yet. Brian with his hired help carries off Ivanhoe, Cedric and Rowena, figurin' on makin' the young woman his bride and gettin' a huge ransom for the men folk. Things hadst come to a pretty pass, but once again the Black Knight arrived in the knick of time and with the kind assistance of a flock of outlaws and whatnots he rescued our friends. You can wager they didn't forget to say "Thank you!" eyther.

They all went back to Cedric's trap to hit the showers and change their rainment, and after these projects hadst been attended to the Black Knight says to Cedric:

"Mr. Cedric, I'd like to ask you a small favor."

"No sooner said than done!" answers Cedric. "You can have anything I got—but use a little judgment in makin' a selection."

"I think this is a good time to introduce myself," answers the Black Knight, suddenly becomin' as dignified as a house cat and rubbin' the black off his face (it was probably burnt cork). "Strangely enough, I happen to be Richard Plantagenet, King of England. Snicker *that* away!"

"Well, I'll be a caviar sandwich!" gasps Cedric, rubbin' his eyes. "That's a horse from another cowboy. Will wonders never cease?"

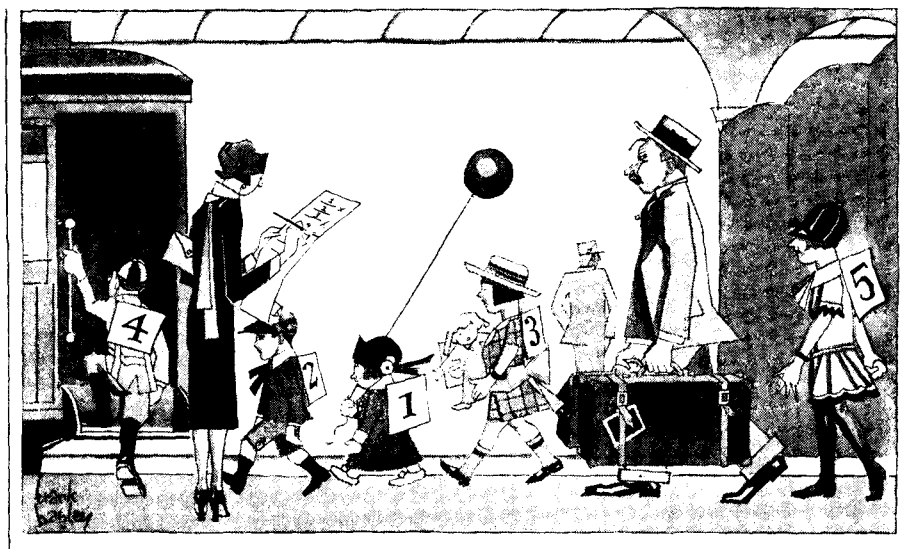
"How do I know?" says the face card. "Now, the favor I want is that you forgive your son Ivanhoe for runnin' away from home. Come on, snap into it!"

So thus Ivanhoe received a full and complete pardon from his male parent, after which he went lookin' for Brian de Bois-Guilbert again. But some other guy bumped off Brian for runnin' away with his sweetie, and Ivanhoe was forced to grin and bear it.

As some of the smartest of you may have guessed, Ivanhoe and Rowena lost little or no time in becomin' man and wife, which put a speedy end to that romance.

Drop in again.

Another Classic in Slang by Mr. Witwer will appear in an early issue



Catching Up with the WORLD

The Babies Who Will Win Europe's Wars

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

THE contest for supremacy among European nations is being determined now by the courage of the women rather than by the courage of the soldiers. The nation that comes out ahead in the end will not be the one which can kill the most men among its rivals, but the one which can rear the most children of its own. So our interest turns since the war from lists of casualties to tables of birth rates. Here are the figures:

Birth Rates of the Late Belligerents

	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925
France	21.3	20.7	19.4	19.4	19.2	19.6
England & Wales	25.5	22.4	20.4	19.7	18.8	18.3
Germany	26.7	26.1	23.7	21.7	20.2	20.4

These present many interesting points on inspection. The greatest change we notice is that the English birth rate has now fallen below the French. The decline is more significant than the figures show, for the proportion of marriageable women in England is some 10 per cent higher than in France, owing to the fact that the English population has been growing while the French population has been nearly stationary for many years past. The birth rate was naturally high in 1920 and the early part of 1921 because after the armistice "Johnny came marching home again, hurrah, hurrah!"

Since then it has rapidly declined in all countries and is obviously approaching the level of a stationary state. This is inevitable unless Europeans are willing to submit to a lowering of the standard of life or can find some unforeseeable outlet for emigration on an extensive scale.

Potash in Spain

THE war divided the potash monopoly of the world between enemy nations. The Alsace beds went to France, while the Stassfurt beds remained with Germany. But American farmers failed to profit by the transfer as they had hoped to, for the French and German owners, forgetful of their feud, promptly formed a combine to keep up the price for foreigners.

But a new competitor has come into the field. Potash deposits discovered in Catalonia, Spain, in 1912, have recently been explored and found to be much like those of Alsace in geological position, composition and value. The trial bores at Suria passed through three deposits between 750 and 1,080 feet.

These comprise 66 feet of carnalite beds bearing 10 per cent potash and 26 feet of sylvinite bearing 20 per cent. The total area of this field is estimated to be over twenty-five square miles and to contain 240,000,000 tons of pure potash. . . . It is supposed that the region underlaid by potash salts extends to 127 square miles.

The discovery by the United States Geological Survey of rich and extensive potash beds in Texas proves that Americans need not forever be at the mercy of European monopolists for their essential of agriculture. The Chilean monopoly of nitrates has been broken by the chemists who are now drawing nitrogen from the air even cheaper than it can be got from Chile, counting in the heavy export tax of that government.

The third necessary plant food, phosphorus, is present in abundance in our phosphate rock. So there need be no check on the development of American agriculture from scarcity of fertilizers for a long time to come.

The B. C. Plumbers' Union

DON'T you agree with me that A History of Human Comfort would make a fascinating story? But it would have sad chapters, since it would remind us of many lapses in human comfort due to the fact that man frequently forgets what he has once learned.

One of the most interesting chapters of this unwritten book would be one headed The History of Plumbing, for this is a topic that is both important and neglected. Possibly our authors have avoided it as an unsavory subject. Yet sanitation may well be taken as a measure of civilization, and the plumber is its active agent. People poison one another when closely compacted, like fruit flies confined in a test tube, and the possibility of living together in large cities depends upon efficient ventilation and drainage.

When I first visited Rome as a boy the water was considered dangerous to drink, and getting a bath was too expensive and bothersome an operation to be often indulged in. Yet ancient Rome had nineteen aqueducts and the most magnificent bathhouses the world has ever seen. The Goths and Huns smashed them up, and the Romans did not bother to rebuild them. The modern Romans take pride in the RUINS of what their ancestors took pride in constructing!

If I had lived five thousand years ago, I should have chosen as my place of residence not Memphis or Ur of the Chaldees, which had the most magnificent temples of their time, but the forgotten city of Mohenjo-daro in Sind, India, for there the average private citizen lived in comfort above that of the kings anywhere else in the world. Recent excavations have shown roomy houses, each with wells and bathrooms floored with brick and provided with covered drains connected to larger drains in the streets, and smaller antiquities betokening a social condition much in advance of what was then prevailing in Mesopotamia or Egypt—and what is now prevailing in most of the world.

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A land of unmeasured richness where the tawny Missouri flows

WHEN the flood of agricultural development, moving westward across the Dakotas, touched the green banks of the middle reaches of the Missouri, it halted, spreading north and south through the extraordinarily rich basin that drains into this mighty river. Here ended one of the greatest phases of the long migration westward.

Settlement in this region resulted in the swift growth of such thriving modern prairie cities and towns as Fargo, Aberdeen, Mobridge, Pierre.

Within the last ten years five new bridges have been flung across the middle Missouri. Settlement, halted for a while, is now flowing with increased impetus into the wonderful region beyond where the lofty peaks and green-clad slopes of the Black Hills rise like a lovely, incredible island above the broad prairie, and the upland plains of Montana sweep away to the Rockies.

AGRICULTURE: Though the top soil varies in different localities, the subsoil is a free clay, rich in nitrogen and phosphates. The rolling prairieland is highly productive of a wide variety of crops. Corn, the gauge of settled agriculture, increased from 32,000,000 bushels *west of the river* in 1900 to 145,176,000 bushels in 1924. Some of the best alfalfa and alfalfa-seed land in America. All cereal and root crops for this latitude are grown with great success. Livestock flourish on the range.

CLIMATE: A hot summer with cool, refreshing nights. A land of sunshine, with ample rain during the growing months. A dry, clear atmosphere that makes winter stimulating, and keeps country roads open all year round.

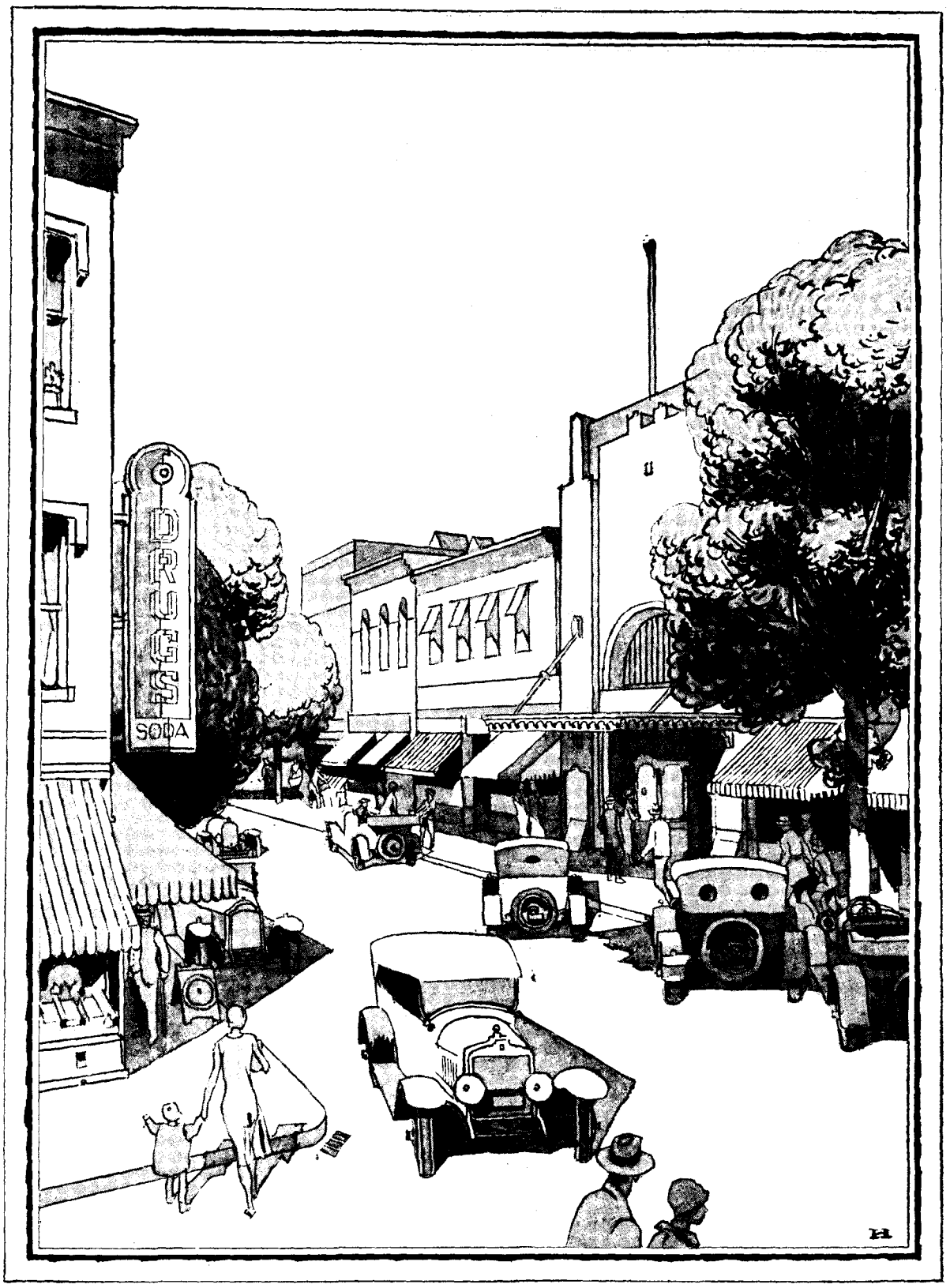
INDUSTRY: This region includes the world-famed Black Hills. These mountains—highest between the Rockies and the Alps—are said to contain the richest hundred square miles in the world. Here are the richest gold mine, great timber resources, extraordinary natural beauty, and much untouched mineral wealth. Industries of the larger region include packing, milling, cement.

TRANSPORTATION: This country was homesteaded prior to and immediately after the building of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway which crosses it with four trunk lines.

A changed race of pioneers

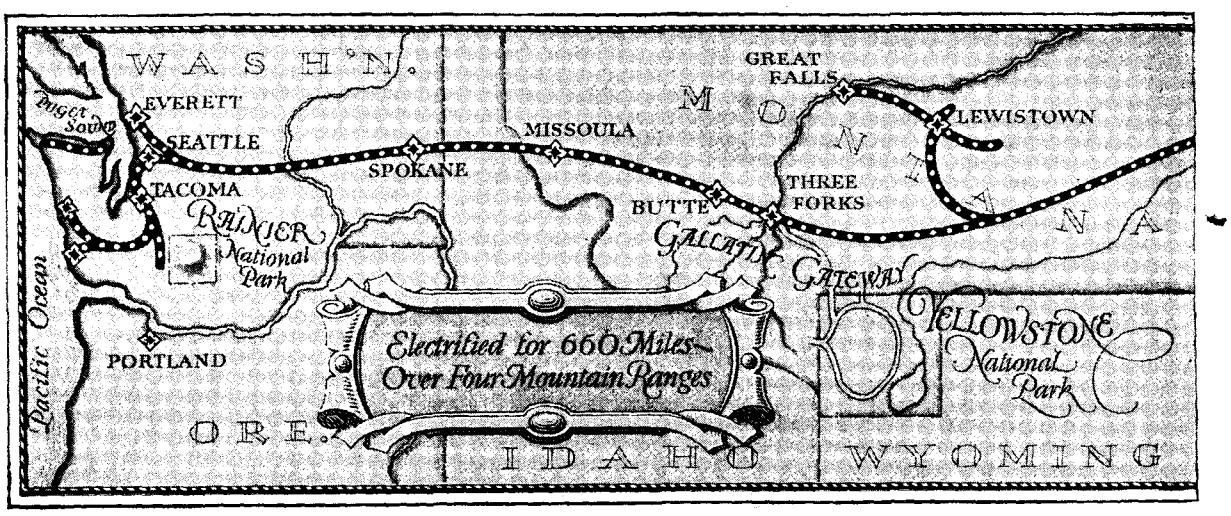
As the Indian became a new ethnic creature with the introduction of the Spaniards' horses into America, so the character of the western pioneer has completely altered with the introduction of modern machinery. The horse changed the Indian from a confined village dweller to a plainsman, free to go where he willed. The development of modern railways, automobiles, state roads, farming implements, household conveniences, magazines and newspapers, telephones and electricity, has opened the wide world to the modern pioneering farmer.

Isolation is gone. The farmer or cattleman who is developing his rich holdings in the upper Missouri Valley today lives in a modern cottage, surrounded by modern conveniences, and in close touch with the outer world. Schools, churches, universities even, are in comparatively easy reach of all. Community life is active and delightful. Transportation is so swift and comfortable that distant neighbors have drawn close. This magnificent region, where the death rate is lowest in the world, is close to the heart of the Nation, and in quick reach of the East and West Coasts, and all points north and south.



SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE
TO THE
PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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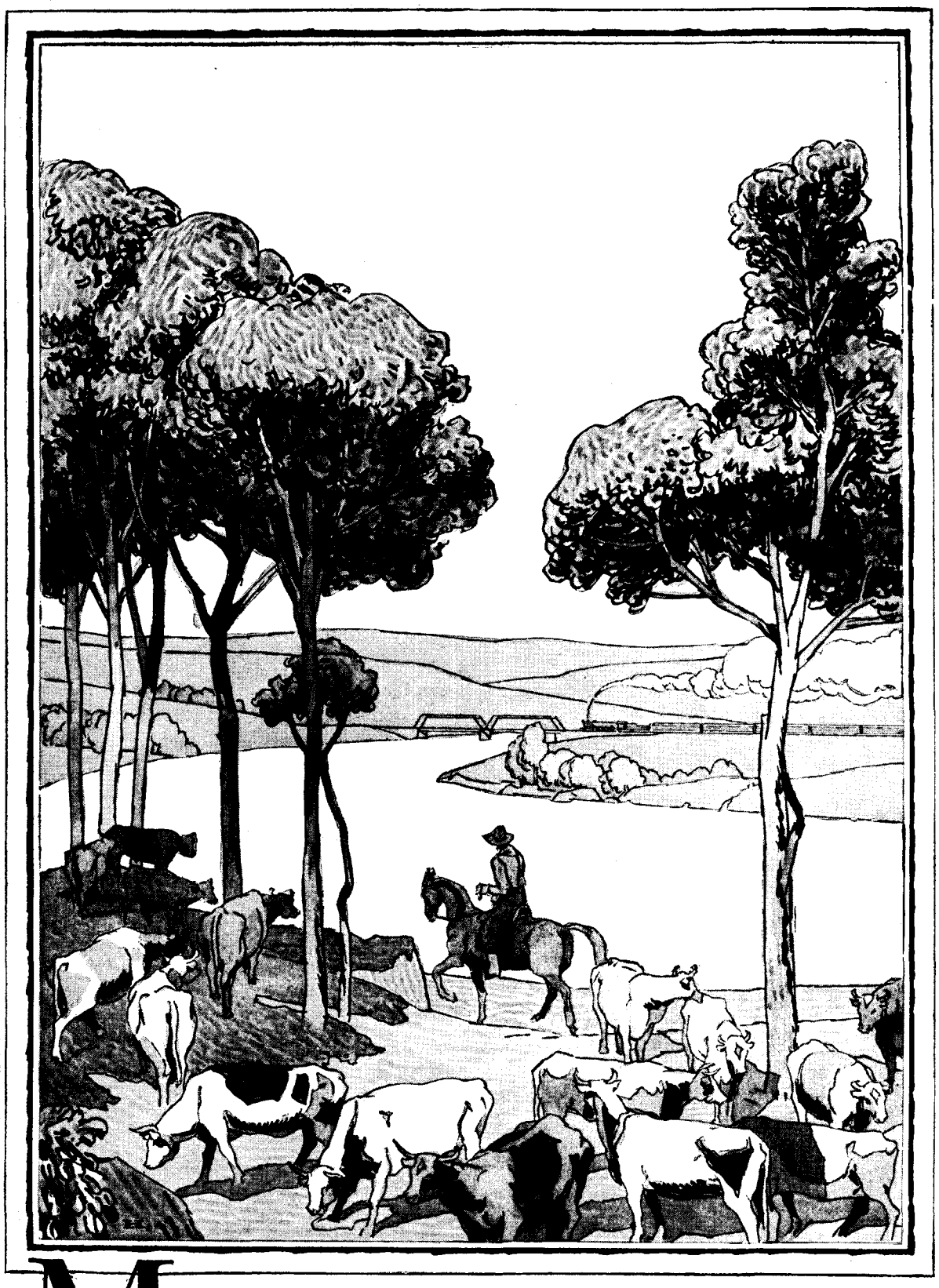


Where the highway is steel

NOWHERE has the railroad played a more important part than in opening up this potentially rich region. The uneconomical wagon trains and the slow flatboats were serious handicaps to development. Now, with steel bridges across the river and thousands of miles of track stretching over the plains, the railroad forms the only logical highway both for supplies and produce. The entire region has been drawn close to great market cities.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway pioneered here in homestead days. Its trunk lines and feeders are today not only the chief outlets for the upper Missouri Valley, but they form a network over the entire northwestern block of the United States.

The Milwaukee Road extends from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City; to Minneapolis and St. Paul; to Milwaukee and the upper Michigan Peninsula; westward to Rapid City in the Black Hills; and to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

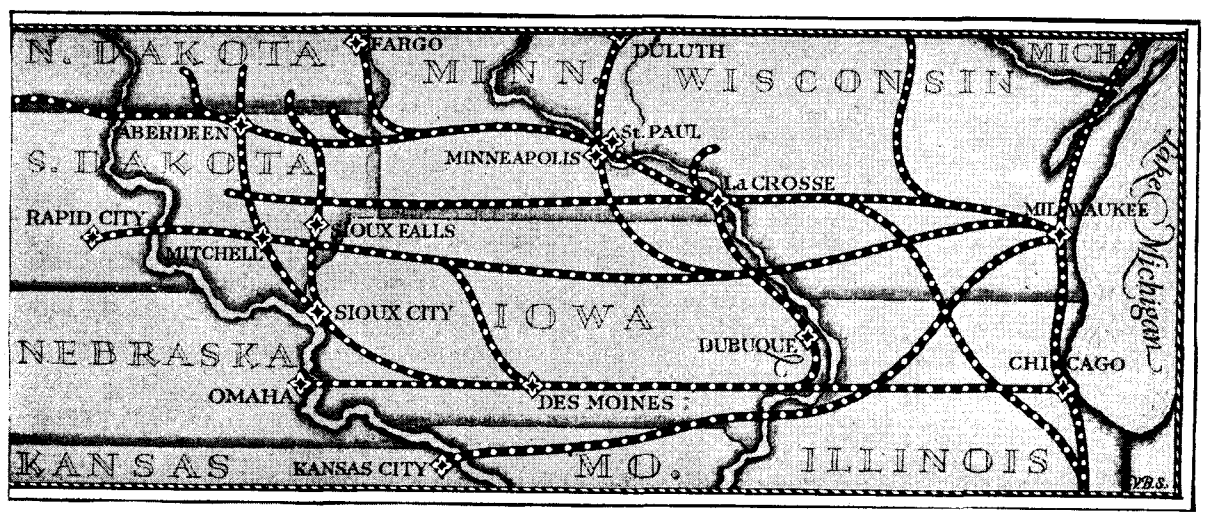
For 660 miles across four great mountain ranges—Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky and Cascade, to shipside—*it is electrified*. Another revolutionary development is the adoption by the Milwaukee Road, for the first time in railroad transportation, of *roller bearings on passenger cars*.

Hydro-electric power, generated in remote valleys of Montana, sends the great trains—both passenger and freight—humming over roadless mountains by the most scientifically planned *direct line to the Coast*.

The road to wonderland

Smooth, comfortable, luxurious travel on trains that are rated among the most famous limiteds in the world will take you through the most diversified and beautiful regions in America. Far-sighted industrial and commercial leaders are traveling this route to the Coast not only for the special delights of the trip, but to study first-hand the trend of development in this richest and youngest quarter of the Nation.

MILWAUKEE ROAD



Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma

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C A S T E

Continued from page 26

After having reveled for several moments in a sense of relief, and being luckily unendowed with the uncanny gift that enables people to see into the future, Helen transferred herself lazily, and with her usual grace, to a sofa. There was a smile of admiration and respect in her eyes as she looked at the man who was called her husband by law.

She said, "I shall make it necessary for you to get larger hats, with my compliments. All the same, I have to say that domesticity and partnership are working wonders on you."

It occurred to Farquhar that she might be more comfortable if he put another cushion behind her head. It occurred to him also, not for the first time lately, how nice it would be if she were to make a cushion of him.

"It's perfectly easy to get larger hats," he said. "Thank you very much. What sort of wonders do you mean?"

"Well, in this case, your undramatic steadiness kept us from slipping into hysterics. You were less the retired sea captain with his head full of port-side memories and more than ever before the man who is trying to make up his mind to throw in his lot with his wife. It was good."

It was then that Farquhar lit his pipe. "When will you begin to understand," he said, "that I have definitely thrown in my lot with you?"

She had, as a matter of fact, gone much further than the beginning of such an understanding. From every well-known sign she knew that he had cast his anchor at home—or rather wherever she happened to be. It had become easy for her to see that not only had his long respect been deepened and strengthened by her attitude during their domestic trouble but that he liked her now.

The point was, did she care? Was she prepared, after having been left a free lance so long, to give up her independence and share her life with a man who had found his way home so late? Had he any of the sufficiently attractive qualities to make it worth her while to forgive him for his philandering and neglect and swallow her pride?

Yes, he had proved to her that he had. His behavior both ways on the Atlantic, in London and Paris and recently in New York, had made it abundantly clear that he was a man to cultivate.

He was a serious person who could be taken seriously. His eager desire to shoulder his responsibilities made him one for whom others were glad to be responsible. In giving sympathy he obtained it, and there was something so fine in his hard-won humbleness and so pitiable in his wish to be given a place that he won compassion and gained respect.

SO SHE said, bringing things to a point, although she was an artist in tangents, "By which you mean that even after Jean is married and our worries are over your intention is to be good?" It was not by accident that she used his word.

"Exactly that," he said.

But it was utterly against her nature to allow this arrangement to go through without a certain amount of fun. She had all a cat's delight in playing with her victim. There was the possibility here of a very charming intrigue—a rather original intrigue, because it isn't every day that a woman has the chance of conducting a lover-like episode with a man to whom she has been married for over twenty-five years. And he was a very good-looking person.

"That's all very well from your point of view, but have you considered mine?"

That was a difficult question to answer, as she intended it to be.

"I've tried to do so," he said, with a curious boyishness. "And once or twice lately you've encouraged me to hope that it's the same, or that I may be able to make it the same, as mine is. If you've managed to give it any thought during this troublesome time, will you let me know? If you've decided that I shall be a white elephant about the house, you've only to say so, of course. I'll take the kick and get out."

"That's honest and nice," she said. "We'll argue the matter, then."

"Thanks. That's great."

He put down his pipe, left his inevitable stand with his back to the fire, drew up a chair and sat down. It

What I learned from
SUZANNE

The secrets of Lenglen's success, by the tennis star who played against her during her American tour:

Mary K. Browne

In Next Week's Collier's

was easy to see from whom Jean had inherited her sometimes disconcerting directness.

Old? At fifty-five? Why, good Heavens, the man hadn't a line on his face! He was as fit as an athlete, for all his white hair and regrets. What an admirable nose and chin! Yes, he was astonishingly good-looking.

He leaned forward eagerly.

"I find that I'm sick of cities," she said. "Does that make any difference to you?"

"I've always been sick of cities. I'd never go near them except to get clothes."

"I can't swear to it, but I believe I'm coming to a mood for a house with a garden—an old house and an old garden."

"But," she went on to say, "what if I discover in the next few weeks—I don't want to move again yet—that what's coming over me is the wanderlust—the sort of antithesis of homesickness, the urge to get away from people and chatter and functions, dressing and being a slave?"

"I don't care," he said. "It's all the same to me."

"What! You'd have the patience to follow me in and out of places all over the map of Europe where we should never see a tourist or a baccarat-room, or a hotel with three stars?"

"I want to be with you."

"You think that would be sport enough?"

"Call it that if you like."

She laughed, and so did he. At least he wrinkled up his eyes.

"But you'd much prefer a country house with certain regular sports?"

"Yes," he said, "I should. But it isn't for me to choose."

"But don't you think you ought to have some sort of say in the matter?"

"No. I don't see why I should. I'm asking a good deal of you."

"What precisely *are* you asking of me?"

He was silent for a moment, but not because of embarrassment and self-consciousness. He wanted to choose words that were absolutely honest and simple, impossible to misunderstand.

And so he said, "Forgiveness, friendship, trust, patience, equal loyalty."

She was surprised and disappointed at his stopping there. "Nothing else?" she asked.

"Don't you think, then, that's enough?"

"Do you?"

"I've said that it is," he said.

And she could see that he meant what he said. Good Heavens, then the man had achieved such humbleness as to be content with no more than these! For an instant the devil in her tempted her sorely to force him to say the thing for which he wasn't going to ask and never expected to get. She was beautiful enough and woman enough to take it for granted that that was among his hopes. . . . There was, of course, the vaguest possibility that she might be wrong . . . Then, too, it might be a little unfair to take advantage of his being a prodigal and a debtor and make him go so far.

"Very well, I accept," she said, giving him her hand.

He seized it in a close grip and held it while he spoke. "I'm most frightfully obliged—and grateful. I'll do my darnedest not to get in your way."

"And I'll do mine to see that you do," she thought.

"Then that's settled," she said. "Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Dalbeattie Farquhar will be seen about together. . . . There'll be gossip, you know!"

"I don't care this time."

"Nasty-minded people will say that we've fallen in love."

"All right, let 'em, if it does 'em any good."

It would do everybody good.

She let him see that she had a mind to move. It was perfectly easy to help her up. He had forgotten to let go her hand.

"And now, at last, for a bath."

"Oh, I'm beastly sorry," he said. "I've been keeping you." He was standing rather close.

What was more natural, under the circumstances, than that she should put her head on his chest, a very lovely head—the man was her husband, and she was a little tired.

He liked it very much. Tremendously, in fact.

She said, "I'm a little tired."

And it occurred to him that it might make her more comfortable if he supported her with his arm.

Whereupon she raised her face, and there was a smile on her lips. "You *are* a funny old thing," she said. "But you must scratch the old, my dear."

He actually laughed at that. Farquhar—if you please. But it wasn't all a laugh. There was something in his throat.

AFTER a moment of utter thankfulness at the knowledge that he belonged, he kissed her on the cheek.

And then she went to the door. Bath and salts were still required, though not any longer the fingers of a maid on her head.

"You may fetch me in about an hour. We dine together tonight."

"Very jolly," he said.

She waved her hand and left. And as she closed the door she gave a quiet chuckle. "The cheek?" she said to herself. "Oh, bless you, no. Nothing like that, my dear."

And when she had gone, that charming feminine creature who had courage and kindness and the inestimable gift of laughter, Farquhar squared his shoulders. "Compensation? . . . Yes, indeed!"

But they didn't dine together that night. Jean returned and joined them.

She said, "Mumsie, Max is asleep. Simply dead asleep. When we went up to his room his clothes were lying in a heap on the floor. He had shed them and let them drop. Mr. Lorbenstein said, after gazing at him anxiously, 'Thank God, my boy is safe. But he has been through something that has exhausted his mind as well as his body. We must let him have it out.' He never stirred at our whispers, or when Mr. Lorbenstein put his hand on his head and found it hot and was frightened and then tucked the clothes round his shoulders. And when I kissed him he seemed to be miles away—a sleeping spirit in a worn-out body." Her voice broke.

Presently she said: "Mumsie, I don't know why, but I'm more worried now than at any time during the day—this horrible day. He's ill—but it isn't that altogether, because he's strong. It's . . . I don t know how to put it—but it's an inside hurt. I know Max, and it's that that comes to me. Something's happened. I don't know what it is but . . . it's rather terrible."

THAT night, and during many other days and nights Helen and Farquhar were required to forget themselves and each other and devote their thoughts to Jean.

Jean's fright spread to them from the moment of her next return from the Lorbenstein house and said, her eyes very large and with a tremble on her lips: "Mumsie, I'm not allowed to see Max. Mr. Lorbenstein came down and told me that those are the doctor's orders. He said that he *is* ill, very ill, and that the doctor will have all he can do to prevent a very bad breakdown. His father and the nurses are the only people who are to go to his room. What could have happened that night?"

At the beginning Jean was restless, bewildered, jealous of the nurses, angry at times. She argued that she, of all people, had the right to be with Max—the more so because he was ill. The doctor must be a fool. Max needed and would be lost without her. He was when he was well. It was all wrong to keep her away.

Then it began to dawn upon her that he was very much worse than they gave out, and that Max begged them not to let her know. Under the shock of this carking thought she went about like a wandering spirit, aimless, with the feeling that she had been disconnected from life. She ate and slept and dressed, listened to people talk, heard the incessant roar of traffic and went through the routine of living while appearing to be outside.

Her perspective altered, and although she haunted her father and mother they seemed to be moving on another dimension, at a different angle from hers. Max was everything—light, sun, laughter, responsibility, the power that made her heart beat. She was so much his and of him that to be away, shut out, alone, just meant that she was nothing, a mere automaton.

What Helen and Farquhar thought was influenced by two most curious things. The first was a personal call by Mr. Lorbenstein at the end of the second day. He seemed deliberately to have chosen a moment when Jean, after much persuasion, had gone out for a walk. He was quiet and courteous and as friendly as ever, but, strangely enough, without the dramatic look of anxiety which, under the circumstances, would have been characteristic of him.

His visit was brief and hurried, and gave Helen the distinct though unexplainable impression that he was eager to avoid Jean. He said that Max was improving slowly. He was not suffering so much from the dire effects of poisoned drinks as, they must understand, from a mental shock, at present unexplained. It might be necessary to keep him isolated, he said, except for

(*Continued on page 38*)

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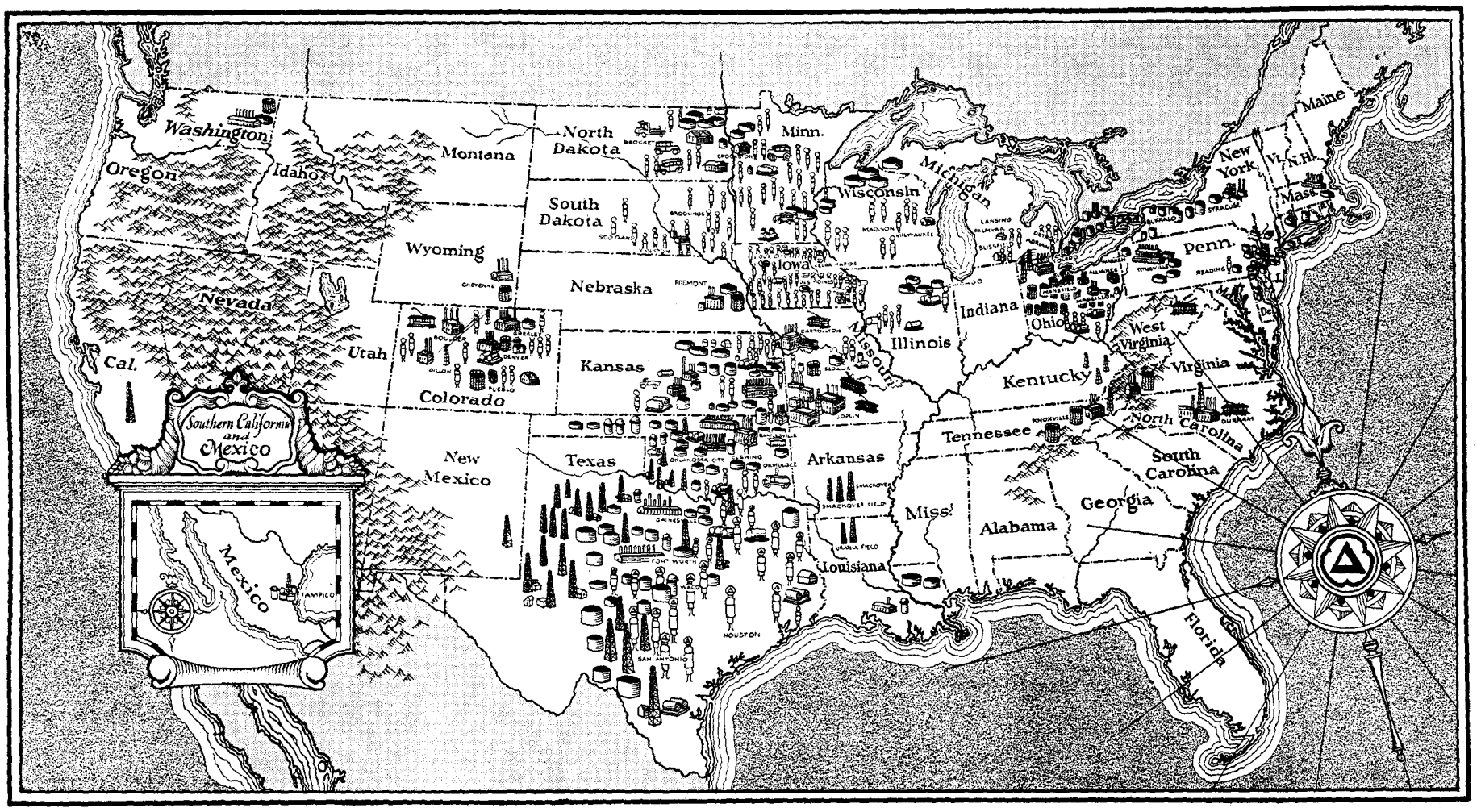

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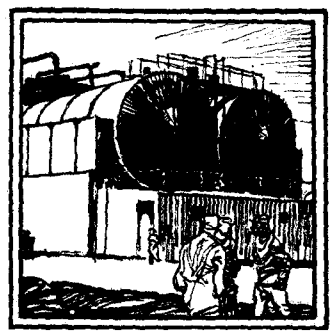

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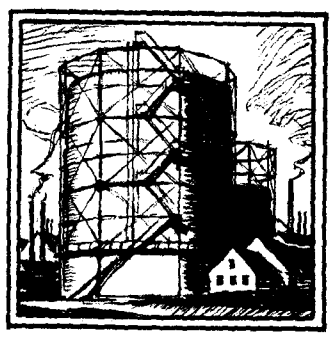

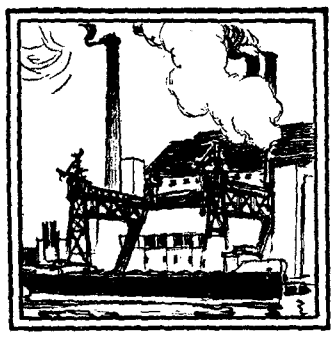

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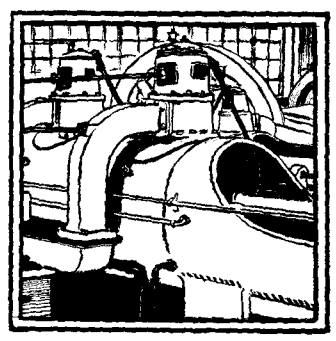

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

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CASTE

Continued from page 36

the nurses and himself and the doctor, for several weeks, perhaps. It was impossible to say. Under the circumstances, then, it might be as well if Mrs. Farquhar desisted—er, held up, put off, suspended—that was the word, he thought—"her efforts in the direction of a trousseau for Jean. You see, these things get out of date." And, having taken what was obviously a pretty high jump, and sent his love to Jean, Mr. Lorbenstein bowed himself out.

There might have been nothing to puzzle about in this suggestion, and they couldn't see why there should be. All the same when Helen said, "I think we'll forget to mention this to Jean," Farquhar agreed.

Mr. Lorbenstein continued to be punctilious in his morning and evening reports. Nine and half past five. "Nothing to boast about. A slight improvement. Slight, but undoubted. Must be kept from everyone. My warm regards."

The second of these things was more than curious and brought things to a head.

One afternoon, at the end of a week, Farquhar happened to walk level with Denham in Fifty-seventh Street. If he hadn't been deeply concerned and anxious he would have recognized this man, although he was wearing private clothes and his private expression and had a word or two. As it was, it was Denham, rather palpably under the influence of cocktails, who recognized him and spoke.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said, flicking his hand to his ear.

"Oh, how are you, Denham? Glad to see you."

"The same here, sir." Denham fell in step.

"Lots of trouble these times."

"My theory turned out to be right about prohibition, eh, sir?" He gave a laugh and jerked his tie. "'Owever, thank Gord, we 'aven't to talk about blindness or anything like that. There's lots of cases about."

"Thank God, no," said Farquhar. "It's a nasty business though. A whole week already with nurses and even Miss Jean kept out."

Denham shot round his head.

"Nurses?" He echoed the word with astonishment. "Where?"

Farquhar was more than astonished. "You haven't left Mr. Lorbenstein, have you?"

"No, sir. Nor is it likely. I'm perfectly satisfied."

"Then I don't understand what you mean." He spoke sharply.

IT HAD the effect of giving Denham a jerk. But he remained astonished, and there it was. "A whole week already with nurses," he repeated. "Beg pardon, sir, but to the best of my knowledge and belief, I 'aven't seen no nurses. . . . Nurses? Why?"

Farquhar drew up short.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have been in Mr. Lorbenstein's house and have seen no evidence of Mr. Max's illness? You must be drunk, Denham."

"Well, sir, this is my day off, and I won't deny but what I've 'ad a spot or two with a pal. But I'm not drunk by at least thirteen, and even then I could pass the sentry. And what I say is said with a knowledge of facts. There 'ave not been no nurses in Mr. Lorbenstein's 'ouse, sir, for the simple reason that Mr. Max, after a couple of quiet days, 'as neither been ill nor there."

"What?" It appeared to Farquhar that he himself must be drunk.

His amazement puzzled Denham.

He said, "I don't know whether I'm sayin' anything I oughtn't—I've 'ad no orders—but of course I thought as 'ow Miss Jean and you, sir, would be the first to be told by my old gentleman all about Mr. Max. Why, I saw him get into the car a matter of four days ago, sir, with luggage, and, bar a bit of paleness, he looked quite fit to me. He's been stayin' at our country place on Long Island, sir, along with Mrs. Oscar Saab.

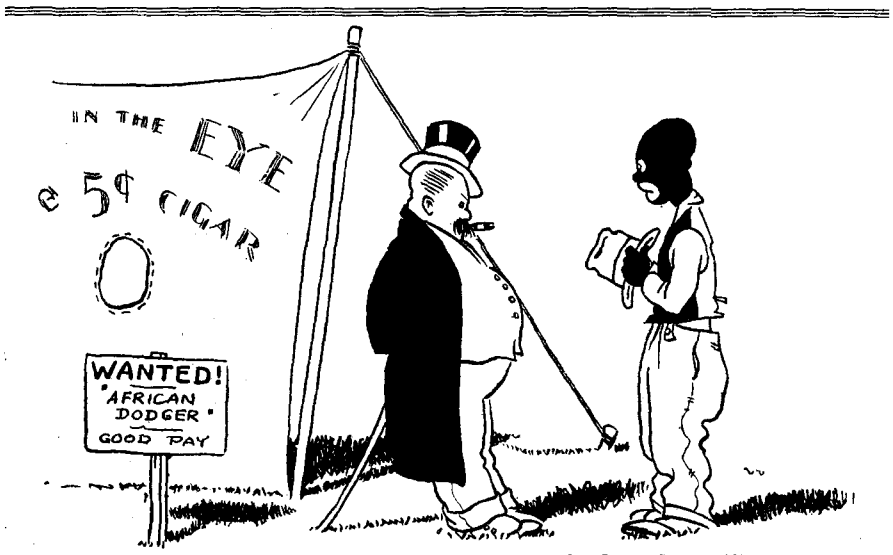
"I see," said Farquhar. "Thanks. Good day."

"Good day to you, sir." An ex-sergeant major's hand was flicked up to an ear.

Farquhar called a taxi, told the driver to burn the road to Mr. Lorbenstein's house, and sat bolt upright with blazing eyes.

There was some damned chicanery here! For some unaccountable reason there was a trick in all this. What on earth did it mean? Denham couldn't have manufactured this story. He was a perfectly decent, responsible fellow, very far from drunk, and yet it was preposterous to imagine that Max, who adored Jean, and his charming and friendly father, whose joy in the approaching marriage had been very moving at times, should deliberately have made her suffer for God only knew what strange misunderstanding that they were not frank enough to explain.

"Max," he said to himself, "why, Max



Manager: "What experience have you had dodging?"
Eager Applicant: "Ah's jist a amachure, Boss—but Ah's had twenny-fo' yeahs ob home life."

is the . . . the kindest, most humane, most loving and lovable . . . and as to Mr. Lorbenstein, I've never met anyone so thoughtful, gentle and punctilious. . . . By George, I give it up."

But there was anger and resentment all about him in the middle of this maze because he could see the more and more heartbreaking sight of his daughter looking like a young bird that had fallen out of its nest. *He* was of no use to her, and Helen not much more. She was lost without this man.

Only once had he seen such love as hers, such a pride of possession, so deep and true and unselfish a devotion, such an ecstasy of protection. . . .

Mr. Lorbenstein was seated at the piano with his shoulders hunched and his hands on the keys, limply. Tears were chasing each other down his face and dripping from his chin. He didn't look up when he was aware of Farquhar's presence. He merely shook his head and held out his right hand. He looked old and frail.

Farquhar said, "What is it? What's the matter?" and hurried forward.

The old gentleman gave a sob.

"Has it anything to do with Max? Where *is* he? What is the matter here?"

Mr. Lorbenstein took Farquhar's hand in both his own and looked up, though he couldn't see through his glasses.

"The matter here, my friend," he said, very brokenly, "is that Max has been burning himself at the stake. Behind my unwilling deception he has been sacrificing himself on the black and godless altar of intolerance and prejudice. . . . I beg you to let me finish if I can. In his own words, he has given way to the combined attacks of your people and mine. He has drawn back from what one side called cruelty and vandalism—the other ratting and disloyalty. He has gone."

He put his head on Farquhar's arm and wept.

Farquhar was aghast.

He managed to say, "Gone? But, surely you . . . you don't ask me to believe that Max has *left* Jean simply because of the damned impertinent interference of people who talk about caste and race? You and I gave our consent."

"That was not enough. The others continued to fight. But it is for Jean's good, to ensure Jean's future happiness—he would have faced hostility—that Max has made an escape. He did not put a bullet through his brains, and is alive. He sailed this afternoon. But it is not life. He has a broken heart."

Farquhar could see a picture of Jean, staggered, struck down, crumpled. . . .

Mr. Lorbenstein went on through his tears:

"You will understand that it demanded great courage of Max to go without seeing Jean and saying a—a last good-by. He wished to spare her that. You will give her this. And with it his love and my love and a prayer for God's mercy."

He got up as though he were at the end of his strength.

But he wasn't at the end of his strength.

AS FARQUHAR went to the door with a letter in his hand he raised his arms and his voice and cried out loudly, supporting himself on the piano to which he clung as the symbol of Max, "The tree of liberty is being killed by the hatred of our two races. It is a dying tree. Prejudice and intolerance are eating at its roots. Its branches are snapping and its leaves are falling, and who is there in all this world to water it with kindness and good will?"

Farquhar walked home slowly.

Civilization? Barbarism was the better word, he thought. We were not moving on, but slipping back. Fear, hate, jealousy, and persecution were rampant. What were the churches doing? What was the use of old and new religions? Where was the influence of a League of Nations, a World Court, of any other of the numerous and high-sounding institutions which worked for the end of hostility when Jews and Gentiles were allowed to loathe each other as in the old bad days?

In a mood of heavy depression Farquhar asked himself these questions and was bound to leave them unanswered. All he knew at the age of fifty-five was summed up in words of Amiel, which he had used before: "Life is the apprenticeship to progressive renunciation; to the steady diminution of our claims, of our hopes, of our powers, of our liberty." He could only venture upon the most humble hope that in spite of changes, creeds, philosophies and outworn systems, God remained. If that were so, then there was compensation for the man who played straight and was decent, who was charitable and cultivated kindness, who struggled to be unselfish and knuckled down with courage to disillusion, disappointment, ingratitude and grief.

AS TO courage, more of that was demanded of him in delivering Max's letter to Jean than he had ever been required to show in his life. It seemed to him that he had been asked, as a punishment for his former neglect, to hand her a knife with which to cut out her heart.

He found her in the morning-room with Helen. She was standing in his particular place with her back to the fire. She had evidently just come in. From driving, he thought, by the color on her face. The wind was keen that day. And it inspired him to see that she had taken a grip on herself and was among them and of them again. Had she the grit, her mother's grit, to take this blow standing? Was there anything in blood and caste when it came to a show-down?

"Tony's been here," she said.

"Oh?"

"I withdraw all the nasty things I've been saying about him. He *is* a good sportsman, I find."

"That's good," said Farquhar. Please God, in him there might be compensation.

Helen noticed that Farquhar didn't go for his pipe, and that, instead of standing up to dominate, as was his rather fatuous way, even among women, he sat down heavily and put his hand to his head.

Good Heavens, was there something new and worse?

"Where have you been, Father?"

"Exercising," he said. "At the end of a long walk I ran into Denham. After certain things that he told me I went to see Mr. Lorbenstein. He asked me to give you this." He took out the letter.

Jean didn't move. "What is it?"

"A letter from Max."

"From Max? . . . Did you see him?"

"No," said Farquhar. "He's gone."

"Gone?" There was a ring of terror in Jean's voice. But still she was unable to move. "Are you—trying to tell me—that Max is dead?"

Farquhar said, striving to temper the blow, "No, not dead. But not much more than alive after having, as his father said, 'burned himself at the stake, sacrificed himself on the godless altar of intolerance and prejudice.'"

Jean said, swaying a little, "I don't understand."

Farquhar kept his voice steady and quiet. There might be something in example that would help. "He was thinking solely about you and your future happiness," he said.

Then he got up, went to Jean, held her trembling body tight for a moment, kissed her, put the letter into her hand, and turned to his wife.

"It's time to dress," he said. "Shall I take you up?"

Whereupon, guessing that Max was about to say something to Jean in his letter that was too sacred to be overheard, Helen walked quickly to the door.

One compassionate backward glance showed them that young and lovely girl holding a few brave and beautiful words of renunciation and sacrifice in a shaking hand.

When Helen went into Jean's bedroom to say good night she saw that a little medallion of the Madonna had been hung round the photograph of Max.

THE END

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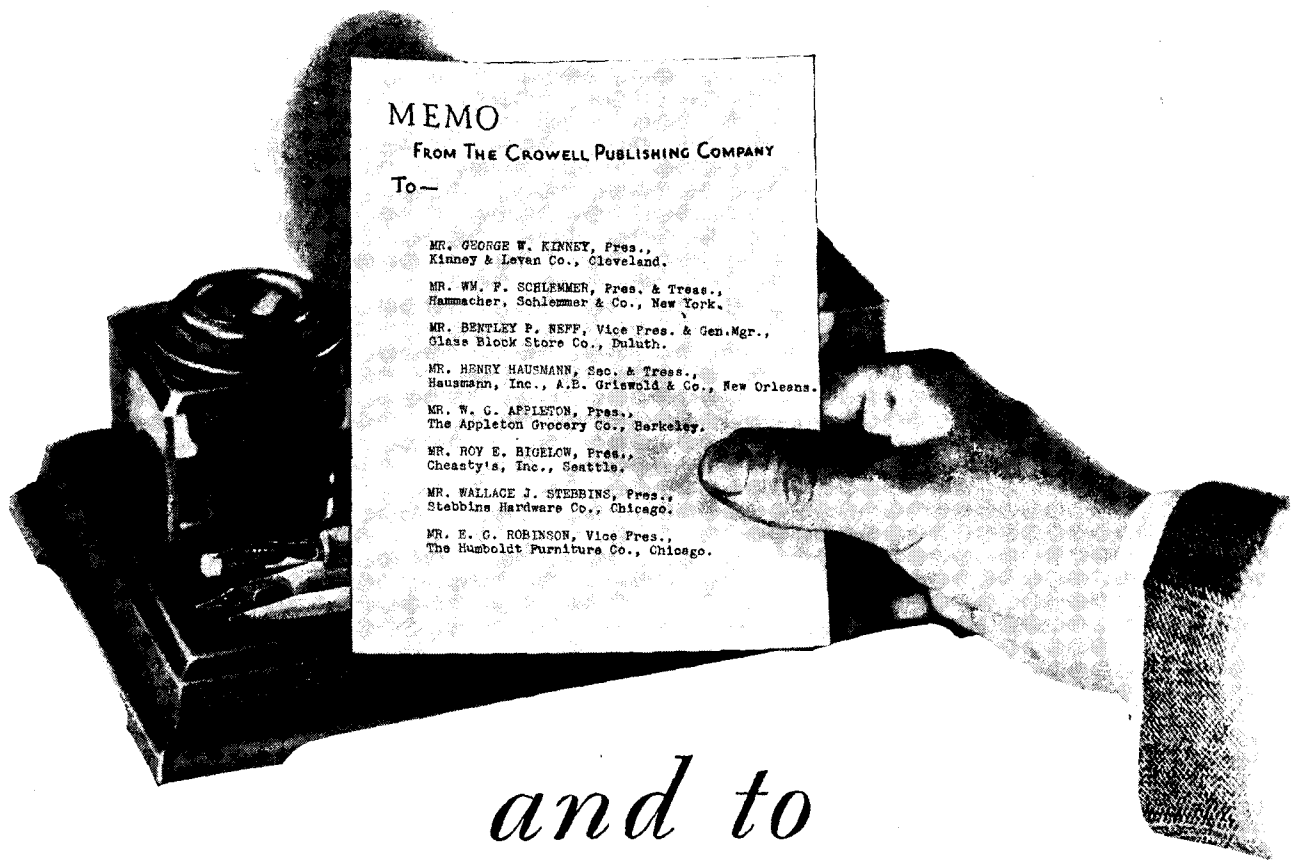
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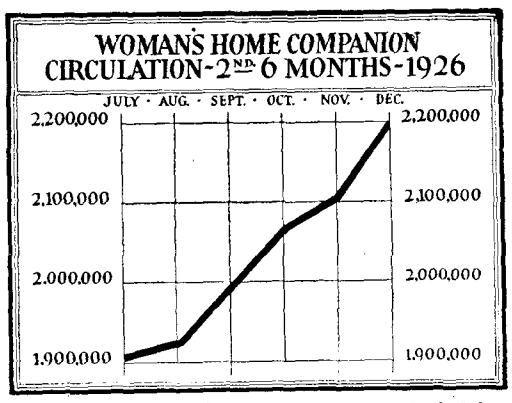
They know, for example, that the circulation of the Woman's Home Companion has gained steadily from less than 900,000 in 1915 to more than 1,900,000 in the first part of 1926—a growth averaging nearly 100,000 copies a year!



How Woman's Home Companion circulation climbed during the second six months of 1926—the climax of 12 years of steady growth averaging 100,000 readers a year

Now—in 6 months!

The last six months of 1926, however, tell a story of growth that is even more impressive—a phenomenal rise from 1,900,000 readers in July to 2,200,000 in December. An increase of a third of a million readers!

Thus more than ever the Woman's Home Companion is creating desire right in the neighborhoods of dealers' stores for Companion-advertised products.

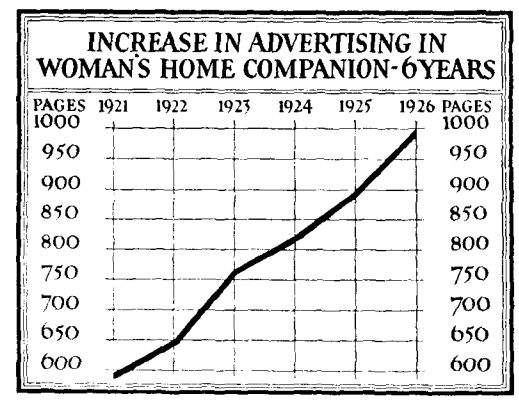
Manufacturers also have felt this sales-creating power of the Woman's Home Companion. And they have responded to it.

For every year the Companion's advertising lineage also grows. The chart at the right shows how steadily and vigorously.

An increase of 407 advertising pages between 1921 and 1926! A growth of 250,243 advertising lines!

And all this can mean but one thing—that with the Companion at its highest level of reader popularity and local sales influence, it will repay merchants more than ever to link up their own efforts with Companion advertising. It will profit them to carry Companion-advertised products. To feature and push these products. To tie-up with manufacturers' advertising in the Companion by means of local advertising, counter displays, window displays, etc.

Successful merchants everywhere find that it pays.



Year by year "advertising acceptance" of the Woman's Home Companion has grown. Advertisers today find the Companion indispensable to effective coverage of the home market

Woman's Home Companion

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your face needs *after-shaving care*

FOR all-day comfort after shaving the skin must retain its natural moisture. This makes for softness and smoothness. Aqua Velva, the new scientific after-shaving liquid, helps the skin retain this needed moisture. Unlike greases, Aqua Velva leaves no trace.

Aqua Velva gives these 5 benefits

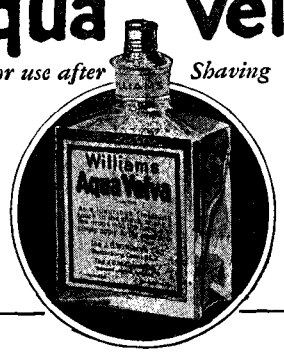
1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against sun and wind.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. Aqua Velva keeps the skin flexible and smooth all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Free—Let us send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Mail us the coupon below or a postcard—today.

Aqua Velva sells for 50c in the U. S. A., in large 5-ounce bottles. By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, in case your dealer is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after Shaving



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 34 C Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name .....

Address .....

Col. 4-30-27

The Ninety-ninth Thread

Continued from page 23

to me—says you would remember him."

"I remember you, of course," Angus said, turning to his visitor. "Mr. Hunley told me your story, and I saw you at Goodwood."

"I saw you too, sir," Coulson observed. "I felt that you were interested—I knew that you were when you waited in the R. A. C. inclosure to see whether I should find my wife and Merridew."

Angus nodded sympathetically. "I hope you've got over all that nonsense you were talking to Mr. Hunley," he said.

"Perhaps I have, and perhaps I haven't, sir," was the quiet reply. "Have you seen the papers this morning?"

"Not yet," Angus admitted.

"Better read about a certain shooting case first, sir, before I explain my business," Coulson suggested.

Peter Bragg passed across the newspaper in which he himself had been engrossed. Angus gave a little start as he read the headlines:

MAN AND WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN A HAMPSTEAD FLAT

There were very few details. A man named Merridew, a betting agent, and a woman bearing the name of Coulson, although she was supposed to be divorced from her husband, had been discovered by one of the servants at Carnsforth Buildings, Hampstead, dead, early in the morning, both shot through the head. A revolver had been found by the side of the man, and an arrest was expected hourly. Angus threw down the paper and turned to his visitor.

"Well?"

"I have some facts to lay before you," the latter announced calmly. "Please both listen. Two heads are better than one. The woman was my wife. I killed her first lover and went to prison for three years for it. I swore when I came out that I meant to kill her and, if she had found another protector, to kill him also. That is common knowledge. I have loitered in the neighborhood of that flat in Hampstead for weeks, keeping them always in a state of nervous alarm. They have told a dozen people of their terror of me. I visited them at the flat last night. The revolver found by the side of Merridew is mine. I believe that I was seen to enter and leave the flat, yet I did not shoot either of them. They were alive when I left them. I have no idea how they met their death. I know perfectly well that I shall be arrested before the day is over. Will you do what you can for me?"

Angus sat back in his chair. A fit of speechlessness was upon him. His partner leaned across the table.

"Listen," he said. "Let me get this right! You killed the woman's first lover. You went to prison. You threatened to kill her when you came out, and anyone she might be with. You've hung around their flat. You were seen to enter it last night. They are both shot dead. Your revolver is lying on the floor. You were seen to leave the flat. What chance, I ask you, has anyone got to do anything for you?"

"There must be a chance somewhere," Coulson insisted, "because I did not kill them."

"What did you go there for, then?" Peter Bragg asked patiently.

"To tell them that I'd changed my mind. I have turned over a new leaf. I am engaged to be married."

"If your present story is the true one," Peter Bragg remarked, "I think that coincidence has made you the most unfortunate man in the world."

"Listen here," Coulson continued, addressing Angus. "I've heard about you. You're not in this business like the police, to worry along the routine ways. Here is your one chance in a lifetime. On the face of it, it's a hundred to one that I'm guilty. I'm not. Try to find that ninety-ninth thread."

"Can you help?" Angus asked.

The man shook his head.

"I cannot," he admitted. "I am just like everyone else will be. I should believe myself guilty if I didn't know I wasn't."

"I'll do what I can," Angus decided, "but I warn you—"

"You needn't trouble," the other interrupted. "I'm not going to attempt to get away. I shall be arrested before the day is out, of course. I shall spend the night in the prison cells, trying to imagine what happened."

"One word more," Angus begged, with his hand upon the door knob. "There's no question of suicide and murder, I suppose?"

"Why should there be?" was the hopeless rejoinder. "They appear to have been the most devoted couple—never seen apart, and Merridew is supposed to have been a very wealthy man. I'm afraid the neighbors' evidence would soon settle that. You'll do your best, Mr. Angus?"

"I'll do anything that can be done," Angus promised, a little dubiously.

ANGUS dined a few nights afterward at his club with Hunley.

"So our little friend kept his word," Angus observed.

Hunley nodded gloomily.

"Silly fool!" he muttered. "He got off once, and now he must go and absolutely pay for what he's certain to get. I'd defend him if he had a leg to stand on, but he hasn't. To make things worse, he's lost his nerve—wants to plead 'not guilty.'"

"I suppose there's no doubt that he did do it?" Angus asked.

The K. C. shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear fellow," he pointed out, "he announced his intention of killing them right and left. He's been frightening them to death for weeks. He's somehow or other become possessed of a key to their flat. He's seen to enter it; he's seen to leave. His revolver is found there; the two are dead."

"I know," Angus remarked, "but he says he didn't do it."

The K. C. scoffed.

"Every man's nerve breaks now and then."

"Can I look over the rooms?"

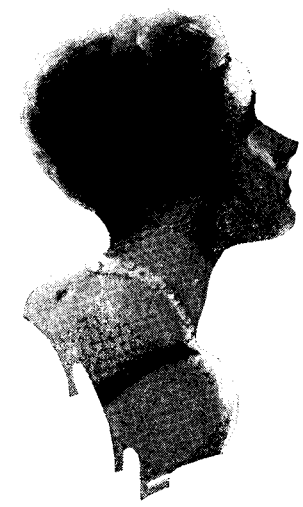
"If you wish to, with pleasure. I'll give you a card to Ryan of Scotland Yard. He's in charge. He'll be there tomorrow, I believe."

Hunley drew his case from his pocket, scribbled on the back of a visiting card, and passed it over to Angus. As though by common consent, they dined thenceforward without a mention of Coulson's name. Angus, however, excused himself from bridge afterward. He spent the rest of the evening in the neighborhood of Carnsforth Buildings.

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the following morning Inspector Ryan and Angus ascended by the elevator to the fifth floor of Carnsforth Buildings, and the former exchanged a word or two with the policeman who was on guard at the entrance to the flat. It was that few minutes' conversation which probably saved Coulson's life, for in the interval of waiting and looking around Angus was attracted by the letter chute just outside the door. He studied it for a few minutes thoughtfully. Presently the inspector produced his keys, and they entered the darkened hall and passed into the sitting-room which had been the scene of the tragedy. The inspector took Angus by the arm.

"I don't know that there's much to show you of interest here, sir," he remarked. "The chalk marks show just where each body was lying. Look round the room as much as you like. My job this morning is just to see if there are any bullet marks in the walls. Nothing else has been touched."

Angus, with a little shiver, drew up one of the blinds, and took stock of his surroundings. The room was furnished as might have been expected—with a certain amount of ostentation, but a great deal of vulgarity—heavy plush chairs with carved oak backs, an elaborately carved sideboard, a thick carpet, a number of meretricious ornaments, a piano draped with faded silk, photographs in silver frames, even a few



ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

begins the most thrilling serial ever written

"TWIN WIVES"

In Next Week's Collier's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fans upon the walls. In a corner of the room was a small writing table.

"Have you the key to this, Inspector?" Angus asked.

The inspector nodded, and selected one.

"We've been through the contents," he observed. "Very little except bills and sporting tips. We didn't disturb things more than we could help. There wasn't anything to look for, really."

"Just so," Angus murmured.

The inspector turned the key, and the top slid down. Inside there was a blotting pad and an inkstand. The pen, Angus decided, had probably been used within the last few days, and there was still ink in the pot. The blotting pad he lifted out and took to the light.

"There's an address of a letter here, Inspector," he remarked.

The inspector was not greatly interested.

"Might have been written at any time," he commented. "Besides, we're not looking for the murderer, are we? He's safe under lock and key."

Angus made no reply. He was holding the fragment of blotting paper up to the window.

"This is probably," he observed, "the last letter written by Merridew. He must have had a brother. This is addressed to R. Merridew, but I'm hanged if I can read the rest of it."

The inspector crossed the room a little languidly. He was only concerned with finishing up the technical details of his perfect case. He did his best, however, to decipher the remainder of the address.

"It's R. Merridew, Esquire, all right," he decided, "and it is at some club in W. C. 2. Are you attaching any importance to this, sir?"

"This much," Angus said earnestly. "On the face of it, Coulson is undoubtedly the murderer. Curiously enough, however, although he pleaded guilty to the first affair all right, this time he swears that he never killed either of these people. Very well—it's a thin chance enough, but let's give him that chance. If he didn't—if there was anyone else concerned—the last letter written by Merridew might help us."

"That's quite right, sir," the inspector admitted doubtfully.

"It's some club of two syllables in the W. C. 2 district," Angus went on. "Do you mind my turning my men on it while you finish your job here? If I discover the letter, of course I'll do nothing without you."

The inspector smiled.

"Why, you go right ahead, sir," he agreed. "I've got to be able to swear as to the condition of these walls. It will take me about an hour. I shall be at Scotland Yard afterward."

Angus, with the sheet of blotting paper in his pocket, took his leave.

IT WAS barely midday when Angus, with two of his Strand House employees, started the rounding up of all the social clubs in the district comprised by W. C. 2; it was nearly ten o'clock when he found himself seated on a hard cane chair opposite the letter rack of the Alpha Club in Henter Street, W. C. 2, watching a letter in the rack and waiting for the arrival of Inspector Ryan, Angus himself under the uneasy observation of a seedy-looking hall porter, collarless and unshaven. An occasional member, pausing on his way in or out, glanced furtively toward him.

There were other indications of the fact that the Alpha Club was scarcely an establishment of high social standing, but Angus had only one anxiety—that the letter should remain where it was until the arrival of the inspector. When at last a car stopped outside, not only the inspector himself but also the deputy chief commissioner of police made their appearance. The uniform of the former reduced the hall porter, who had risen to his feet, to stupefied silence. Angus advanced to greet the newcomers.

"There's the letter, Inspector," he pointed out, "which, according to my theory, was written by Merridew, on the night of his death, to his brother. If there is any other explanation of the tragedy besides the obvious one, it is to be found there."

The deputy chief commissioner turned to the hall porter.

"Mr. Merridew is a member of the club?" he inquired.

"He's a member, sir," the man admitted, "but he ain't often here."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"I did hear," the man ventured, "that he was in France somewhere."

"You don't know when to expect him back?"

"Not exactly, sir. There's a good few as calls here says he owes them money."

The deputy chief commissioner withdrew the letter from the rack.

"I'm taking possession of this letter in the name of the law," he announced curtly. "Have you a room here where we can be alone for a few minutes?"

THE man, properly impressed, ushered them into a bare little waiting-room, and turned on a jet of gas. The deputy chief commissioner produced a penknife and cut the flap of the envelope. He spread the letter out upon the table. The three men read it together:

9 Carnsforth Buildings,
Hampstead, N. W.

Dear Bob:

I can do nothing to help you. It's all up with me, anyway. I have spent my last shilling—sold the car yesterday—and Ada knows it. By the time you get this I shall have gone out.

Bob, you've been right to stay free from women. You know what Ada's been to me. Worse and worse, I've been getting for weeks and months. Yesterday I went to a doctor. He didn't spend five minutes over me; looked at me in a queer, old-fashioned sort of way. "Are you honest?" he asked. "You don't know what's the matter with you?" "I'll be hanged if I do," I told him, "or I wouldn't have spent a guinea coming here." "You've either been taking or you've been given arsenic steadily for the last three months," he said. "It's gone too far. I should get into a hospital quick, if I were you. I can do nothing."

Arsenic, Bob! What do you think of that?

It's been a queer night. I got back to Carnsforth Buildings and found Ada dolling herself up to go out. I've got used to that lately. It's that fellow Trumbull she is making up to, but that's all over now. I took her clothes off her, and locked the door. She squealed and cursed, but it wasn't any use. I didn't tell her what I had found out. I left that. I didn't tell her I was broke, although she'd pretty well guessed it, but while we were sitting there, who should come but that little devil Coulson—turned up this very night after all the months we've dodged him. I thought he'd found the courage at last, and I just laughed. It seemed like saving me a job. He came in just in his quiet way, and Ada, she was pretty well scared to death. He took an automatic pistol from his pocket and laid it upon the table. "You don't need to be afraid of me any more," he said quietly. "I've found a girl and I'm going to settle down. As for you, Ada," he went on, "you've been the worst wife to me any man ever had. I've been meaning to kill you both for months—just lingering over it. I was wrong. You aren't worth it. You need never be afraid of me any more. There's my gun. Do as you please!" And with that he turned his back on us and went out. We heard the lift go down. Ada, she was all excited like. "Thank God!" she exclaimed. "Jim, I'll have a drink on that!" She went trembling toward the sideboard, and I picked up the pistol. "There's another besides him means to make an end of you, my woman," I said, "and that's the man you've been poisoning for the last three months." With that she squealed, but I shot her. . . .

I've had three drinks, Bob. I've found a stamp, and I'll shove this in the chute. When I've done that I'm off myself. If there's anything left, it's yours, but there won't be much. So long,

JIM.

The three men looked at one another. The deputy chief commissioner placed

(*Continued on page 42*)

The Supreme Court on Books gives its verdict for The World Book

THE American Library Association, whose business it is to determine the actual value of books through reports of librarians, is considered the Supreme Court on Books. In its official publication, *The Booklist*, it gives The World Book unqualified recommendation and calls it "best of its type."

The Elementary School Library Committee of the National Education Association, in preparing the "Graded List of Books for Children," gives The World Book first place.

These — and State Boards of Education, Textbook Commissions, Parent-Teacher Associations, State Courses of Study, have virtually authorized The World Book into almost every public library and school in the United States.

William McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, says: "The World Book outclasses them all. It is used more than four times as much as any other book in our library."

Your boy and girl use The World Book. But school sets are limited in number. School hours are short. There is only one local library—and the children can't go there every night. They need The World Book at home . . . need the ten compact, beautifully bound volumes on the library table, handy for easy digging! Watch them refer to The World Book again and again in preparing a single lesson. This humanized world-knowledge fills in, alluringly, authentically, the outlines of their lesson assignments.

Encyclopedic in content—yet different . . . The World Book contains hundreds of correlated subjects of cultural interest never before in a reference work. Every article is an entertaining story; human, richly illustrated, strictly down to date . . . concise and more pleasing than the similar article in an ordinary encyclopedia.

Under the leadership of Professor M. V. O'Shea, University of Wisconsin, a staff of prominent educators and nationally known authorities compiled The World Book. Their purpose was to supply all the reference material demanded in both the grade school and the high school curriculum. The result is the most surprising, delightful, inviting reference set ever devised. Completely accepted by the highest educational authorities.

Such professional men and women as librarians, teachers, superintendents, are the exclusive representatives of The World Book in your community. Through them you obtain The World Book. Ask us for full information.

W. F. QUARRIE & COMPANY, *Publishers*, Chicago
Roach-Fowler Company, Kansas City, Missouri

The WORLD BOOK
[10 VOLUMES]
The humanized reference work for the whole family

W. F. QUARRIE & COMPANY
Dept. 4-D, 154 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, full information of The World Book.

Name _____

Address _____

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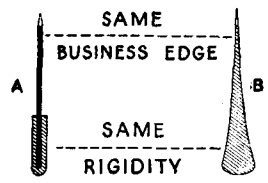
Ever-Ready has the same "backbone" *and* "business edge"



Compare the Ever-Ready Blade {A} to the old fashioned hollow ground razor {B}

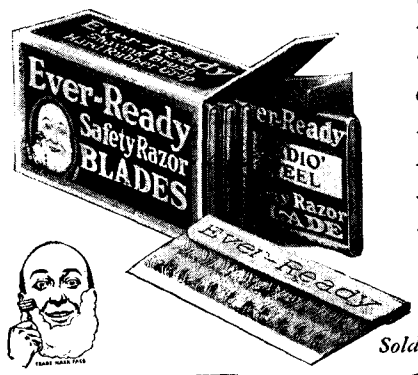
Both have "backbone"! Ever-Ready is reinforced across the back so that it meets the toughest beard firmly—without quiver or stutter. There's no "give" to it except the perfect shave it gives *you!* Ever-Ready has

Greater *keenness*

It is ground to a microscopic edge by methods that cannot be used in making straight razors. 3 miles of careful honing, 1800 feet of painstaking stropping give Ever-Ready *the keenest edge in the world.*

The uniform control of Ever-Ready quality insures something no other razor maker has attained — 100% *perfect blades to the package.* If ever a faulty blade escapes our factory vigilance, we'll make good, gladly.

EVER-READY will convert you to better shaving. A positive revelation awaits the man who is too indulgent with the poor blades in the razor he has "always used". We offer you a great deal for a few stamps. *Mail us twenty cents, to cover postage, etc., and we will send you a miniature "grip-full of shaving needs"—containing the standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This is a trial offer and strictly limited.*



AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sold Everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades

The Ninety-ninth Thread

Continued from page 41

the letter in the envelope, scrutinized the post mark, and, opening the door, called to the hall porter.

"This letter," he asked—"you're prepared to swear that it came through the post in the usual way?"

"I took it from the postman myself, sir," the man replied.

The deputy commissioner shook hands with Angus.

"If there is one thing in the world, Mr. Angus," he said, "which could reconcile us to the activities of you amateur gentlemen, it is the fact that you have vision. You have saved us a bad shock this time, anyhow."

They had passed out into the stuffy little hall, and for a moment Angus made no reply. He was looking at the dilapidated letter rack. But for a chance that letter in its soiled envelope, addressed in shaky handwriting to R. Merridew, Esquire, might have moldered there behind the worn tape whilst Coulson was hanged.

"It's a matter of psychological conviction against circumstantial evidence, sir," he said, after a pause. "Coulson's guilt seemed a certainty, and yet, as man to man, I felt that he was telling me the truth."

"That's where the humanity of the thing comes in, Mr. Angus," the deputy chief commissioner confessed. "As man to policeman, he wouldn't have had a chance."

TWO months later M. Coulson, smartly dressed in a light gray suit with racing glasses swung around his shoulder and carrying his derby in his hand, presented himself at Angus' office. He was accompanied by a very charming young woman, neatly dressed for a day's racing.

"I've called to know what fee I owe you, sir," Coulson announced. "This is my wife—Sam Martin's daughter. She'd like to help me pay it."

Angus smiled.

"Well, what's his life worth to you, Mrs. Coulson?" he asked.

"Everything in the world," the girl answered.

"How's your book to-day?" Angus inquired.

"We're light on Arioso, sir," was the smiling reply.

"I'll have a fiver each way, then."

"You're on a fiver to nothing, sir," Coulson announced. "And it's the best bet I ever took in my life!"

Another detective story by Mr. Oppenheim will appear in an early issue

"Does he swear?"
"No, but I'll teach him for two dollars extra."

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Against the Wind

Continued from page 14

Instead, Caruso, Scotti and the rest of the super-stars welcomed him cordially.

Caruso arranged a supper in his honor at Martin's—a late supper in which he planned to test Chaliapin's reputation as a trencherman in the one large meal he permits himself each day. Caruso selected oysters and ravioli as the weapons. The steward attended to the detail of red wine.

Beds of oysters were consumed with Chaliapin's appetite unimpaired. The steaming ravioli appeared and reappeared until Caruso surrendered over a beaker of wine.

"What, in Heaven's name," he demanded, "does a Russian mean by showing expertness in eating ravioli?"

"You forget," said Chaliapin, "that ravioli is a favorite Russian dish, but we call it by another name—pelemoni."

As an operatic headliner in America, Chaliapin scored as much as any basso in the history of this country, which seems to have a tender spot for tenors. He has been in every state, in every large city, and wherever he has sung sacks of letters from female admirers have poured in on him. Which makes it opportune to reveal that Chaliapin is a family man. He married, in his early twenties, a star of the Imperial Russian ballet. He has eight children, whose permanent residence, since the Russian revolution, is in Paris.

Only One Way to Success

CHALIAPIN found his way back to Russia, hoping to save the Imperial Opera. But a Cossack colonel stormed into the Imperial Theatre one day, and, after smashing lights and ripping scenery, marched out with every stitch of the ballet costumes.

Chaliapin took his courage in both capable hands, and called at the Kremlin to see Lenin, then in supreme power.

The fiery colonel was there too. At the end Lenin asked him calmly:

"You seized these ballet costumes because they belong to the people?"

"They are ours," roared the colonel.

"Very well," said Lenin, "they are yours provided you and your troops can use them instead of the costly uniforms you now wear. I suggest beginning tomorrow morning."

The costumes were restored.

Chaliapin discusses frankly the tremendous changes that have been wrought in Russia. He has no opinion on the merit or demerit of Soviet rule, except where attempts are made to color art in the Soviet name.

"Any attempt to yoke art to any political philosophy is doomed," he declares, "because it breeds distortion. France found that out long before Russia. Art is eternal and beyond politics."

Chaliapin reports that he has sung in every country in the world, save Spain, China and Japan. "I do not know their languages. And there is no country that I have visited where I have not been inundated by young men and young women desiring advice as to how they should proceed to become singers on the radio, for records, for concerts, for opera. About radio I know little. For records, concerts and the opera the same technique is largely necessary, and that technique is acquired only by having the natural resource of voice and the application of hard training and hard work. There is no other way to success.

"Looking back at my struggle, I think I can say with your O. Henry, who is one of my favorite authors, that if I can succeed anybody can."

The Holy Revolt

Continued from page 9

government and their church had failed to do. It aroused their ambition by awakening in them a desire to have the things and do the things that the foreigners had and did.

As a result, and without any efficient compulsory educational system to drive them to it, one fifth of the people learned how to read. This in itself should answer the question as to the intelligence, ability and adaptability of the Mexican Indian. That he is an intellectual no one will claim, but, on the other hand, that he is, even in his native state of ignorance, an artist, and that when properly trained he becomes a highly capable artisan, no one who knows him will deny. From one end of it to the other Mexico is thickly besprinkled with the art of the Mexican Indian.

Beautiful churches and impressive cathedrals rise up all over the land. Today these churches are abandoned by the priests, but in front of every altar and before the figures of every one of their saints at any hour of the day one can see groups of kneeling, patient, praying natives.

Now go far back in history. In its original dealings with the natives of Mexico the church, which looked out for their spiritual welfare, leaving the transaction of worldly business entirely to the civil authorities, had one great advantage over the government. From the very first the priests found that the Mexican Indians were naturally intensely religious and were, moreover, practicing a form of worship which could readily be replaced by that of the Catholic Church.

For centuries the Mexicans had been worshiping idols. For countless generations they had been making human sacrifices to carved blocks of stone—and concluding the pleasant ceremonies by eating the sacrificed. Hence it was not an extremely difficult task for the early fathers, who were quite utilitarian in the matter, to substitute figures of the Savior, the Virgin Mary and a host of saints for the grotesque native idols.

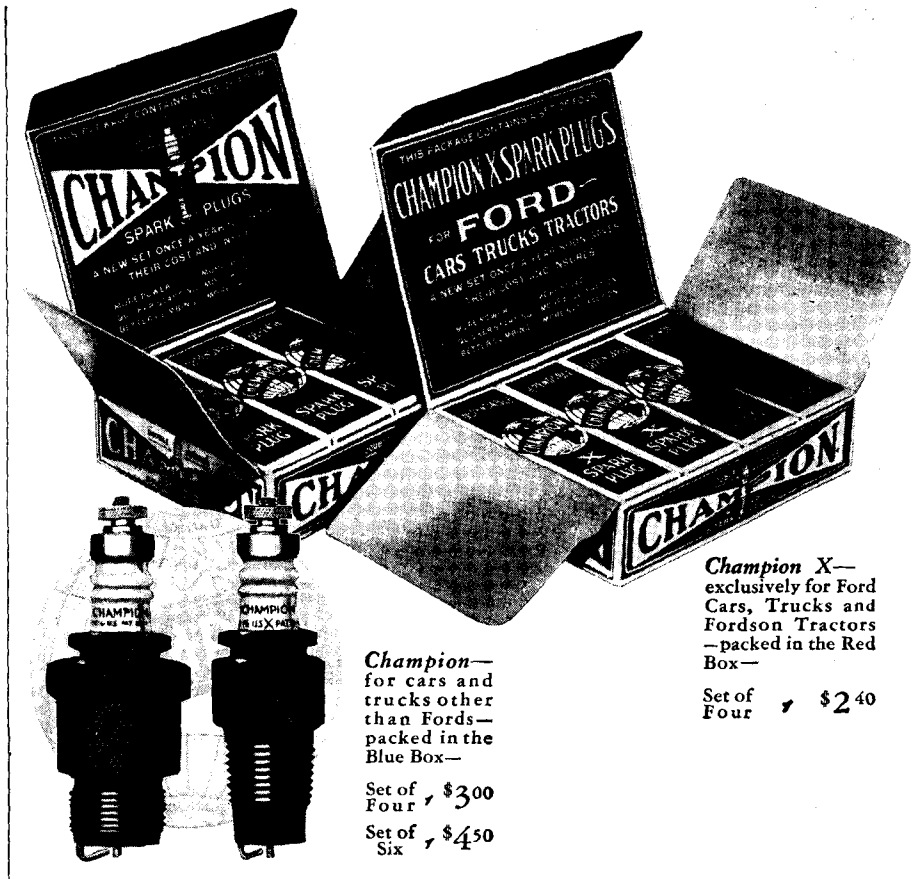
This was done, and within a comparatively few years thereafter—for the natives must undoubtedly have recognized the advantage of worshiping a God who did not demand that they slaughter their babes to make it rain, and then lop off their own ears and toes to make it stop—all the natives of Mexico who could be reached had been baptized Christians.

But had they really become Christians or are they really Christians at the present day? The answers to those two questions depend entirely upon whether or not "Christianity" in Mexico is purely a matter of faith. If it is, and if there is no intellectuality involved in it, no obligation resting upon the believer to state what or why he believes, then the Mexicans are Christians. They have faith. Plenty of it.

Four centuries of unremitting toil on the part of the priests have made faithful Catholics out of practically the entire population of Mexico. It is true, of course, that the illiterate 80 per cent knows nothing of the doctrine of brotherly love, prefers revenge to turning the other cheek, believes in present-day miracles and happily violates every one of the Ten Commandments whenever it is convenient or conducive to happiness to do so.

Nevertheless this same illiterate percentage is strong in the faith. The natives hold to it constantly and, as is apparent to every careful observer, they do so because they get out of it just exactly the spiritual food that their primitive natures demand; while at the same time, and as the real beginning of the present controversy, which dates back many years, the government claims that

(*Continued on page 44*)



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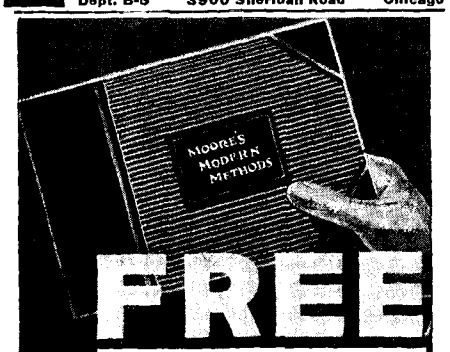

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The Holy Revolt

Continued from page 43

the church has always got all that it could—lands, labor and everything else—out of the peons.

To which accusation the church might very well reply: "Yes, and what of it? So have you. So did the Spanish kings. So have the foreigners. So has everyone."

But here are the facts, at least a few of them (it is a very labyrinthine discussion), in regard to Mexico's religious quarrel:

In 1824 when, at the end of fourteen years of warfare which had been begun by the priest Hidalgo in 1810, Mexico virtually became independent of Spain, it was estimated by Augustin Rivera that 99 per cent of the people were illiterate and that the church owned one-third of the property of the country.

As Rivera is an accepted Catholic historian, it is probable that these figures are correct, and it is also quite certain that, regardless of its wealth, the church in Mexico in 1824 was far stronger than its enemies. Because, in the Constitution adopted in that year, Article 4, it is stated that "the religion of the Mexican nation is and perpetually will be the Roman Catholic Apostolic Faith. The nation protects it by wise and just laws and prohibits the exercise of any other."

Revolutions followed, and although the religious question was not always uppermost, it was always strongly in the background. And for thirty-three years the church triumphed and the clause remained unaltered.

Then in 1859 Benito Juarez—who had become President through the usual revolutionary route and who was an Oaxacan Indian and a free thinker—acting under a Constitution adopted in 1857—issued decrees (just as President Calles has done) which nationalized church property valued at $45,000,000, established civil marriage, transferred the cemeteries to civil control and, in short, disestablished the church.

There was an uproar, of course, but it was of no avail. Juarez had the support and recognition of the United States. His government was fairly secure. And he had merely confiscated the worldly goods of the church. So, regardless of the fact that it was no longer a landed proprietor, enjoying an income, estimated by one gifted Methodist statistician to have been $52,000,000 a year, the church still continued to function.

Juarez passed on, his armies being whipped by the French at the battle of Puebla, and then came the Catholic Archduke Maximilian. The church at once raised its head. The new ruler of Mexico, possibly to please his beautiful wife, the pathetic Carlotta, devoutly erected a new gold altar, costing a million gold dollars, in the cathedral in his capital. But, before he had had an opportunity to kneel before it, he was led to the Cerro de las Campanas (the Hill of the Bells) and executed.

The Republic was restored. The Constitution of 1857, with its hated confiscatory clauses, was reëstablished as the law of Mexico. The church again went into mourning.

A few more turbulent years drifted by, and Porfirio Diaz, another Oaxacan Indian, a wise ruler—the wisest, Tolstoy said, of the nineteenth century—established a rational dictatorship which included within it a sane and practical form of religious toleration. This was literally the Golden Age of Mexico.

Old age, and a revolution largely fostered on the north bank of the Rio Grande and led by that unfortunate idealist, Francisco Madero, overcame Porfirio Diaz, and, as he sailed away from Vera Cruz, he told his friends that whoever ruled over Mexico after him would rule as he had done—or fail.

Six hectic years, culminating in Carranza and the trouble-making Constitution of 1917, followed. During these six years, with Mexican Presidents being made and unmade with amazing rapidity, and with American Presidents behaving with amazing imbecility, the Catholic Church, as the only institution in Mexico that had withstood the centuries, literally didn't know "where it was at." But, when the situation had temporarily cleared a little, and the 1917 Constitution was adopted, it found out. It was again to be "persecuted."

But there was a respite, because during his time in office President Carranza was entirely too busy attending to Zapata in the south and Pancho Villa in the north to devote any attention to enforcing the drastic religious clauses in the new document which made the actual conduct of religious services subject to governmental control, forbade foreign-born priests or clergymen to officiate in Mexico, and prohibited the teaching of religion in the primary schools.

De la Huerta, who came in as Provisional President after the assassination of Carranza, and then Alvaro Obregon, who followed him as a constitutional officeholder, were both, like Carranza, too busy to take up the church question, or possibly they were too cautious—they left it to Calles to do this, and his election, when officially announced, was advance notice to the church that something was going to happen.

Sedition Was Being Preached

CALLES is a man of high temper and quick decisions. He says little and does much. As governor of his state of Sonora it is said of him that he made it the dryest spot in the world by declaring that bootlegging was a capital offense, and executing a few offenders. And as it was well known that he had at one time bundled up all the priests and sent them scurrying out of his jurisdiction, the church was prepared for trouble.

The trouble came, but, according to the claims of the administration, it was the church itself, and not President Calles or any branch of his government, that precipitated the conflict.

In February of last year (so says Señor Adelberto Tejeda, Secretary of "Gobernacion") Archbishop Mora y Del Rio asserted that neither he nor any other good Catholic had any intention whatever of obeying the Constitution where it came into conflict with the rules of the church and that the foreign-born priests would continue to officiate regardless of the law.

That was enough. The natural result followed. Characterizing the archbishop's statement as defiant and seditious, and realizing that the issue had been drawn, Calles at once expelled all foreign-born priests and nuns. The situation was locally enlivened in the state of Tabasco by a mandate ordering all priests to marry at once, and there was continual strife.

The government claims that the church defied it four separate and distinct times, but that it was not until the president had received positive information that active propaganda against the Constitution was being carried on, and that sedition was being preached from the pulpits, that he took final action.

This he did on June 14th, when he and Secretary Tejeda, who has charge of the enforcement of the law, signed the decrees amending the code concerning offenses in matters of religious worship.

This amendment covers a great deal of ground. It sets forth thirty-three different ways in which Catholic laymen and priests, in the exercise of their religion, can get themselves either jailed, fined or expelled from the country.

In July Pope Pius issued a circular letter condemning the action of the Mexican Government and asking Catholics all over the world to support the church in Mexico. The Young Men's Catholic Association and the Knights of Columbus denounced the decrees, and got themselves into trouble. The National League for the Defense of Religious Liberty, an organization which gained a membership of 600,000 in three weeks in the Federal District alone, announced a commercial boycott, and two successive boards of its directors were sent to jail.

The priests on July 31st turned over all church property to the civil authorities.

On August 1, 1926, for the first time in more than four hundred years, there were no Masses celebrated in Mexico. There was no extreme unction for the dying, no baptism of infants, no religious ceremonial at the weddings, and no burial conducted by a priest in consecrated ground.

And, regardless of the question as to whether or not the church has benefited the native, it has none the less been continually with him and has been the one authoritative body with which he has come into daily contact from the day of his birth to the day of his burial.

Even though his contribution, owing to his poverty, be nothing more than a pitiful little bunch of flowers, picked on the hillside and reverently laid before the altar, he has always, in some material way, acknowledged his obligation to the church.

Is it to be wondered at that men who ought to know, even staunch "Callistas" occupying high position, told me that Mexico is facing the most serious crisis in its history?

Secretary Tejeda upholds the government in every point, accuses the church and the churchmen of disloyalty, sedition and political meddling, and insists that if the priests will only comply with the new laws the church can go on and function in its accustomed manner.

To which Bishop Diaz hotly replies that the church cannot do anything of the kind. In his clerical garb Bishop Diaz looks like a benign and kindly prelate. But in civilian attire, and with a cigar in his mouth, he has all the appearance of being an active and intelligent belligerent.

Boldly the bishop admits that the church has at times, but only for the protection of sacred interests and never in behalf of the political ambitions of any individual or party, dabbled in politics. Bluntly he asserts that the confiscation of church property in 1857 was nothing less than unwarranted despoilment and that the church has never recognized that the properties taken over belong to the government. And, in discussing the recent Calles decrees, he asserts that it is impossible for the church to obey them.

"This law," says Bishop Diaz, "prevents the Catholic clergy from continuing its beneficent mission because it requires the performance of acts which imply a specific knowledge of the numerous outrages sanctioned by the law and would simply open the door to the complete destruction of the church.

"According to this law any person, even though not ordained as a priest, may register as such. Any priest independent of his bishop may perform services in a church and administer a parish and even act as bishop in a cathedral. Wherefore all the services and all discipline are entirely at the mercy of the civil authorities."

The Answer Lies in the Future

UPHOLDING Bishop Diaz and speaking for the vast membership of the National League for the Defense of Religious Liberty, comes Señor Ceniceros y Villareal.

Señor Ceniceros is a man of the ascetic, courageous type. As an individual who would probably enjoy martyrdom or could lead an inquisition he says: "Never will the church bow to the sovereignty of the government. They are two parallel powers which can never meet. They must march side by side—without friction. If they meet, they conflict. The government is not above the church. It is Christ and Cæsar."

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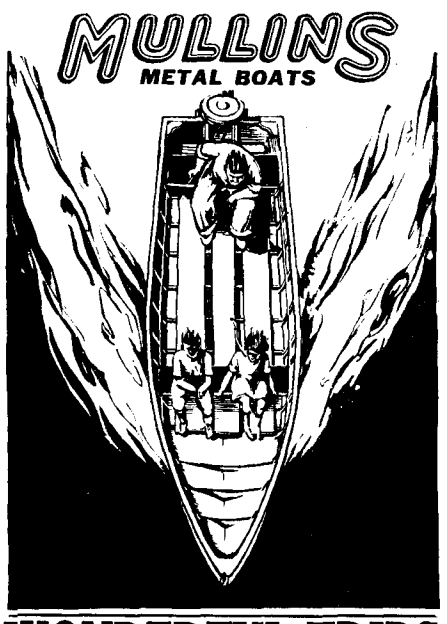

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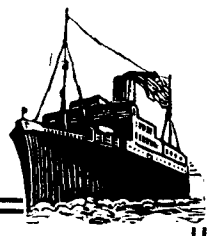

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And then, on the side of the government, and again representing a mass of the people, we have Secretary Morones, who informs us that the Labor party and the CROM ("Confederación Regional Obreros Mexicanos"—Regional Confederation of Mexican Workers) are solidly behind President Calles in his endeavors to enforce the religious clauses of the Constitution.

This statement of Secretary Morones, however, must be taken with a grain of salt. In the first place, it is a statement made by one branch of the Calles Administration in support of the policies of another branch. In the second, Morones, who was formerly the head of the CROM, is generally credited with being the most influential supporter, in Mexico, of the doctrines of communism. And in the third, it must be remembered that probably 90 per cent of the organizations which he claims to represent is made up of illiterate Catholics. Can anyone doubt as to which side the majority will be on in case there is a religious revolution?

Or, to put that same question in another way: Can anyone doubt, even anyone who doesn't know Mexico, that the combination of the underground activities of the National League for the Defense of Religious Liberty, the subterranean propaganda which is being disseminated by the priests, the commercial boycott which is operating all over the country, and, to them, the heartbreaking spectacle of their deserted and unlighted altars, will create an appeal which will sway the emotional heart of the Indian far more than any appeal, cold-blooded as it must be, which the government can make?

The answer, to be sure, lies in the future. No one knows what it will be, but at the present time ten million illiterates are waking up, they are coming alive, and in the end one thing seems certain. In the end the peon will profit because he will to a certain extent have found himself, and thereafter it is only a question of years until, realizing his power, he can demand what he will of his government and his church.

The Head Behind the Wheel

Continued from page 13

frankly admitted that he fell asleep at the wheel while descending a short steep hill. When he awoke he was halfway through a fence, upside down and pointed back in the direction from which he had been driving. Fortunately traffic was light at the time.

Every once in a while, though, an incident occurs to bolster up the garage man's faith in the motoring public. I recall a case in which a heavy sedan, after bounding from the road, came to rest upside down at the bottom of a steep incline. A woman driver who happened along a few minutes after the crash stopped her car and after viewing the wreck refused to drive any more that day. She waited by the roadside until a temporary driver could be summoned from the nearest town. This woman knew that her nerves were shaken up and that for a while she wouldn't be in shape to drive on any public highway. But how few women—or men—motorists would have recognized and admitted this!

The Dancing Driving Arm

TOURIST traffic was heavy the other Saturday—week-enders going to the fishing resorts. Early in the morning two men came in in a heavy roadster.

"When I get her up around fifty," said the driver, "she shimmies. Can you fix it right away? We're in a hurry."

Ray found a crack extending almost through one of the steering arms. He called the driver's attention to it.

"Is that the cause of the shimmy?" he asked.

Ray explained that it wasn't, because the arm was still rigid, but he added that it was extremely dangerous to drive a car with such a defect.

"Oh, that's all right," said the man impatiently. "Go on and fix the shimmy! I'll take a chance on the steering arm."

Well—*we* wouldn't. While tightening the steering knuckles and other loose parts, Ray purposely let a heavy wrench slip. It struck the cracked arm, snapping it in two. Evidently the driver prized his fishing trip more highly than his life or that of his guest and possibly the lives of other motorists on the road. He wanted to beat up everyone in the garage because he had to abandon his trip pending the arrival of a new steering arm. But supposing that crippled arm had snapped while the big car was tearing along about 50 miles an hour on a busy highway!

Too few motorists observe the rule which calls for slowing down to a reasonable speed on approaching intersections. Two cars came together recently at a crossing in our town. No one was injured, but both machines were badly damaged. One of the drivers had failed to slow up for an arterial highway. Pure carelessness.

There was a really bad wreck not long ago which called the night crew out at 2:30 in the morning. A fellow had a flat tire about eight miles north of town. He pulled over into the shoulder of the road to change it. While he was jacking up the wheel another car came along, smashed into him and crushed him to death.

Aside from carelessness at grade crossings, stopping on a main highway to change a tire or make repairs is one of the most foolish practices to which motorists are addicted. You can always find a farmer's driveway, a parking cut or a turn-off, within a few hundred yards, in which to make your repairs or tire changes. Why risk your life to save a ten- or twenty-dollar shoe.

You will notice that I have omitted reference to wrecks resulting from driving too fast on slippery streets, swinging out too wide while passing another car, passing a car on a hill, or driving while what the police blotters with rare delicacy refer to as "under." These are everyday wreck causes. But I must make mention of one grade-crossing wreck which brought a lesson home:

A small coupé ran afoul of a passenger train not long ago near here. The view of the approach to the track was partly obstructed by a cornfield on the left—the direction from which the train was coming. A line of cars was crossing from both directions. The coupé, headed north, was trailing some five or six car lengths behind a heavy touring car. The big car got across all right, but the smaller one was squarely in the center of the track when the locomotive struck it. The woman driver lived long enough to gasp:

"*I thought it was safe because the other car got across.*"

That made me do a lot of thinking. It occurred to me vividly that the woman had outlined the cause of virtually all such automobile wrecks. Like most other drivers who have met disaster at crossings, she had depended wholly on what she THOUGHT was right.

While to our vast army of motorists it might appear a needless precaution, think of how this tragedy might have been averted had the woman even stopped her car and perhaps walked ahead a few feet to find out whether it was safe to cross.

The public refers to motor crashes generally as "accidents." I have spoken of them throughout as "wrecks." Those heavy vehicles equipped with cranes, crowbars, jacks and chains, that you see so often on the highways, aren't called accident cars; they're wrecking cars. The lad who named them certainly knew his dictionary.

This doesn't mean, of course, that the participants in all automobile wrecks have acted intentionally and deliberately. But it does mean that about 90 per cent of them have utterly failed to conduct themselves in a safe and sane manner or to exhibit any regard whatever for human safety.

Dog Saves His Master

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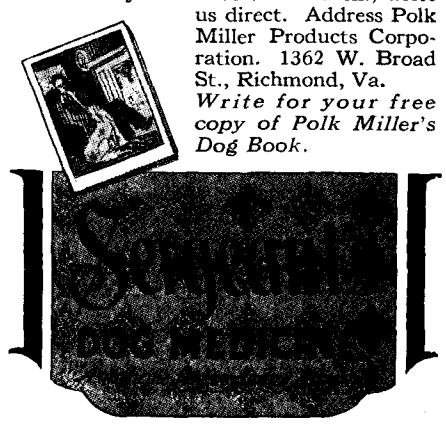

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THE PARTITION

Continued from page 16

made it up—and then quarreled the next day more bitterly than ever because she offered to go to work and earn the price of her gown.

After that misunderstandings were more and more frequent. Almost every talk, begun in good spirits, would end in bitterness. A hopeless thing, this marriage of theirs! Might just as well face the truth. Hopeless!

WYNNE HAMILTON worked away doggedly, striving in vain to recapture his mood of the morning. If Eve could only realize what she was spoiling with these incessant rows!

The large, resolute figure of Hannah Anne vanished from Wynne Hamilton's gaze. He was trying to see something that seemed to be slipping farther and farther from him. . . . Eve sitting with him on the porch above the water, in a world washed with moonlight, her hands in his, her mouth curving to his kisses. How long it was since they had kissed and clung like that! . . .

"Hannah Anne,"—the words came sharply—"would you mind keeping quiet for just a little while? I mean, don't talk, just sit still—perfectly still. I'm not getting on well today."

"Well, I can try," his sitter returned dubiously, "but I dunno as I'll have much luck. . . . I've knowed folks that could set from daylight to dark and not let more'n a dozen words pass their lips the hull endurin' time, but I can't never make out to act that way, seems like. Still and all, if you'd liefer—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he returned with a sigh. "I'm shot for the day." Going to the mantel, Wynne began to fill his pipe, frowning at it moodily.

"Mean you don't want me to set no more?"

"Not today." He added, with a wry smile, "I can't get into the swing of it this afternoon. Perhaps tomorrow—Suppose you come right after breakfast. We'll get off to a fresh start and have better luck—maybe."

"Well, I dunno," Hannah Anne pondered. "After breakfast I allus have to finish off the mornin' work."

"Oh, that can wait! Couldn't you do it in the afternoon just as well?"

"Yeah, I *could* do it then just as well, only Mis' Hamilton's partic'lar and she likes things did right up soon as ever breakfast's over. Dunno as she—"

"That will be all right," Hamilton cut in. "I'll speak to her about it myself."

Which he did, at breakfast time.

"Good omelet this morning; Hannah Anne's learning. Oh, by the way, I want to borrow her for the forenoon."

"Hannah Anne?"

"Yes. I didn't get on very well yesterday, and I'd like to make up for lost time."

"But you can't have Hannah Anne this morning. I'm sorry, but we didn't get the costumes done yesterday, and the committee's coming here to work today."

"WELL, what's that got to do with Hannah Anne?"

"It's got this to do," Eve said crisply, "the house must be put in order because we want to start work on the costumes right after luncheon. Hannah Anne will have to make cakes for tea—you know perfectly well there isn't a thing fit to eat in the store here—and it will take her most of the morning. You can have her all afternoon if you wish," she added generously, "and I'll serve tea myself."

"I've told you I don't want her this afternoon; I want her this morning, now!" Wynne shouted. "Good Heavens, haven't I explained—"

"You needn't yell," his wife returned coldly, "my hearing is quite good, and I have told you I need Hannah Anne this morning."

They faced one another across the table, steady-eyed, angry.

"Look here, Eve," Hamilton said slowly, "it's time for you to realize that you can't act like a spoiled child and get away with it. You haven't an atom of sense. You—"

"That's what you think of me, is it?"

"Yes, it's just what I think of you. You're spoiled, exacting, heartless! You've never tried to help me. You have just one thought in life, one purpose—to have your own way at any cost!"

"If that's your opinion, I had much better go home," Eve retorted. "My family will be glad to have me. *They* have never found me the terrible person you say I am."

Wynne stopped his excited prowling up and down the room, went over and stood looking down at her.

"Yes," he said, "you would do that. Rather than back down one inch and admit yourself in the wrong, you'd chuck our marriage overboard! All right, go ahead. But remember this: I'll not come after you or ask you to come back. If you leave me now, it's final."

The door slammed viciously. Wynne had gone.

EARLY that afternoon Hannah Anne appeared at the studio bearing a covered tray.

"I thought afore we went to work you'd ought to eat something," she explained, putting the tray on a small table and drawing a chair up before it. "Some folks can work on an empty stummick but it don't seem to me like they do much. Come on now and eat whilst I git my bobbin and twine and git ready to set."

Hannah Anne talked on in a soothing monotone while Hamilton ate the excellent luncheon she had prepared and drank a cup of coffee. He looked up to ask:

"Did Mrs. Hamilton tell you to bring me something to eat?"

"Why, no. Not as you might say, she didn't."

"No, of course not." He lighted a cigarette, flung it away and went to the easel. "We're going to get on with this picture today—no matter what happens."

"I'm glad you set me here," Hannah Anne said as Hamilton began to work furiously. "I can't abide settin' where I can't see what's goin' on. There's the boat from Cundy's Harbor just come in with a hull passel of summer folks. My, they look nice, dressed up and all! And there's Dan Haines and 'Lizabeth startin' out to haul. Must be gettin' around three o'clock." She paused, darted a shrewd glance at Hamilton. "Did I ever tell you the story about them two and the partition they put up onct?"

"A partition? What do you mean?"

Hannah Anne chuckled softly.

"Guess I ain't told you or you'd remember. Must 'a' slipped my mind, for I been meanin' to—seein' as you like to hear me tell about folks. Why, the Haineses live over yan"—she nodded toward the gray rock of Fiddler's Island. Nobody else livin' on the island only just them two. I ain't never in all my born days see two folks so took up with one another"—she paused thoughtfully—"less'n it was you and Mis' Hamilton, that first summer you was married."

Wynne stirred uneasily. "You were going to tell me about the partition," he said.

"Yes, I'm comin' to that. Well, things went fine for a while. Fishin' was real good for two, three year right then and all the menfolks was makin' money. We'd see Dan and 'Lizabeth out together 'most every day, her goin' along with him to Portland market, or like that. And then fishin' dropped off for a spell and nobody was catchin' enough to pay for settin' and haulin'. None of the men was too awful good-natured, just about then—nor the wimmen neither, for that matter. You know how 'tis when things seem to be goin' agin you the hull time."

"Yes,"—grimly—"I know."

"We hadn't seen Dan and 'Lizabeth out together for a while, but nobody thought nothin' of it, all of us bein' took up with our own affairs. And then one night in March—mean weather and blowin' a reg'lar judgment o' wind—Dan come over to the mainland for Abigail Pippenger. Allus nurses everybody that's took sick, Abigail does, and Dan wanted her to come and look after 'Lizabeth, who'd been took ailin'. It was after Abigail come back that we heard about the partition. They'd put one up and divided their house plumb in two!"

"What for?"

"So's each of them could keep to their own side. And it had been up nigh a year. Abigail found that out by questionin' 'Lizabeth real close and steady. Seemed they'd had words—Abigail didn't know what about—and wasn't talkin' for a while. After that had went on a couple of days, or like that, 'Lizabeth up and told Dan if they wasn't goin' to talk she'd take one side of the house and he could take 'tother. Abigail says she don't think 'Lizabeth meant it, but Dan told her that'd be all right with him, and that very same day

Signed Off

he drug in lumber and begun puttin' up the partition. And there it stayed —each of them livin' alone, each doin' for theirselves and not changin' a word, month in and month out."

Wynne Hamilton left the easel and came to the door. For a few moments he stood watching the dory that bobbed a little way off shore.

"Go on, Hannah Anne. Tell me what happened," Hamilton said and went back to the easel.

"Of course everybody knowed afore night, Abigail bein' quite a hand to talk and the rest of us all wantin' to hear. Some held one way and some t'other, but we all felt that them two was carryin' things too high-handed. Married folks havin' words is one thing, but settin' up partitions and livin' behind 'em stark sole alone ain't right, and we said so.

"I said it to 'Lizabeth the first time I see her. She just shook her head. Dan had put up the partition, she said, and if it ever come down he'd be the one to do it, not her.

Hannah Anne added one more knitted head to the finished pile and resumed her story:

"That was in the spring, like I said,

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and things went on that way till late July. There's a burned-over place on the island where raspberries grows real thick, and one day when 'Lizabeth was over to the mainland she said the crop was bigger'n she could pick, and if I wanted some to come over. So I went.

"It was well along in the afternoon when I got away, what with my man bein' late for dinner, and so when I got over to the island and moored my dory and went up to 'Lizabeth's side of the house I found she'd went raspberryin' already. I was goin' after her when Dan come around the side of the house, and so I stopped to pass the time o' day.

"FOR a minute Dan looked kind of foolish seein' me, and then he said to come along in, for there was somethin' he wanted to see about on 'Lizabeth's side of the house, and he didn't want her to think he was meddlin' nor pryin'. So in we went, Dan telling me he'd had his razor strop hung on a nail he'd drove into the partition, and one day wantin' to change it he tried to pull it out and couldn't. First off he didn't think nothin' of it, but lately it had kind of got on his mind—the way little things will when a body's alone and not much to think about—and he said he was goin' to move that nail or bust.

"Well, when we got inside I couldn't see much just at first, for the blind was pulled down on the sunny side. I went to put it up, and just then I heard Dan give a kind of funny sound, and I looked to see what was wrong. He was standin' there like he'd been struck dumb.

"You see, that nail he'd drove in had stuck right through the wall, and 'Lizabeth had hammered it into a hook and used it to hang up their weddin' picture on—the one took the day they was married. Right under the picture there was a little shelf hangin' and on it all the truck that wimmen folks saves, some shells her and Dan had picked up one day, and a couple of beads from a string Dan had give her once and that had got broke, Dan said, and a picture of Dan some summer folks had took, and one of his old ragged sweaters that 'Lizabeth must 'a' been mendin' on odd times.

"Dan took the sweater down and stood holdin' it, and I could see his hands was shakin' and his face was all crumpled up, kind of—you know, the way a man looks when he wants to cry and dunno how.

"Well, I tiptoed out of there, and I legged it down to the berry patch hard as I could go. 'Go on home,' I told 'Lizabeth, soon as I could catch my breath, 'you're wanted.' She took one look at me and went.

"I know I'll git credit on Judgment Day for stayin' up in the berry patch. I picked till nigh sundown and then started for home. I didn't even go nigh the house, but when I got down to my dory I kind of set there a spell, restin', as you might say, and listenin'. I could hear 'Lizabeth singin', and while I set there the kitchen door opened and I see Dan come out a-draggin' some boards."

Hannah Anne put down the bobbin, picked up a corner of her apron, and wiped her eyes.

"Nothin' ever chirked me up more'n to see them two startin' out the next day to haul traps—together." She paused, then said slowly: "As long as a woman sets store by a man she'll have memories saved up, things that nobody don't know about only just her."

There was a long moment of silence, then Hamilton said in a tense voice:

"Had you any special reason for telling me this today, Hannah Anne?"

"Why, yes. Come to think of it, I did."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"Well, I dunno. Mebbe I hadn't ought to, but takin' everything into account guess mebbe I will." . . .

THINKING that the knock heralded Hannah Anne, Eve called "Come in," then glanced up in surprise as her husband entered. He did not speak, but stood looking around the disordered room. The bed was heaped with dresses, lingerie, stockings. A traveling bag gaped widely on one chair, a half-filled hat box stood on another.

"Is there anything you wish?" Eve asked politely, adding the unnecessary information, "I'm packing."

"So I see." Wynne pushed a heap of dresses aside and sat down on the bed. A slender line of annoyance showed between Eve's brows.

"I haven't a great lot of time," she said frigidly. "I mean to take the six o'clock stage for Bath."

"Why?"

Eve's brows went up, but she replied with obvious patience: "To catch the night train to New York, of course. I couldn't pack until those people left. I've only"—she glanced at her watch—"less than an hour, so if you don't mind—"

"Sorry to delay you, but I'll only take a very few moments. I just wanted to look over some things with you and then, if you still wish to go—"

"I certainly do wish to go! There is nothing that you can say—" She stopped short, a slow flush burning its way up to the roots of her hair.

Wynne had drawn a box from one of his pockets and was looking at it thoughtfully, a rosewood box inset with gleaming flowers of iridescent pearl. She crossed swiftly toward him.

"Give it to me at once! It's mine. Give it to me!"

"Of course." He held the box toward her. "I haven't even opened it nor looked inside—not since the day we bought it. Do you remember where we found it? That queer little town in Devon where we stopped for a day and a night? Narrow, twisting streets and smell of the sea! Do you remember how strange it seemed to feel a wind on our faces that blew always from the west?"

"You said"—Eve's voice was a faint thread of sound—"that it was a wind from the Maine coast."

"Yes, and you picked a handful of pebbles to bring back to our own beach, and I said you must have something to put them in. On our way back to the inn—do you remember?—we came on that dim little shop and this box in the window."

"I remember."

"WE PUT the pebbles in it, and the next day you carried the box with you when we went along that cliff road above the sea."

"And you bought a shark's tooth from an old ship's carpenter who told us he had once sailed out of Gloucester," Eve whispered. "That's in the box too."

"Do you remember Clovelly? And the queer street that climbs up and up until you think it's a stairway to the stars? And how we talked of this little house swinging above the water, and made up our minds then and there to come back to it?"

"There's a white shell from Clovelly in the box," Eve said, "and the bit of sea you painted for me on the way home."

Wynne nodded.

"Yes, I remember the day I did that. There were long waves and a sky over them that seemed like the blue rim of the world. Then we came here. There was a morning we woke at daybreak and went to sit on the rocks and watch the sun come up out of the water."

"Yes, and one night on the cliffs. The darkness was velvet, with stars shining through it and little waves reaching up to us—and—and—oh, Wynne!" her voice broke, stopped.

Some time later Eve looked up with wet, radiant eyes from the circle of arms that held her close.

"Darling," she whispered, "isn't it strange that we—forgot?"

That night they sat in the gathering dusk, hearing long rollers whisper to the cliffs below. Stars shone through the velvet darkness, and behind the pines a young moon floated toward the trysting place.

"Look!" Wynne pointed across the water toward the dark blur that was Fiddler's Island.

A boat had put out from the island and was coming toward the mainland. Presently it rounded a point of rocks and came into clearer view. A frail craft on a limitless sea. A man and woman pulling steadily at the oars—together.

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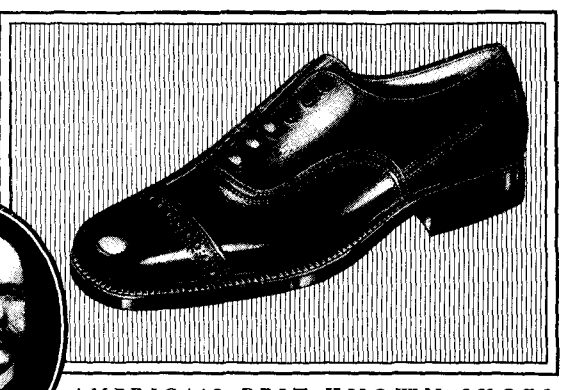

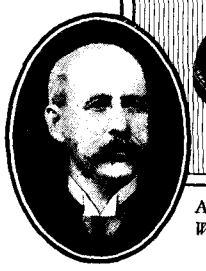

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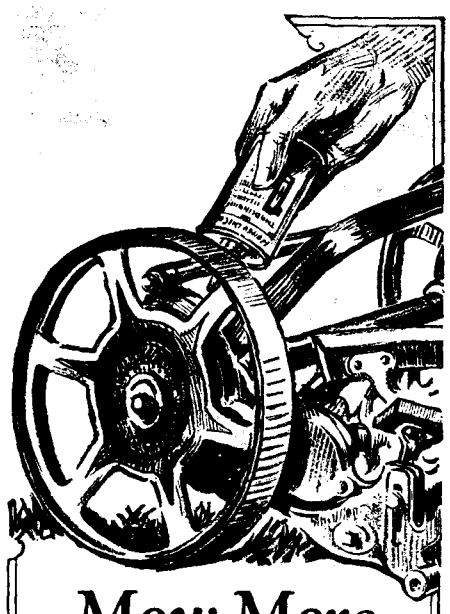

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912. *of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for April 1st, 1927.*

State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. A. Mansfield, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Comptroller of P. F. Collier & Son Co., Publisher of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York (owners). Stockholders: Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York; Mrs. Myrtle Carpp, care of S. M. Carpp, Hartford, Mich.; Kapock Corporation, 52 East 19th Street, New York, New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

F. A. Mansfield, Comptroller.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of March, 1927. [Seal] Michael J. Ducey.

Notary Public, Bronx County, N. Y.

Certificate filed in N. Y. County.

(My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

The Decent Thing to Do

Continued from page 21

sophisticated sort of person. I don't expect my daughter to marry a perfect man if there is any such creature, but I can't quite swallow Craig. His record is too unsavory. And—you don't know Margery, do you?—while she's foolish and headstrong and goes through life as if it were a boulevard for her high-powered car, she's really a terrific idealist. The sort of marriage she makes is terribly important. She's not the type who can stand disillusionment. It wouldn't crush her. It would break her. I'm finding it a little difficult to say exactly what I mean but—but if Margery's horribly disappointed in something as important as marriage, she'll go wild. Reckless! Perhaps she'll go down. Like those highstrung, nervous creatures who, after some frightful shock or other, drift through society from one scandal to another! Do you know the kind?"

"Yes."

"So you see that I'm fighting for not only her happiness but her entire life. I'm frightened. It's because I am so frightened that I'm asking you what to do. You know Craig. Tell me what you think is the best thing for me to do."

Penniman spoke with abrupt decision: "There's only one thing for you to do, Mrs. Sebastien. See Craig. Speak to him as you've spoken to me. You'll find the man himself your own chief ally."

Mrs. Sebastien quivered slightly. "Will you ask him to come and see me?"

Before her entreaty, all Penniman's hesitations about interfering in other people's affairs were forgotten. "Yes, I'll ask him to see you, and I know he will."

PENNIMAN made it a point to see Craig early the following morning. Craig was in the midst of shaving when Penniman knocked.

"What a time to call on a fellow," he said. "Come in while I finish this job, and then we'll breakfast together."

"Thanks! I've had breakfast."

"Of course! For the moment I forgot your exemplary habits. Are you in a hurry? If you have anything special to talk to me about, come back into my bedroom while I finish shaving. I don't mind. My hand's steady."

"It needs to be steady, Craig."

"Why?"

"Mrs. Sebastien has asked me to ask you to come and see her."

Craig frowned. He stood gazing at Penniman with the absurd lather like cotton batting covering the lean lines of his face.

"There are few details to give," Penniman said. "Mrs. Sebastien wants to see you—that's all."

"How did you get mixed up in this?"

"I met Mrs. Sebastien at the Brockers' last night."

"And she knew you knew me?"

"She had been told."

"Was the dinner arranged so that you and she might discuss me?"

"Yes, but I had no hand in that."

"How did you like Mrs. Sebastien?"

"Tremendously. I hadn't expected to."

"You expected some arrogant woman who'd hold her money and her social position like a blackjack over your head?"

"Exactly, and although I did resent the prearranged meeting, I couldn't resent Mrs. Sebastien."

"I see now why Margery has kept me out of her mother's way. Perhaps she was afraid that I, like you, couldn't resist her wishes. Shall I go see her, Penniman?"

"Yes."

"Very well. It's one way of deciding what to do. I'll go this afternoon."

For a person whose chief desire it was to be permitted to mind his own business, Penniman gave but little time to its minding that day. He could not keep his thoughts away from Craig's interview with Mrs. Sebastien. He even left his office early so that he might be home when Craig returned.

But Penniman, at home, waited in vain through what remained of the afternoon and well into the evening. It wasn't until after nine that Craig came to see him.

And, at first, for all his scrutiny of Craig, Penniman could tell nothing of what had happened. Craig entered quietly enough, dropped into a chair and said, "Hello, Penniman! Well, I saw the lady."

HE WAS silent so long after that that Penniman felt it necessary to say something. "I had rather thought you'd drop in earlier than this," he remarked fatuously enough.

"I had a lot to do," Craig explained. "There's always a lot of things to look after when you've decided to go away suddenly."

Bought off! The disastrous words exploded in Penniman's mind. Was it possible? A sense of bitter disappointment flooded him. Of late he had expected Craig to do the decent thing, and whatever the decent thing might be, it wasn't this. But a moment later he regretted his suspicions, for Craig went on to say:

"You were right about Mrs. Sebastien, Penniman. Like you, I couldn't resist her. I was in a state of mind where if she had made a single wrong move I'd have been off with Margery like a shot. But of course Mrs. Sebastien didn't make that wrong move"—Penniman found the statement ironically amusing when he thought of Mrs. Sebastien's first idea of getting rid of Craig by offering him money—"I don't suppose a woman like Mrs. Sebastien could make a wrong move. She's like Margery—so absolutely a thoroughbred."

He was silent then until Penniman asked, "Do you know where you're going?"

"Of course! To my brother's in Wyoming."

"You're not going to let the girl know?"

"Certainly not! You don't know Margery." His expression became fixed, inscrutable. "The kid has a will of her own. If she knew where I'd gone, she'd pull me back or follow me."

"But won't she suspect you may have gone to your brother?"

"No! I've only mentioned him casually, and she hasn't the remotest idea where he's located. I'm not going to let anyone know—except you. I don't have to fetch a Bible, do I, to swear you to secrecy?"

"No, you can trust me. When are you going?"

"Tomorrow! If I don't go at once—I won't be able to go at all. Good resolutions weaken quickly."

"And you're not even going to let Miss Sebastien know that you're going?"

"Yes; I'm going to write her now and mail the letter tomorrow. And I think I'll confess all the spots I haven't already confessed. Perhaps that may reconcile her a bit to my going."

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Craig rose and took his familiar attitude at the mantel. "There are one or two things you can do for me, Penniman, if you will. There's the stuff in my rooms. Take what you want—sell the rest. And will you look after subletting the apartment?"

"Of course—anything you want me to do. You talk as if you were going away for a long while."

"There wouldn't be much sense in going otherwise, would there? I suppose my brother will be glad to harbor me. He's talked enough rot about making a man of me if I'd come out there. A man! I'll be a pretty disgusting object for the first few months."

He stood there, in his eyes an expression of misery so complete that he did not attempt to hide it. Finally he turned to Penniman with a creaking laugh. "You know, this is perhaps the one decent thing I've done in years. And it hurts me more than any indecent thing I've ever done. It's a rum go, isn't it?"

He moved to the door. "Well, good night! I'll stop in to say good-by in the morning." And then he added in a curious voice. "And if anything happens to the kid—anything serious I mean: illness, trouble, even marriage—for God's sake, let me know, will you?"

WITH Craig's departure the affair that had stirred up so much acrid discussion in certain circles in New York was to all intents and purposes definitely settled. Penniman returned to his own routine with a sense of relief mingled with regret. And a few days, a week or more, slipped by that were most tranquil in comparison with the preceding month.

But Penniman, in thus congratulating himself that the affair had ended satisfactorily, had left out of his reckoning one very important element. That element was the Sebastien girl.

He had invited the Brockers to the theatre one evening when, after his taxi had traveled half a dozen blocks uptown, he realized he had forgotten the tickets. Cursing mildly at his own stupidity, he had the driver return and wait for him while he climbed the short flight of stairs to his apartment.

Here, within the apartment, there was further evidence of his forgetfulness. Once within his own hallway, he saw that evidently he had left the lamps in his living-room blazing. He hurried down the hall and into the living-room, and there, working at the locked drawer of his desk with what he recognized as the brass shovel from his fireplace, was a girl. She looked up, startled, as he stepped into the room. He saw instantly that the girl was Margery Sebastien.

For a moment of gaping surprise they continued to gaze at each other.

The girl was the first to recover. "They said you wouldn't be back until late," she said.

"They? Who's they?" Penniman managed to ask.

She bit her under lip quickly. "I—I didn't mean to say that."

"What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Don't you know?"

At once he did know. "You're looking for Craig's address?"

"Yes."

"How do you know I have it?"

"I know! Arthur said in his letter that if I were ill or in trouble I was to get in touch with you."

"Did he also say I'd given him my word of honor not to tell where he is?"

"What's your word of honor got to do with it if I find the address myself?"

"But you haven't found it."

"I'm going to. Is it in this desk?"

"Perhaps it is, but I'm not going to let you have it."

Again they stared at each other, keyed up, antagonistic, and yet, beneath his antagonism, Penniman felt a flicker of admiration for her outrageous effrontery. And she was beautiful! The fur coat she wore had slipped back to reveal her faultless shoulders rising above a flame-colored gown. Her cheeks were flaming too. Small wonder for that! And he liked her for not apologizing for breaking into his apartment, bribing her way in, getting in somehow or other, to accomplish her purpose. . . . Well, he'd be damned if she'd accomplish her purpose. He'd given his word of honor, hadn't he? He wasn't going to be taken in by her, not by her beauty, not by her spirit nor her reckless audacity.

So they stood, angry and intent upon each other. And then she said, "Why did you have to come back? I'd have had the address by now. Well, let me tell you this: either you'll give me Arthur's address yourself or you'll let me break open this desk drawer and find it."

"No!" he said distinctly.

"Oh, yes!" she said, and whipped a tiny revolver from the pocket of her fur coat.

Penniman had the incredible experience of standing before the Sebastien girl while she pointed a revolver inflexibly at his white shirt bosom.

"Are you mad?" he asked.

She nodded briefly. "Perhaps I am."

The situation was intolerable. Suddenly the staid Penniman went mad too. He dropped to the floor and tackled Margery Sebastien as he had tackled many a man in his old football days. The girl came toppling down on him. They struggled. The revolver barked. But when they scrambled to their feet Penniman had the revolver.

She was disheveled and distraught. "Did it hit anything?" she gasped.

"Not me, anyway," Penniman said, puffing.

The revolver shot had, however, done some damage. When he had entered Penniman had left the apartment door open and now they heard excited, questioning voices outside. "Keep quiet!" Penniman whispered fiercely and went forth to meet the advancing footsteps.

There were three of his fellow tenants crowding through the doorway. Penniman smiled blandly upon them. "It's nothing," he said, "I was fooling with this idiotic thing, and it went off."

"Good Lord, Penniman!" said one man, "After this, carry on your gun practice in some vacant lot."

Penniman laughed. "Yes, I shall."

He closed the front door of his apartment on the men and went back to the living-room.

"That was rather decent of you," said Margery Sebastien.

Penniman looked at her thoughtfully. "It's sometimes difficult to know what is the decent thing to do, isn't it?"

"Yes! Arthur thought he was doing the decent thing when he ran away and it was the rottenest thing he could have done."

"Why?"

"The rottenest thing he could have done—to me."

PENNIMAN balanced the revolver in the palm of his hand. "Do you really love him well enough to have used this if necessary?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, take it back," said Penniman. "Here! I'm going to unlock this desk drawer"—he unlocked it, pulled it open—"and here's Craig's address. Now if you're going uptown, I'll take you. I have a taxi waiting below. I'm half an hour late."

Margery Sebastien didn't answer. He saw that she was crying. He patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. "Don't!" he said. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, you are so damned decent," she sobbed.

Penniman smiled. "I wonder if I am."

It was almost a month later that Penniman received a letter postmarked Wyoming:

We're married, and you may be sure now that you did the decent thing. Life out here isn't at all bad. We're staying on with Arthur's brother as long as he'll have us. Ever your grateful.

MARGERY CRAIG.

Beneath this was written in Craig's firm hand, "I still feel that this happiness can't last, but I don't care. A year of it is worth a hundred otherwise. And a thousand thanks to you."

Penniman read the letter two or three times while his sober and steady old heart did some rather remarkable tricks. Then, for a man whose guiding principle it was to mind his own business, he did rather a peculiar thing. He folded the letter again, placed it in a fresh envelope and addressed it to Mrs. Cornelia Sebastien.

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SOMETIMES, when the children are very wide-awake, it may be a complete story: "The Man Without a Country," "Aladdin," or "Robin Hood."

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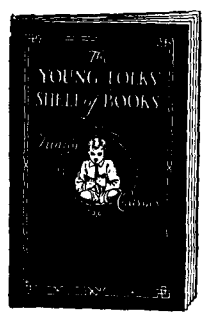

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Collier's EDITORIALS

Forget Your Prejudices

"OF ALL religions, the Christian is without doubt the one which should inspire toleration most, although up to now the Christians have been the most intolerant of men."

This remark is only a little more than one hundred and fifty years old but it is as true today as it was when the famous philosopher first put the words on paper.

Intolerance is utterly opposed to Christianity and yet even in our enlightened age some of our most baffling problems arise from the intolerance of Christians.

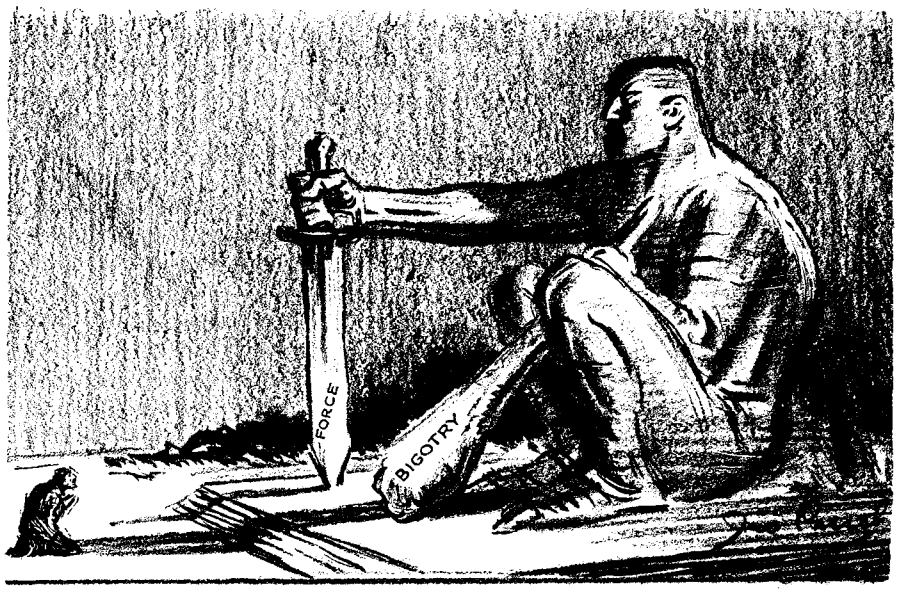
South of the Rio Grande, as Owen P. White so vividly shows in this week's Collier's, the chief menace to the Mexican government comes from the churches.

It does not matter whether President Calles or the hierarchy has the better case. The fact is that a religion whose highest virtue is good will toward men has divided a nation into hostile camps, each bent upon the destruction of the other.

Is it not a strange spectacle to see a nation choosing civil war as a means of proving its loyalty to the Prince of Peace?

You say the Mexicans are four-fifths Indian and only partially Christianized and are therefore exceptions to the rule? All right, what about us?

Take the coming Presidential campaign, for instance. The chief matter so far considered in connection with candidates is the question of religious affiliation.



Is Intolerance forever to rule us?

The fact that a man is a Jew, a Protestant or a Catholic has nothing to do with his fitness to be President.

The White House is not a religious office. Whatever his creed or his denomination, no President could do much to help or hinder any church.

Years ago the appointment of a member of the United States Supreme Court was opposed ostensibly because he was a Jew. For several years now he has sat upon that bench. Never during this long period has his religious faith had the slightest opportunity to influence his vote in any case before him for judgment.

Blind Trails

WHEN Chief Justice Taft was first a candidate for the Presidency, his membership in the Unitarian Church was cited against him. In the White House, however, he had no theological responsibilities.

We have the right to ask if a candidate for the Presidency is a man of integrity. Has he shown executive capacity and a gift for leadership? What are his views on the domestic and foreign questions on which he may have to pass judgment? Is he a man of force, steadfast in his purposes?

Such questions as these are subordinated to considerations which have nothing to do with the office.

Intolerance also blinds us where important policies are involved. Enemies of the World Court opposed it in the Middle West with the assertion that the Pope dominated the League of Nations and its Court.

Respect the Rights of Others

THE argument was as fantastic as a disturbed child's nightmare, but it served the purpose in arousing prejudice.

Similarly religious animosity blocked the settlement of the prohibition issue.

Although most of the churches have taken positions for or against prohibition, religion has little, sectarian prejudice certainly nothing, to do with it. Prohibition is the effort to do by compulsion what temperance sought to accomplish by persuasion.

No rational person doubts the reality of the evils due to excessive drinking. The practical question is whether excessive drinking can be better prevented by federal prohibition or by some other method.

The issue is essentially political. The effectiveness of government, the customs and habits of various kinds of people, the love of liberty: these are some of the problems involved. Yet religious prejudice stands in the way of an open-minded consideration of any of them.

We can't of course hope that the separation of church and state so precisely provided for in our Constitution will be fully reflected in our political life. Religion is so fundamental that from it we get our notions of right and wrong. Inevitably we carry our consciences, such as they are, into politics. We vote for what we believe to be right—or against what we believe to be wrong.

But we are not all of one faith and it is impossible to move ahead unless we are tolerant of one another.

We are a religious people but we are not now, and we never will be, a Catholic, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Christian Scientist or a Jewish nation.

Millions of us differ from one another in matters of religious preference and belief.

This is the privilege of every American.

With the enjoyment of religious freedom, however, goes the obligation not to interfere with the freedom of others. That is tolerance.

Try it. In respecting the rights of others you may find that you have done much to safeguard your own.

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The fire* that burns unseen in thousands of homes

INGOT-IRON — SHOP — Quality Work with Quality Iron

THE only difference between rusting and burning is time. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. When metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. You have no warning before the damage is done.

The way to fight rust-fire in your home is to make sure that you use a rust-resisting metal.

Look for the sheet metal shop in your neighborhood that displays the "Armco" Ingot Iron Shop sign! This sign is your guarantee of a long-time job on gutters, downspouts, roofing, flashing and all other weather-exposed metal parts about a house.

For the Armco Shop man will use rust-resisting "Armco" Ingot Iron. No other low-cost metal can equal it in fighting rust. "Armco" Ingot Iron is the purest iron made. It is almost entirely free from the impurities that hasten rust in steel and other irons. And because "Armco" Ingot Iron takes and holds a coat of zinc much purer than the galvanizing on steel, it offers a *double* protection against rust.

The sheet metal man will tell you that sixty cents of every dollar you spend for sheet metal work goes for labor. Protect this investment by insisting upon enduring "Armco" Ingot Iron.

And in INDUSTRY... More and more, executives are making it a policy to insist on the use of "Armco" Ingot Iron for tanks, stacks, breechings, and all sheet metal work. In every industry, this rust-resisting iron is saving thousands of dollars on repair jobs by putting them off for years. The Armco Triangle stamped on every sheet identifies the purest, most enduring iron made.

ARMCO INGOT IRON RESISTS RUST *

AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the "ash" of this fire.*

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These 7 things have made Frigidaire sales greater than *all* other electric refrigerators *combined*

The Frigidaire frost-coil and self-sealing tray fronts keep the temperature in freezing trays always below freezing. Ice cubes can be frozen easily and quickly, and in many colors and flavors.

1

Complete and permanent independence of outside ice supply.

2

Uninterrupted service—proved by the experience of more than 300,000 users.

3

A food compartment that is 12° colder without ice—temperatures that keep foods fresh.

4

Direct frost-coil cooling and self-sealing tray fronts, giving a dessert and ice-making compartment always below freezing.

5

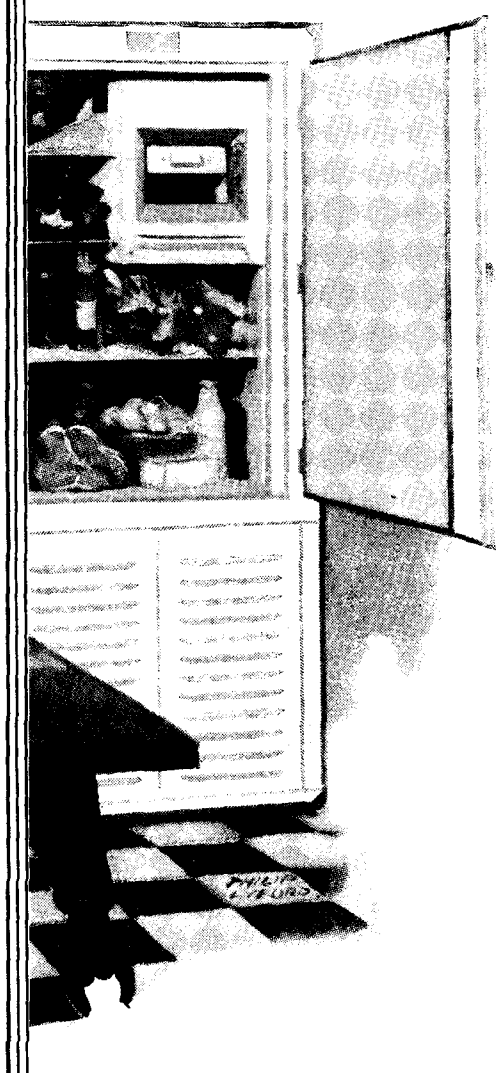
Beautiful metal cabinets designed, built and insulated exclusively for electric refrigeration.

6

An operating cost that is surprisingly low.

7

Value made possible only by quantity production, General Motors purchasing power and G. M. A. C. terms.



WHEN Frigidaire goes into your home, all refrigeration worry, annoyance and inconvenience is ended. You have a refrigerator that is *always cold*—kept at constant low temperatures by Frigidaire direct frost-coil cooling.

When you put fresh foods in Frigidaire they stay fresh. All the appetizing flavor, and all the food values are perfectly preserved. At every meal you enjoy foods that taste better and are better—foods that have been kept pure and wholesome in an atmosphere of frosty, health-protecting cold.

And instead of buying ice you make ice—all you need for table use. And the same compartment that freezes ice cubes will quickly and easily make a wide variety of frozen desserts. The Frigidaire ice and dessert compartment is always ready—always kept below freezing by Frigidaire self-sealing tray fronts and Frigidaire direct-cooling.

Arrange now to enjoy the convenience and advantages of Frigidaire. Visit the nearest Frigidaire Sales Office or mail the coupon for complete information.

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